



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Intro"

[Al Watts:] Hey all you kids out there! Welcome to Three Feet High and Rising. Now, here's what we do. The following contestants... how are you doing, contestants?

[Contestants:] (General babble, inc. 'Okay', 'Alright', 'Yo Mama')

[Al Watts:] So fellas, tell us a little bit about yourselves.  
Contestant number one!

[Contestant #1 (Dove):] How ya doin', Al. Just came all the way down from Wichita just to be on this show. You know it's gonna be swell and I'm gonna win all the money. Gonna win all the money. See ya.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 2.

[Contestant #2 (Mase):] Excuse me, um, my name is, um, P.A. Mase, I'm from Australia, and I'm just glad to be here.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 3.

[Contestant #3 (Pos):] Hello, my name is, uh, Plug One, and uh, let me tell you a little bit about myself, I like Twizzlers, and I like the Alligator Bob, and my favorite movie is um, Bloodsucking Freaks, just like your mama.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 4.

[Contestant #4 (Prince Paul):] Hello, my name is Prince Paul, and I'm just... glad to be on the show. Thank you.

[Al Watts:] Okay. Now we've met the contestants, let's get to the game! I'm going to ask an amount of four questions, and the contestants will try to answer them correctly. Now, you out there in the audience can answer along with them.

How many feathers are on a Perdue chicken?

How many fibres are intertwined in a Shredded Wheat biscuit?

What does "touche et lele pu" mean?

How many times did the Batmobile catch a flat?

Now that we know the questions, we'll let the contestants think them over, and we'll return right after these messages.



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "The Magic Number"

(Got to have soul!)

[POS:]

3

That's the Magic Number  
Yes it is  
It's the magic number  
Somewhere in this hip-hop soul community  
Was born 3 Mase, Dove and me  
And that's the magic number

(What does it all mean?)

Difficult preaching is Posdnuos' pleasure  
Pleasure and preaching starts in the heart  
Something that stimulates the music in my measure  
Measure in my music, raised in three parts  
Casually see but don't do like the Soul  
'Cause seein' and doin' are actions for monkeys  
Doin' hip hop hustle, no rock and roll  
Unless your name's Brewster, 'cause Brewster's a Punky  
Parents let go 'cause there's magic in the air  
Criticising rap shows you're out of order  
Stop look and listen to the phrasin' Fred Astaires  
And don't get offended while Mase do-se-do's your daughter  
A tri-camera rolls since our music's now set  
Fly rhymes are stored on a D.A.I.S.Y. production  
It stands for "Da Inner Sound Y'all" and y'all can bet  
That the action's not a trick, but showing the function

Everybody wants to be a deejay  
Everybody wants to be an emcee  
But being speakers are the best  
And you don't have to guess  
De La Soul posse consists of three  
And that's the magic number

[DOVE:]

This here piece of the pie  
Is not dessert but the course that we dine  
And three out of every darn time  
The effect is "Mmmm" when a daisy grows in your mind  
Showing true position, this here piece is  
Kissin' the part of the pie that's missin'  
When that negative number fills up the casualty  
Maybe you can subtract it  
You can call it your lucky partner

Maybe you can call it your adjective  
But odd as it may be  
Without my 1 and 2 where would there be  
My 3  
Mase Pos and Me  
And that's the Magic Number

Focus is formed by flaunts to the soul  
Souls who flaunt styles gain praises by pounds  
Common are speakers who are never scrolls  
Scrolls written daily creates a new sound  
Listeners listen 'cause this here is wisdom  
Wisdom of a Speaker, a Dove and a Plug  
Set aside a legal substance to feed 'em  
For now get 'em high off this dialect drug  
Time is a factor so it's time to count  
Count not the negative actions of one  
Speakers of soul say it's time to shout  
Three forms the soul to a positive sum  
Dance to this fix and flex every muscle  
Space can be filled if you rise like my lumber  
Advance to the tune but don't do the hustle  
Shake, rattle, roll to my Magic Number

Now you may try to subtract it

But it just won't go away

Three times one?

(What is it?)

(One, two, three!)

And that's the Magic Number

(Yo, what's up?)

(1, 2, 3)

(I say, children, what does it all mean?)

(Woah-woah-wo, 1, 2, 3)

(I wouldn't lie to you)

(No more no less, that's the magic number)

(No more no less)

(What it is?)

(No more no less)

(Is this the future?)

(No more no less)

(Do the shang-a-lang)

(No more no less)

(No one on the subway ever chats to me)

(No more no less)

(Anybody in the audience ever get hit by a car?)

(No more no less)

(How high's the water, mama?)

(No more no less)

(How high's the water, mama?)

(No more no less)

(Three feet high and rising)

(No more no less)  
(Three)  
(That's the magic number)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Change In Speak"

[POS:]

Once again it's time to bite more soul  
A flavor you will savor in your soul  
Wax is distributed and then sold  
So watch it turn, bring your next of kin soul  
P.A. Mase has rocked it on the console  
Scream real hard until you blow your tonsils  
Bang-oh-bang until you burn your shoe soles  
'Cause you are now dancing to the big soul

[DOVE:]

Live is the motion of the soul step  
Set the exposure to my one step  
This scene'll last to the next step  
All those in favor take a big step  
True to the Soul, we'll never back step  
In sense to that, we don't half step  
Just as a reminder from the last step  
Negative ones are lost in footsteps

Levels we've set will never go down  
Competitions commence the step down  
Those involved with peace who know the Soul's down  
Can see that the Soul has got a new sound  
Dance until you find yourself a new part  
If you don't then I'll give you the True part  
When received you'll see the real small part  
Of the new way is no part at all

[POS:]

Pos and Dove is rarely caught not dressed in peace  
Movements always walking round now stressing peace  
When this biter should know true in peace  
Instead they cause violence and shoot out beef  
Still we are professing to be on a roll  
Public cause this party going on the road  
And if you crave sex, drugs and rock'n'roll  
Sent by the Quest, Jungle and De La Soul

Give 'em a taste, Mase

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Cool Breeze On The Rocks"

Cool breeze  
Rock that shit homie  
    Rock  
    Lyte as a  
        Rock  
    A-a-a-a-as a rock  
    Cool breeze  
    Rockin' it, rockin' it  
        Rock  
    You gotta rock it  
    Keep on rockin'  
    Rock's the best  
    Rockin' music  
    Cool breeze  
        The king  
    Of rock'n'roll  
        Rock, rock  
    This world for you  
        King Adrock  
    Rock those bells  
        I want  
Body body rock, body body rock  
You are now rockin' with the best  
    I put this together to  
        Rock the house  
        Michael?  
        "I wanna"  
        Rock!  
        "With you"

[AL WATTS:] Contestant number one, do you have any answers?  
DOVE: Ummm... I wish my cousin Nag was here, he knows these things,  
no, I'm sorry I don't.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Can U Keep A Secret?"

Ahh yeah, ah ah ah

Prince Paul likes Buddy

Posdnuos likes Buddy

Trugoy likes Buddy

Mase likes Buddy

Wouldn't you like to Buddy too? Ooh

Prince Paul needs a haircut

Mase needs a haircut

Posdnuos needs a haircut

Trugoy would you please give us a haircut?

Prince Paul needs a luuden

Trugoy needs a luuden

Posdnuos needs a luuden

Mase needs a luuden

Everybody I want to just get a luuden

Paul has dandruff

Posdnuos has a lot of dandruff

Mase has big fat dandruff

Trugoy has dandruff

Everybody in the world, you have dandruff

Dante is a scrubb

Dante is a scrubb (scrubb)

Dante is a scrubb (is a big scrubb)

Dante is a scrubb (a super scrubb) (scrubb)

(And ya not gettin' the haircut either, scrubb!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Jenifa Taught Me (Derwin's Revenge)"

[DOVE:]

Access to her code  
Lovestruck was my mode  
Took a look, dropped my textbook  
Jenifa... (OH!)

Breakfast, broke it fast  
She was in my English class  
Asked for notes, rocked my boat  
Jenifa... (OH!)

Jenny

Lost her favourite penny  
So I gave her a dollar  
She kissed me  
(And I hollered)

In a flash the school bell rang  
Jenny grabbed on to my hand  
Took me home and said, Trugoy just  
Swing and swing and swing

[POS:]

The downstairs, where we met  
I brought records, she cassettes  
Lost the breaks, found her shape  
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Transcripts showed more than flirt  
'I love daisies' read her shirt  
Grabbed my jeans, Jimmy screamed  
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Marvelous

Shaped like a vase  
No one can live their life for Pos  
Found a house, aroused my joust  
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Her clothes, I did shuck  
Just like Dan I strictly stuck  
To the punt, she cried 'kick it'  
Posdnuos was in

Jenny

Only thought about Jimmy  
But asked was I a virgin

Like some kid named Derwin?

She said 'Let's try it in the bathroom'  
But 'Dnuos is way above sinks  
So to the kitchen she did Dan  
And came back wrapped in Saran

(Now wait a minute! Little Derwin got something to  
show us that Jenny could never do. Listen...)

(Hey. Look at little Derwin. Look at him go, look at him go!  
Awww, baby.)

*[DOVE:]*

Positions, muscles flexed  
Dove was lost in a Ghana hex  
Passed her test, felt her teddy  
Jenifa oh Jenny

Notions  
Soothed the mood  
Dove was lost in De La heaven  
Screwed Plug Two, did the do  
Jenifa oh Jenny

Jenny  
Teased my homeboy Granny  
In fact she teased so many  
She was known as a garden tool

*[POS:]*

No more  
I dispatched  
Was it Jimmy had met his match  
Or could it be the realisation  
All girls owned a Jenny

For normal health  
I had fought  
A valuable lesson she had taught  
Don't flaunt that the candy is good  
Unless you came with plenty

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Ghetto Thang"

[POS:]

(Mary had a little lamb)  
That's a fib, she had two twins though  
And one crib  
Now she's only fourteen, what a start  
But this effect is ground common in these parts  
Now life in this world can be such a bitch  
And dreams are often torn and shattered and hard to stitch  
Negative's the attitude that runs the show  
When the stage is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]

Which is the one to blame when bullets blow  
Either Peter, Jane, or John or Joe  
But Joe can't shoot a gun, he's always drunk  
And Peter's pimping Jane, and John's a punk  
Infested are the halls, also the brains  
Daddy's broken down from ghetto pains  
Mommy's flying high, the truth is shown  
The kids are all alone  
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

## IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

[POS:]

Who ranks the baddest brother, the ones who rule  
This title is sought by the coolest fool  
Define coolest fool? Easy, the one who needs  
Attention in the largest span and loves to lead  
Always found at the jams, but never dance  
Just provoke violence due to one glance  
The future plays no matter, just the present flow  
When the greeting place is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]

Lies are pointed strong into your skull  
Deep within your brain against the wall  
To hide or just erase the glowing note  
Of how to use the ghetto as a scapegoat  
Truth from Trugoy's mouth is here to scar  
Those who blame the G for all bizarre  
So open up your vents and record well  
For this is where we stand, for the True tell  
Ghetto gained a ghetto name from ghetto ways  
Now there could be some ghetto gangs and ghetto play  
If ghetto thang can have its way in ghetto range  
Then there must be some ghetto love and ghetto change

Though confident they keep it kept, we know for fact  
They lie like ghettos form, 'cause people lack  
To see that they must all get out the ghetto hold  
The truth they never told  
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

#### IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

*[POS:]*  
Do people really wish when they blow  
Out the cake candles, and if so  
Is it for the sunken truth which could arise  
From out the characters in which the ghetto hides  
Roses in the ring supply their shown relief  
Granted it's planted by their shown belief  
Kill and feed off your own brother man  
Has quickly been adopted as the master plan  
Posses of our people has yet to provoke  
Freedom or death to them, it's just a joke  
What causes this defect, I don't know  
Maybe it's the G-H-E-T-T-O

#### IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

Standing in the rain is nothing felt  
When problems hold more value, but never dealt with  
Buildings crumbling to the ground  
Impact noise is silent sound  
But who's the one to say this life is wrong  
When ghetto life is chosen strong  
We seem to be misled about our dreams  
But dreams ain't what it seem  
When it's just the ghetto thang

#### IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Transmitting Live From Mars"

(Ecoutez. A midi.)

(Quel heure est-il? Il est midi.)

(C'est l'heure de dejeuner. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)

(Il y a saucisse, sans doute.)

(Ecoutez et repetez. A midi.)

(Quel heure est-il?)

(Quel heure)

(Quel heure est-il?)

(Est-il?)

(Il est midi. Midi. Midi. Il est midi. Il est midi.)

(C'est l'heure de dejeuner.)

(C'est l'heure de dejeuner. C'est l'heure de dejeuner. De dejeuner.)

(C'est l'heure de dejeuner.)

(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)

(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Eye Know"

[POS:]

Greetings, girl, and welcome to my world of phrase  
I'm right up to bat  
It's a Daisy Age and you're about to walk top-stage  
So wipe your Lottos on the mat  
Hip-hop love this is and don't mind when I quiz your  
Involvements before the sun  
But clear your court 'cause this is a one-man sport  
And who's better for this than Plug One  
Now you don't have to worry about me squashin' other deals  
'Cause they've already been squooshed  
Freeze a frame about moods the same which we can continue  
Right behind the bush  
You'll stay with me  
Eye Know this  
But not because of all my earthly treasures  
Or regardless to the fact that I'm Posdnuos  
But because

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[DOVE:]

May I cut this dance to introduce myself as  
The chosen one to speak  
Let me lay my hand across yours  
And aim a kiss upon your cheek  
They name's Plug Two  
And from the soul I bring you  
The Daisy of your choice  
May it be filled with the pleasure principle  
In circumference to my voice  
About those other Jennys I reckoned with  
Lost them all like a homework excuse  
This time the Magic Number is two  
'Cause it takes two, not three, to seduce  
My destiny of love is brought to an apex  
Sex is a mere molecule  
In this world of love that I have for you  
It's true

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[POS:]

Now it's time to let this rhyme style  
Get somewhat poured in the mold  
Hold my hand and we'll pick my plantation  
Of Daisies for a bouquet of Soul

Life will begin at the cut of a rim  
Take it as filled to the rim as in brim  
Squeeze your stoop like Betty Boop  
We'll make Campbell's Alphabet Soup  
And spell Plug One's within  
Forward march is the say  
When transistors will play  
Come into bed is the mood  
Dolby sound will be then top crowned  
When I put the needle into your groove  
I got a good thing  
And in full swing  
I show this in gifts, words or letters  
But even without those three  
Eye know you'll be close to me 'cause

(Eye know I love you better)

*[DOVE:]*

It's I again and the song that I send  
Is taking steps to reach your heart  
Any moment you feel alone  
I can fill up your empty part  
We can ascend 'till we reach De La Heaven  
And in a spin we'll hit the Top Ten  
Then we will meet Mr Stuckie  
And Pos' brother Lucky will preach  
Let the wedding begin  
Shot by an arrow of cupid  
Through the string of a G-clef  
My dear, I claim you're def  
And if you can hear me, by golly gee,  
Trugoy is ready for what you posess  
We could live in my Plug Two home  
And on Mars where we could be all alone  
And we make a song for two,  
Picture perfect things and I sing of how

(Eye know I love you better)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Take It Off"

(It's hurting.)  
(Smell your breath!)  
(You smell like Jabba.)  
(Your nose is what's doing it.)  
(You're talking into the recording... YO!)  
(Okay Lucky, start it off.)

Take take take take it off...  
Take it off, take take take take it off  
Take it off, take take take take it off,  
Take it off, take take take take it off,  
    Take it off,  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that suede front off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take those contacts off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that horsemeat off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take those shell-toes off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take those track fleas off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that doo-rag off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that moth rag off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take those fat laces off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that bomber off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that BVD off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take those Converse off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(And those Gazelles too)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that Kangol off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that Jordache off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that Afro off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that jhericurl off)  
    Take it OFF!  
(Take that Le Tigre off)

Take those acid-washed jeans, bell-bottomed, designed by your mama... off? Please? Please..

# **De La Soul Lyrics**

## **"A Little Bit Of Soap"**

*[POS:]*

Please listen to this simple De La style I'm gonna sing  
It's strongly directed to all the misery you're bringing  
Now I'm not all about dissing someone else personnel  
But there's no quota on your odor  
That's right, you smell  
Now you might feel a little embarrassed, don't take it too hard  
And don't make it worse by covering it up with some Right Guard  
Before you even put on your silk shirt and fat gold rope  
Please take your big ass to the bathroom  
And please use  
(A little bit of soap....)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Tread Water"

[DOVE:]

I was walking on the water when I saw a crocodile  
He had daisies in his hat, so I stopped him for a while  
He delivered me a message, a massage to soothe my stage  
What it was was more then plug-up dosage  
More than DAISY age  
Conversation drew a rule,  
Which the crowd will roar by millions  
Mr. Crocodile said, 'Dove, you must look  
For now the villains try to hold you underwater  
But one thing we all must heed  
Sony Walkmans keep us walking  
De La Soul can help you breathe when you tread water'

As I walked along my journey,

I thought 'What have I just learned?'

In a flash I saw commotion

There was movement in these ferns

Silently the silence came, was it the end of my world?

I shouted out in fear, 'Who's there?'

'It's me,' said Mr. Squirrel

'I've searched for you all over, now you're found,

No time to waste. We must find the Preacher Man,

We must find the P.A. Mase. All my population's dying,

And we're all in tune to doom.

Like the Daisy, I need water

I need chesnuts to consume.'

'Mr. Squirrel,' I said, 'I'm sorry,

But the problem can't be solved

If there's no one here to help, and no one to get involved

Always look to the positive and never drop your head

For the water will engulf us if we do not dare to tread

So let's tread water'

[POS:]

Now one weary day I woke, my alarm said 'Plug time's up'

Filled my bath up with the water, gargled with my gargle cup

As I bathed I felt a presence, and I'm sort of ticklish

I looked down and then around and I heard,

'Hi! I'm Mr Fish. How do you do? As for me,

I'm in tip-top shape today, cause my water's clean

And no-one's menu says Fresh Fish Filet

See I look past all my worries, which is something you must do

Though you're fed up, throw your head up

With this advice from me to you

And that's to tread water'

As my day went unexplained, time was finding nothing fun  
As I walked along the sidewalk, I heard,  
    'Psst, excuse me, Plug One.'  
From my Soul, De La that is, I hollered  
    'Yes, are you talking to me?'  
'No alarm meant,' he said, 'Let me introduce myself.  
    I'm Mr Monkey.'  
'Mr Monkey, I pledge you slap of five,  
    Now how does your problem meet?'  
He said, 'My bananas are at their ripest, but they all  
Stand at three feet. My swinging hand is bandaged up.  
    Could you help me with this chore?'  
I brought him down to the Native shop  
And bought him copies of the De La score  
    Which assisted well in his elevation  
    Now all bananas is at his grasp  
    He decided with this accomplished,  
        He would put me on to the path  
    He to my to live by the Inner Sound, y'all  
    Which would bring me health in showbiz  
        Then to use them, not abuse them  
    And then in the words that got me to 'em  
        And that is to tread water

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Potholes In My Lawn"

(Yo, something's wrong here. No, not again!)  
(Get the daisies for the...)

Potholes in my lawn

[DOVE:]

Everybody's sayin'

What to do when suckin' lunatics start diggin' and chewin'

They don't know that the Soul don't go for that

Potholes in my lawn

And that goes for my rhyme sheet

Which I concentrated so hard on, see

I don't ask for maximum security

But my dwellin' is swellin'

It nipped my bud when I happened to fall

Into a spot

Where no ink or an ink-blot

Was on a scroll

I just wrote me a new 'mot'

But now it's gone

There's no

Suckers knew that I hate

To recognise that every time I'm writin'

It's gone

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

[POS:]

I've found that it's not wise

To leave my garden untended

'Cause eyes have now pardoned all laws of privacy

Even paws are after my writer

See, I've found that everyone's sayin'

What to do when suckers are preyin'

On my well-guarded spreadsheets

Oh why, hell does it send up fleets

Of evil-doers through the big hole

To get to evil-doers who dig holes

Which leaves my lawn with lawn-chew

I think I'd better plant traces to give clues

Or better yet call 911

And when they get here I inform them I'm the Plug One

Open a chair and let them realize the reason

For concern of the Soul,

'Cause we've come down with a case of potholes

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

(Who stole, who stole, who stole the cookie  
from the cookie jar?)

*[DOVE:]*

Now you got the message  
What to do when you die  
The death that I predict in 'Plug Tunin'  
It's a shame that you deny to claim  
That you stole my words of fame  
That I wrote in my rhyme sheet  
Which I concentrated so hard on, see  
I don't ask for a barbed wire fence, B  
But my dwellin' is swellin'  
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall  
    Into a spot  
Where no ink or an ink-blot  
    Was on a scroll  
I just wrote me a new 'mot'  
But now it's gone there's no  
    Suckers knew that I hate  
To recognise that every time I'm writin'  
    It's gone

Potholes in my lawn

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Say No Go"

[POS:]

Now let's get right on down to the skit  
A baby is brought into a world of pits  
And if it could've talked that soon  
In the delivery room  
It would've asked the nurse for a hit  
The reason for this?  
The mother is a jerk  
Excuse me, junkie  
Which brought the work of the old  
Into a new light, what a way  
But this what a way  
Has been a way of today  
Anyway push couldn't shove me  
To understand a path to a basehead  
Consumer should erase it in the first wave  
But second wave forms relievers  
And believers will walk to it  
Then even talk to it and say

(You got my body now you want my soul)  
Nah, can't have none of that  
Tell 'em what to say Mase

(Say no go)

[DOVE:]

Nah, no my brother  
No my sister  
Try to get hip to this  
Word, word to the mother  
I'll tell the truth  
So bear my witness  
Fly like birds of a feather  
Drugs are like pleather  
You don't wanna wear it  
No need to ask that question  
Just don't mention  
You know what the answer is

[POS:]

Now I never fancied Nancy  
But the statement she made  
Held a plate of weight  
I even stressed it to Wade

[DOVE:]

Did he take any heed?

[POS:]

Nah, the boy was hooked  
You coulda phrased the word "base"  
And the kid just shook  
In his fashion class once an A now an F  
The rock rules him now  
The only designs left  
Were once clothes made for Osh-Kosh  
Has converted to nothing but stonewash

[DOVE:]

Now hopping in a barrel is a barrel of fun  
But don't hop in if you wanna be down, son  
'Cause that could mean  
Down and out as an action  
What does that lead to?  
Dum da dum dum  
People say what have I done for all my years  
My tears show my hard earned work  
I heard shoving is worse than pushing  
But I'd rather know a shover than a pusher  
'Cause a pusher's a jerk

(Say no go)

[POS:]

Believe it or not  
The plots forms a fee  
More than charity  
But the course doesn't coincide  
With the ride of insanity  
Is it a chant that slants  
The soul to fill for it?  
I know it's the border  
That flaunts the order  
To kill for it

[DOVE:]

Standing, scheming on a young one  
Taking his time  
8 ball for a cool pool player  
Racked it all  
Tried to break, miscued  
Got beat by the boy in blue  
Next day you're out  
By the spot once more  
Looking hard for a crack in the hole  
I ask what's the fix for the ill stuff  
Word to the Dero  
The answer shoulda been no

*[POS:]*

Run me a score from the funky four plus one more  
(It's the joint!)  
Rewind that back  
This is the age for a new stage of fiend  
Watch how the junkies scream  
For their crack  
"It's the crack"t should explain it from the start  
Behind the ideals of cranking up the heart  
Now the Base claims shot over every part

(Say no go)  
(Say no go)  
(Don't even think about it)  
(Say no go)  
(Say no go)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Do As De La Does"

(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Uh-huh! All right now! Oh yeah! Yo! Word! Oh! Yeah! Uh-huh!)

[MASE:]

Yo yo yo yo! We got De La Soul in the house, the producer Prince Paul, P.A. Mase, and I wanna know one thing!

Yo, yo! You gotta show right up your hands, let me hear you say Aa-ow!

(AA-OW!!)

Aa-ow!

(AA-OW!!)

Come on! Come on! Come on!

[POS:]

Plug One on the mic, P-L-U-G-O-N-E, yo what's up, you know about Jimmy, you know about Jenny,

I want everybody in this place, c'mon, say Plug it up!

(PLUG IT UP!)

Say Plug it up!

(PLUG IT UP!)

You got somebody next to you with some bad-ass breath, I want you to tell that brother, come on, tell him "Take  
a Luuden!"

(TAKE A LUUDEN!)

Say take a Luuden!

(TAKE A LUUDEN!)

Plug Two!

[DOVE:]

Sto-o-op! Here we go!

If you like to drink some soda, let me hear you say Coca-Cola!

(COCA-COLA!)

Coca-Cola!

(COCA-COLA!)

Stop!

[PAUL:]

Ah yeah, pump it, pump it, ah yeah, pump it up!

You if you got doo doo in your pocket, you got doo doo in your pocket, put one hand in the air like this, wave it  
back and forth, say doo doo!

(DOO DOO!)

Say doo doo!

(DOO DOO!)

Come on! Ah yeah!

[MASE:]

Yeah yeah this is Plug Three! This is Plug Three! Yeah! Say hoo!

(HOO!)

Hoo!

(HOO!)

[POPMMASTER HIGHT:]

Hey De La Soul, you fucking lasagne heads, that's better than my mama's lasagne! Hey! Hey, come on!  
That was freakin' A, man! I really wanna take it back home with me, you know! I really get into your fuckin' music!  
It's so excellent! Ah, you big sconzilli heads! De La Soul's so fuckin' great!

*[DOVE:]*

Let me hear you say 'I like to eat that...'

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Plug Tunin' (Last Chance To Comprehend)"

(And now for my next number, I'd like to return to the classics.  
Perhaps the most famous classic in all the world of music...)

[DOVE:]

The first time around, you didn't quite understand our new style of speak.  
(Don't worry, we can fix that right now)  
So why don't you all just grab your bags  
(Come on aboard, hoist the anchor, and we'll be off)  
(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two  
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]

Answering any other service,  
Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted  
Enemies publicly shame my utility  
After the battle they admit that I'm with it  
Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue  
Transistors are never more shown with like  
When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin  
Due to a clue of a naughty noise called  
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmfffff)

Flock to the preacher called Pos  
Let him be the stir to the style of your stew  
Sit while the kid of the Plug form aroma  
Then grab a Daisy to sip your favorite brew  
Lettin' this soul fire be your first prior,  
But don't let the kick drum stub your big toe  
See that the three will be your thread  
But like my man Chuck D said, 'What a brother know'  
Dance while I play and the cue cards sway  
From my flower girls China and Jette  
The button is pressed in '89 we'll start the panic  
From De La Soul and a Prince from Stet  
Negative noise will be all divided  
Dangerous to dance, Posdnuos will croon  
Ducks and kizids will all be rid  
When paying position to the naughty noise called  
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmfffff)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]

Freeze 'cause these are the brothers  
Brothers of the Soul who present a new flick  
Every last viewer is tuned to the method,  
Known to be a method, no magicians, not a trick  
Bitten by the spoken who been titled Plug Two  
Swallowed by the loonies who are jealous with the showbiz  
Dove'll teach the truth, Posdnuos will preach the youth  
To the fact that this will bring an end to the negative  
Flow to the sway 'cause I say fa-so-la-ti  
At the top we will dwell  
Difference is fame and we rise then we build  
Where we are set we get fat and we swell  
Motions of the Soul is a positive stride  
One step forward is the space we consume  
Vivid as the moon, you have yet to assume  
How the Soul found the motto of a naughty noise called  
Plug Tunin'

Vocal is local so believe that  
This chant shan't rely on the strong lap  
Trying and live so you best realise  
That the gift that I present, I say gift wrap  
Style of the Tune is personal  
And defining what's the rhyme is worst of all  
Stop, sit and study 'cause the meaning isn't muddy  
Just preach and do the gear as the first of all  
Watch while the pitcher is pitching  
'Cause this is the pitch of the year  
Sing a simple song but keep the swing strong  
Though you heard Dove crying 'I ain't fair'  
Those who think De La's on the flip tip  
Try to flip this and you're doomed  
Watch for the B-B 'cause if you try to grieve me  
You'll be hung by the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhm)  
(I can't twist your arm and make you stay with me)  
(Are you ready for this?)

# De La Soul Lyrics

"De La Orgee"

[DOVE:]

This is De La Orgee...

[Various male and female grunting, panting and screaming sounds, including...]

(It's in there.)

(Say you like it. Tell me you like it.)

(I like it, oh I like it)

(More! More!)

(What's my name? What's my name?)

(Flip over!)

(Mase!)

(On your stomach. Put your face in the pillow.)

(Yes!)

(Seven feet. Seven feet long!)

(Cut it!)

(You like Jimmy? Tell me you like Jimmy.)

(I like Jimmy!)

(Speak to Jimmy.)

(I like Jimmy...)

(Cut the damn tape!)

(Cut it!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Buddy"

[DOVE:]

Hello

Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, mean  
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, mean (Okay)

Hello it's the soul

Troopin' in wit the Jungle patrol

And this one's about the KO's the knockouts out there

Who's holdin' my buddy

Hold up

(wait a minute)

[POS:]

Now just wait

We're gonna talk about Buddy on this plate

But before we let the herd out the gate

Make sure the all the levels are straight out the jungle

(The Jungle, the Jungle, the Brothers, the Brothers)

[AFRIKA:]

De La Soul from the soul

Black medallions no gold

Hangin' out wit Pos hangin' out wit Mase

Buddy buddy buddy all in my face

[MIKE G:]

For the lap Jimbrowski must wear a cap

Just in case the young girl likes to clap

Ain't for the wind but before I begin

I initiate the buddy with a slap

[Q-TIP:]

Now for the next

I'm the Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest

And when I quest for the buddy I don't fess

For my jimmy wants nothin' but the best (the best)

The best (Ooh Wee!)

Let's stick out jimmy and see what we can catch

(Stick em up, stick em up jimmy)

Next won't be needed unless

(Jenny wanna get right to the flesh)

(Sweet little woman, sweet little woman)

[POS:]

I won't lie, I love B-U-D-D-Y (why)

Cause I never let it walk on by

When it comes to me and Jenny I seem (very serious)

Like a Peak Freen

Buddy is the act that occurs on the lip

when Jenny and jimmy start shootin' the gift

Boy let me get shot I won't even riff

[AFRIKA:]

Buddy buddy don't you know you make me go nutty

I'm so glad that you're not a fuddy daddy

Not too skinny and not too chubby

Soft like silly putty

Miss Crabtree I hope that you're not mad at me

Cause I told you that it was your buddy

That was making me ever so horny

Junglelistically horny

[DOVE:]

On the dial my buddy talks to me for a while

Plug Two is the

[Q-TIP:]

Q to her tip

[DOVE:]

On the A side and sometimes the flip

(Gotta gotta flip this record)

Buddy is the bud to my daisy tree

And the luuden to my do-re-mi

And the pleaser to my man Plug 3

(Plug 3 gets all the buddy)

[MIKE G:]

Behind my bush my buddy likes the way that I push

And like a champ just knock it on out

Never ever once sellin' out

(Oh let loose the juice)

My buddy helps me to

(De La my Soul)

Keepin' jimmy in total control

Without Buddy I'd be on a roll

(La la la l-la la la la, la la la l-la la la)

[Q-TIP:]

Hey girl I heard ya lookin' for some good times

If you Quest from the Soul here's what we'll find

A whole lot of fun lots of fun together

Just like kissin' cousins (yeah that's kinda clever)

Close like bosoms, bosoms stay close  
If you be my buddy I will toast  
That we're like Ethel Merts and Lucille MacGillicuddy  
You can be mines and I can be your buddy

*[DOVE:]*

The best buddy's in evening wear  
Long lovin' less Tru know (he's in there)  
I feel sorry for those who pay a fare (a fee) word to the D  
I don't beg I just tease my buddy with my right leg  
And when it's ready what's said is buddy is best in bed

*[AFRIKA:]*

Fly buddy told us all to get into a circle  
Said don't worry cause I won't hurt you  
All I really wanna do is freak you (she freaked us)

*[MIKE G:]*

And I watched and then I checked my swatch  
To see the time  
The Soul had formed a buddy line  
And that buddy was (mine all mine)

*[POS:]*

Now when Tribe, the Jungle, and De La Soul  
Is at the clubs our ritual unfolds  
Grab our bones and start swingin' our hands  
(Then Jenny start flockin' it everywhere)  
Cause Jenifa just wants to stay aware  
Yo fellas should we keep her aware  
(Mmm Hmm, yeah!!!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Description"

[DOVE:]

I am Trugoy  
A Dove-like boy  
Could wingspread,  
But instead,  
I will employ

[MASE:]

Me the Plug Three  
Or Baby Huey  
I eat up  
All ketchup  
For its tendency

[POS:]

I am Plug One  
I'm 19 years young  
I love peace  
Well at least  
I think we need some

[Q-TIP:]

I'm Q-Tip y'all  
3 Feet produced by Prince Paul  
This session  
Was lessoned  
By one Qualia

[GRANNY:]

I am Granny  
Thank discoriety  
The 3, 4  
Yo, no more  
I need peace for me

[CHINA & JETTE:]

I'm China  
I'm Jette  
The Cue Cards we inject  
We're crazy for Daisies  
When we're on the set

[PAUL:]

Will rise, not fall  
Definition, Prince Paul  
The Mentor  
Don't be sore

When I say  
That's all

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Me, Myself And I"

[DOVE:]

Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Tell me, mirror, what is wrong?  
Can it be my De La clothes  
Or is it just my De La song?  
What I do ain't make-believe  
People say I sit and try  
But when it comes to being De La  
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]

Now you tease my Plug One style  
And my Plug One spectacles  
You say Plug One and Two are hippies  
No, we're not, that's pure Plug bull  
Always pushing that we've formed an image  
There's no need to lie  
When it comes to being Plug One  
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I

[DOVE:]

Proud, I'm proud of what I am  
Poems I speak are Plug Two type  
Please oh please let Plug Two be  
Himself, not what you read or write  
Right is wrong when hype is written  
On the Soul, De La that is,  
Style is surely our own thing  
Not the false disguise of showbiz  
De La Soul is from the soul  
And this fact I can't deny  
Strictly from the Dan called Stuckie  
And from me myself and I

It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]

Glory, glory hallelu  
Glory for Plugs One and Two  
But that glory's been denied  
By kizids and dookie eyes  
People think they dis my person  
By stating I'm darkly pack  
I know this so I point at Q-Tip  
And he states, 'Black is Black'  
Mirror mirror on the wall,  
Shovel chestnuts in my path  
Please keep on up with the nuts  
So I don't get in aftermath  
But if I do I'll calmly punch them  
In the fourth day of July  
'Cause they tried to mess with  
Third degree, that's me myself and I

It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I

# De La Soul Lyrics

"This Is A Recording For Living In A Fulltime Era (L.I.F.E.)"

(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:] Living in everyday is something,  
Something everyday like this is our livin'

[DOVE:] Giving something sheer for the crowd is our major,  
Major to the crowd is to hear what we're givin'

[POS:] No time to rest, we got work in the studio  
Studio suppliers rest at no time

[DOVE:] Showtime is enough when the Soul is performing,  
Performing is the Soul y'all, and it's showtime

[POS:] Coping with dates in clubs, can't even lounge,  
Lounge with the homeboys how we are copin'

[DOVE:] Scoping new material for Paul to plug high-pitched,  
High-pitched what Paul plugs in and still scopin'

[POS:] Bearer of peaceful views to express peace,  
Peaceful expressions why we are bearers

[DOVE:] What the Soul tries to project is when existing in rap,  
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)  
(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:]  
Puttin' in spin the rhyme, rappers fear so  
Fear so much of what Pos is puttin'  
Couldn't do better, the punks they don't try hard  
Try hard enough, they don't, so they couldn't  
No joke to what I do inside this field,  
This field to me is filed, there's no joke  
So soak up the fact there's no part-time,  
Part-time rappers at, so soak  
Taking in new ideals leads to new groups,  
New groups to better the Soul, I'm takin'  
Wakin' from days and nights to do my best

[DOVE:] Your best gets us paid  
[POS:] So I'll keep on wakin'  
Wearer of a Plug logo to the dying,  
Dying are rappers who think I'm no wearer  
What I'm trying to say is when dealing in rap,  
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)  
(This is a recording) (Life)

[DOVE:]  
Love is to all, to all goes my love  
Dove comes to peace like stand comes to sit

Stand for the court, 'cause standing is healthy  
    Healthy in sense is mentally fit  
Pause for the poets of a new style of speak  
    Just here to do the same with no trick  
Grab the Plug Two's live wire, my brother  
And find that you've grabbed my pet boa constrict  
    Ring goes the garbage I'm hearing  
Seek for the truth, my brother is tearing  
    No time to back-step, 'cause if you back-step  
Look what you stepped in, you stepped in mess  
    So look what's around you  
Don't worry for the Soul will find the truth  
    About three years from now, you know why?  
'Cause we're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)

(This is a recording) (Life)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "I Can Do Anything (Delacratic)"

(It's Delacratic)

If I want to I could jump off this building.

(It's Delacratic)

I could hold two pieces of doo-doo in my hand.

(It's Delacratic)

I could call everybody in that room a rubberneck.

(It's Delacratic)

Come on, please?

(It's Delacratic)

I can say anything that I want.

(It's Delacratic)

I could wave my hand in my air.

(It's Delacratic)

I could stick my hand up my nose.

(It's Delacratic)

I could hold my foot and count to three.

(It's Delacratic)

I can do anything.

(Possie? Dovie? Masie?)

(Pass my bag.)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "D.A.I.S.Y. AGE"

(Woah. Stay, stay, stay)

(Daisy! Daisy!)

(I love daisies, I love daisies,  
I love pushing up your favourite daisies)

(Daisy!)

(This is Posdnuos, the president of a paragraph)

[POS:]

Paragraph

President

President preaching 'bout the on-tech,

Known for the new step,

Stop and take a bow

Amityville

Resident

Resident supported by the speaker view

Want to feel it in your shoe

Let me show you how

Platform

Witnesses

Witnesses, show you to my show-lab

Fill you with my vocab

Hope you have a spoon

Discuss

Contracts

You like the way I vocalise

And bring it to a compromise

My P.A. won't set up till noon

It's a DAISY age

Sun

Ceiling

Ceiling connects to the sun

Burning inside everyone

On a side, plug-a-fied sire

One

Million

Demonstrations have been heard

My hair burns when I'm referred

Kid shouts my roof is on fire

Go

Dancing

Dancing like a bandit  
Psychics try to stand it  
Keep it up until they burn a cell

Romancing  
Romancing dialect in shows  
Posdnous creating flow  
You say you didn't know  
Oh well, it's a DAISY age

[DOVE:]  
Pedal  
Promenade  
Promenade people to the providence  
Dove will show dominance  
Inside of every phrase

Rebel  
Renegade  
Renegade reaching only topflight  
Can't find your new height  
Think you need a raise

Dialect  
Ultimate  
Ultimate strings from the soul stuff  
Copies always staying rough  
Before they go to plate

Try a pack  
It'll stick  
Stick to you but won't deflate  
Keeping all the levels straight  
I tell you, mate, that we're top rate  
'Cause it's a DAISY age

The speak  
Motor  
Motor is the heart beat  
Sleeping in your car seat  
Kept alive to every mile discovered

Complete  
Quota  
Quota sharp at 12 noon  
Risen to a new tune  
Positive is greater than negative

Image  
Mirror  
Mirror image don't contend  
Vocals should be comprehended  
Silver audience'll say what's said

Scrimmage  
Nearer  
Nearer to the goal line  
Forget about the rose vine  
The Soul will let you know it's time  
And it's a DAISY age

(La la la la, lah)  
(This is a DAISY age)

(Sing about, sing about the DAISY age)  
(Let it rain, let it rain, rain on a DAISY)  
(Rain on, rain on)

[Al Watts:] Now it's the end of the show. Contestants, do you have any answers?

[Contestants:] (Clueless babble, including 'Nah,' 'I dunno,' 'Mama')

[Al Watts:] For those of you who think your answers are correct,  
Don, tell them where to send the answers to.

[Don:] Thanks, Al. For all you listeners at home who think you  
have the right answers, jot 'em down on a four by ten sheet of paper,  
and get two proof of purchases from the back of the album, and send  
them to Tommy Boy records in care of Dante the Scrubb, 1747 First  
Avenue, New York, New York, 10128. For those who have all four  
answers correct, you will receive a specially selected grand prize.  
Thanks and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don  
Newkirk.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Plug Tunin' (Original 12" Version)"

[MASE:]

Yo Pos and Dove, stand clear to be plugged up into line one and two  
So y'all can flaunt the new style of speak

(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two  
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]

Answering any other service,  
Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted  
Enemies publicly shame my utility  
After the battle they admit that I'm with it  
Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue  
Transistors are never more shown with like  
When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin  
Due to a clue of a naughty noise called  
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmfffff)  
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Flowing in file with a new style  
Barrels are cleaned and loaded for salute  
Chanters with the choice standing steady like my mouth  
This paragraph preacher is now introduced  
Drums are heard sounding off on each and every person  
Vocal confetti is blown at top stage  
Roses and violets aren't proper for throwing  
When showing appreciation, why? This is a Daisy Age  
Hands won't sweat 'cause there's no threat  
Mic will stay dry while pitchin' so loose  
Rhymes aren't fables but stable to be on time  
'Cause they're marketed and labeled sticker 'Posdnuos'  
This pitch will fit with every consumer  
Microphone loosed in cycles, start blooming  
Profit and cost should never be lost  
All due to a clue of a naughty noise called  
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmfffff)  
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two  
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]

Dazed at the sight of a method  
Dying at the death of a neverending verse  
Gasping and swallowing every last letter  
Vocalised liquid holds the quench of your thirst  
Reasons for the rhythm is for causes unknown  
Different individuals are dazzled with the showbiz  
Auditions are gathered but the Soul would just rather  
Hold a count at three and in the end leave it as it is  
Flow to the sway of my do-re-mi  
Leaving are fixed lunatics who will hawk  
Words are sent to the vents of humans  
Then converted to a phrase called talk  
Musical notes will send a new motto  
Every last poem is recited at noon  
Focus is set, let your polaroids click  
As they capture the essence of a naughty noise called  
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhm)

(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Vocal in doubt is an uplift  
And real is the answer that I answer with  
Dying yet live, what you must realise  
That the tune that I present is surely not a gift  
Different in style is definite  
And style which I flaunt is sure legit  
Now set aside, I say I hold pride  
In performing this melodic misfit  
So swing 'cause this pitcher is pitching  
In sense JD Dove is now saying  
All sing along to his favorite song  
While the pocket transistors are playing  
But least but not last I'm frightened  
For the words that I reply hold doom  
Life of the check can be stopped by accident  
When you're tripping the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhm)

(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

(No-one that I know can live my life for me)  
(Are you ready for this?)

**DE  
TA  
SOUL  
is dead**



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Intro (Da La Soal Is Dead)"

Hello boys and girls. Welcome to your De La Soul readalong storybook!

When you hear this sound...

...that means turn the page.

And now we begin our exciting adventure of... De La Soul is Dead.

*[PLAYGROUND HONEYS:]*

- Oh my God, Vanilla Ice...

- He's so fly!

- The boy is so good.

- Did you see his body?

- He could dance too.

- He could.

- He's better than any rapper I ever seen!

- And plus his dancers!

- He's so jammin'!

*[JEFF:] Yo, what's up?*

*[HONEYYS:] Yo, Jeff, where you been, man?*

*[JEFF:] Guess what I just found, I just found a De La Soul tape in the garbage.*

*[HONEYYS:] For real? Let's hear it!*

*[JEFF:] No!*

*[HONEYYS:] Aww, be like that!*

*[MISTA LAWNGE:] What's up, cocksnot? How ya doing, buddy?*

*[HONEYYS:] Cocksnot? You gonna let him call you that? Sucker!*

*[JEFF:] Leave me alone!*

*[LAWNGE:] What do we have here?*

*[JEFF:] Nothing!*

*[LAWNGE:] Listen, you little Arsenio Hall gum having punk!*

*[HONEYYS:] Oooh! You let him call you Arsenio! Oooh!*

*[LAWNGE:] I want the tape!*

*[JEFF:] It's mine!*

*[HONEYYS:] Oh, he played you! Jeff's getting played! Jeff! Jeff! Bodyslam him, Jeff!*

*[LAWNGE:] Now! I've got the new De La Soul tape! Hey dicksnot, buttcrust, get over here!*

*[D.J. AUB:] What's up baby?*

*[MASE:] Coolin'!*

*[LAWNGE:] I just got this De La Soul tape, man, slamming. Where's the box? The box!*

*[MASE:] So, yo, let's get with the shilsnihilsnobilsno!*

*[AUB:] I got the bidox, let's do this like Brutus!*

...28. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive  
a specially selected Grand Prize. Thanks, and goodnight, for Three Feet  
High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Oodles Of O's"

[DOVE:]

Oodles and oodles of O's, you know  
    You get 'em from my sister  
    You get 'em from my bro  
All I is is man, and once an embryo  
Am I solid gold? I don't cast a glow  
    Yes, I guess it's reflex  
    Some have no control  
    I'd rather let a laughter  
        And tally, off I go  
Canoeing in the river or out into the O  
    You just know we're not  
        So not play the role  
Some are lovey-Dovey, ah you crazy crow  
    Some shake your hand but  
        (This is called the Show)  
    I was John Doe, now I'm Mr. Jolico'  
Pissed with the witness, and now I adore  
O's got the world 'cause O's was on tour  
Girls gave the O's and guys, oh for sure  
    Where they arose, well nobody knows  
What do they mean, well here's how it goes  
Oh shoot's got the O's when you hold the dough  
    You know who you are but they didn't know  
        And now with respect they flex like a pro  
    You're first another nigger but now an Afro

Oodles and oodles of O's and  
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know  
    They givin' oodles of O's and O's  
And oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know  
    They givin' oodles of O's and O's  
    And oodles and oodles and oodles of  
        (OH!)

[POS:]

Last of the fast Plug pipers at the door  
In your eye, burning like rubbing alcohol  
Native is the Tongue that speaks the Guacomo  
    Kinfolk will play this in stere-ere-o  
    Chanters play the part of a herd at a show  
    Pos prints the peace on his jeans or Jebos  
But let the herd know if beef they wanna throw  
    Lunches of punches is what I bestow  
Oodles of O's has the "Hoo's" in mic checks  
O's take the shape of medallions and specs  
Don't forget the O's that let the air in my nose

Breathe in the fresh as the stale hit the road  
Girls ask for flicks and unblock the pores  
Eat the Al Greens, won't sniff the ker-plows  
Mase got something to say and it goes:  
(Maseo is rockin' on the radio)

Now I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's  
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the  
Oodles of O's, yeah  
We're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's ya know  
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's  
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's  
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the  
(Oh, shit)

Hoods like to play my Joe, ya know  
Guns goin' "bo!" people hit the floor  
Don't have a piece but an arrow and bow  
Target it firm 'cause I'm head Comancho  
Charging barricades like a raging rhino  
The donuts come big and some in jumbo  
The Landlord is finished but before I go  
I'll give a shout out to Quest  
And my fellow Jungle Bro's

[DOVE:]  
Knocked by the dock of the bay by the shore  
Swimmin' in the rhythm of the hi-de-hi-de-ho  
Punk Pinocchios gotta go, gotta go  
(What's the reason?) to be cheerful  
Season is breeze, time to pimp promo  
Nuts can no flow if the shade is in the dough  
On with me hat, d-d-duh-duh-doh,  
Dredlock is heading out the door y'all

We're selling O's, y'all  
We're selling O's and O's  
We're selling O's at the corner store y'all  
We're selling O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles and oodles  
And oodles of O's, y'all  
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store  
We're selling O's at the corner store, y'all  
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store  
We're selling O's and O's and O's, O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles...

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Talkin' Bout Hey Love"

(The radio is so clear in here.)

(Hey)

[POS AND ANN ROBERTS:]

Hey Love

Talkin' bout Hey Love

Wanna be your push and shove

Pop, popcorn up above

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

Discover all the football teams

Mack and eat jelly beans

Run in the cold with no jeans

Get yourself sick till we're seen

Catch the flu and make tea

How Dan Stuckie life will be

It's all about you and me

'Cause you're my Hey Love

(Hey)

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

(Hey)

[TESHA STILLS:] Look Pos, we gotta talk.

[POS:] Talk about what?

[TESHA:] Don't play stupid with me, you know what we gotta talk about.

[POS:] What?

[TESHA:] About you becoming fully dedicated.

[POS:] So we're about to go through these line-runs again, huh?

[TESHA:] You're damn right. I wanna know whatever you do for me has anything to do with love.

[POS:] Look, I come all the way from L.I. to the Bronx to see you, isn't that showing you love?

[TESHA:] You see that's just it Pos, I don't wanna be just your Bronx love, I wanna be your Hey Love.

[POS:] You wanna be my what?

[TESHA:] I said I wanna be your Hey Love. I mean it's just not the mood being one of the many girls on your list, and you wouldn't be dissing me like this if I was your Hey Love.

[POS:] Look, I do everything I can to treat you like a rose.

[TESHA:] Yeah but you even give better treatment to that girl named Selina from uptown like a Daisy. You even gave her some of your special donuts for free.

[POS:] So this is what this is all about, huh? Donuts.

[TESHA:] No, Pos, can't you hear the music, it's all about Hey Love

[POS: *I don't understand why you're dissing me, it's not like I'm Paul, I don't have two kids in every state.*

[TESHA:] *But you probably got two girls in every state.*

*If you're not going to go about it the way I want you to, then just leave, 'cause I can't be so bothered.*

[POS:] Yeah. [mumbled] And wit your wrinkled pussy...

(I can't be your lover)

(Where's that voice coming from? From... from nowhere?)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Pease Porridge"

[SCHEMING PUNK PINOCCHIOS: Bobby Simmons and Prince Paul]

- Yo, gee.
- Yo, word up, gee, man.
- Yo, man you heard about that club called the Donut Hill, B?
- Yeah, man, I heard it's kinda fly, man.
- Yo man, Rakim and De La be up there all the time!
- Word up! Yo, De La? Yo, those punk kids, man?
- They ain't punks, man.
- Yo man, those kids are wack man, straight up booty, wack.
- Yo, but, yo, that "Buddy", that was kind of fly, man, and "Potholes?" Slammin'. Slammin'.
- Yeah, it was. Word up, yo it was, but forget that man, after they came out with "Plug One, Plug Two" then "Potholes", yo,

then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man, yo, they were straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget them faggots.

- Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the club, though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there!
- Yeah! All right, so let the brothers show up, man, let them brothers show up and get cold jacked when the leaders run up on them!

[Background:]

(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

[POS:]

My name, my name, my name is the Pasta  
Now I like, I like I like to plug the real thing  
So loose, so loose, so loose with the tap dance,  
The funk, the funk, funky funky stuff I bring  
My tribe, my tribe, my tribe is known as Native Tongues,  
Consists, consists, consists of Jungle, Quest and others  
Get played, get played, played a lot on radio  
And also, and also, and also by some foul brothers  
The Pease, the Pease the Pease Porridge never failed  
It kept, it kept us calm, our stylin' merry  
But late, but lately loonies acting real bold  
Can't sip in luxury my apple cranberry  
Girls watch, and watch, and watch I dance the big tut  
Our home, our home our homeboys has to plan tricks  
Don't real, don't real, don't realise the Native Tongue  
Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the megamix

[GOSSIP GLADIATORS: Lashawna and Jenette]

- Yo, Miss Thing!
- Yo Merisa, what's up?

- You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other night? - Yo I was there and those De La kids was fighting, yo they was wildin'.

- Word man?

- Word, the whole thing happened in front of my face, yo, they was on the dance floor, right, some kid stepped up to them and said something about hippies, then punks, and the chubby one, Plug Three?
  - Yeah. Plug Three, yeah I know him.
- All right, Plug Three, all right, he walked up to this kid, hit him real quick, think he didn't when he did, and then them other kids the Jungle Brothers and Quest and, um, what's the other ones, the other ones?
  - The Violators.
- The Violators, right, right, throwing chairs, and they didn't care who they was hitting, you think they wasn't?
  - Yeah. I know, I thought it was supposed to be about peace signs, things like that, you know...

*[MASE:]*

Question, and that's if only I can ask this question  
 Can I? (Yes you can!)  
 Why do people think just because we speak peace  
 We can't blow no joints?  
 (I-I-I don't know)

*[GRANDMA MASE: Squirrel]*

Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge. You know it keeps me peacefully, no?

*[MASE:]*

Yeah, but my tolerance level has now peaked  
 And now it's time for some heads to get flown

*[DOVE:]*

We bring, we bring, we bring, we bring the peace of course  
 But pack a nine inside, inside my De La drawers  
 A picture, picture, picture painted pink  
 Could turn to red, to red, to red in blooded quick  
 But in a single file my Native Tongue is calm  
 I rather, rather pass a brother palm to palm  
 I kick, I kick, I kick a verse of unity  
 And shack, and shackle steps to the beat, beat  
 I click, I click the TV to the Simpsons  
 And sip the Porridge deep into my system  
 So mel, so mellow mode is my day mode  
 Inside the studio or on a road  
 The Swing, the Swingalow is the now step  
 It's murder if you bet 'cause you're life's jep  
 To praise, to praise the Soul is on a down drag  
 It's false, because I'll spray you with the Black Flag

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)  
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)  
 (Nine days old)

*[POS:]*

Can't stand, can't stand, can't stand the pop music  
 Brother, brother, brothers pop a lot of pow  
 Don't watch, don't watch, don't watch a lot of basketball  
 Don't und, don't understand the act of being fouled

Hey D, hey D, hey DJ set the record up  
It's time, it's time, it's time to tame the annoying pups  
Throw on the Touching Fingers serenade  
So we can throw our lemonade  
In their face and kick their little butts

*[FIGHT COMMENTATORS: Squirrel and Mikey Roads]*

- And off, and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he connects lovely to the ribcage. Wouldn't you say so Squirrel?
- Indeed, indeed, I waould say he showed a lot of formulate combination, but look at the hoodlum trying to escape.
- Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed great form in trying to escape, but he, ah, just got his ass busted.

*[Background:]*

(Touching fingers, touch, touch)  
(One at a time, touch together)

*[DOVE:]*

People wanna get ragged with the reruns  
Me not, me not, me not scared to trudge a bit  
They can't, they can't, they can't get close to none  
I tap, I tap, I tap a dance war skit  
The por, the por, the Porridge got crazy cold  
We won't, we won't eat until the heads are flown  
Take advantage to a cool one's peaceful ways  
But when, but when we fly that head all the people say

*[THE FROG: Lisle Leete]*

Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge, 'cause it keeps us frogs real peaceful like.

*[JABIB: Jarobi]*

In my land, my people adore Porridge. And I don't understand why De La Soul is so violent, and we are so peaceful, we sit by the camp fire and listen to our rituals, and they are so violent. I don't understand, I don't understand.

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Johnny's Dead AKA Vincent Mason (Live From The BK Lounge)"

[DOVE:]

This one is a short rendition in which me and pianist mate of mine  
by the name of Prince Paul... I shall not relieve, I mean reveal, my identity...

([Girl in background:] That's not funny.)

So, I think we shall begin like this. Are you ready, Prince Paul?  
You're fuckin' us up, man!

[PAUL:] My playin's good, man!

[DOVE:] Fuckin' us up, man! As we begin again... rude interruption from our audience...

[Background laughter]

Here we go.

Oh Johnny

You got a bullet in your forehead, boy

Don't you understand, you dead

Buried six feet under the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

That's the noise he made when he got shot

But Johnny's still dead

Still dead

Thought about his mama

Thought about his father Josephine

Nobody could help the boy when he hit the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

The last words said by Johnny

But now he's six feet under and he's dead

Our next song we'll play is called Jenifa, we'll be back in a minute.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "A Roller Skating Jam Named "Saturdays""

(And rollerskates)  
(And rollerskates)  
(And rollerskates)

### [Q-TIP:]

Girl meets boy on Thursday night  
Boy was high, girl fly like kite  
They hold hands until next day  
Boy then lets go, hit his way  
Boy rules butt, brags to his boys  
Erection brings bad boy joys  
Boy thinks of that big fat back  
Big black fat love, big black fat  
Girl calls boy to stand him up on Saturday  
Saturday

### [POS & Q-TIP:]

Saturday, it's a Saturday  
It's a Saturday, it's a Saturday  
Saturday, it's a Saturday  
Saturday, it's a Saturday

### [POS:]

Back once more with the wallop in the score  
Must I ride and rip, should I make you rock your hip  
Reviver of a roller-boogie in a rink  
And sure to make you think about the times  
To scope fun instead of fights  
(But diving from a piece of metal sure to take your life)  
Yo, slip your butt to the fix of this mix  
Toss that briefcase, it's time to let loose  
'Cause you've worked like heck to get the week in check  
So unfasten that noose around your neck  
Connected like a vibe from the wheel to the foot  
Come on everybody dig the funky output

### [VINIA:]

Five days you work  
One whole day to play  
Come on everybody, wear your rollerskates today  
It's Saturday, Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday-ay  
(Is the word, is the word, is the word)

### [POS:]

Now as you pump your fist I reminisce  
To a bounce, rock, skate, roll  
Fess to impress  
Hey, pretty diamond, do you like the way I'm dressed  
Cool, keep the faith and be my mate  
'Cause all we need is feet  
(And rollerskates)  
But promote the hustle 'cause it keeps me thin  
No need to talk, look who just walked in

[DOVE:]  
(Is there a Dred on skates?)  
Yes, man  
(So kick the wham on this jam)  
Oh Mr. Sprinkler, Mr. Sprinkler  
Wet me for one, Mr. Sprinkler  
I'm heatin' high-five in a daze, no split  
With a yawn I trip to the dawn  
Out comes the bodies following the one idea  
It's clear, rattle to the roll  
Hold back up the track, grab your rollerskates y'all  
And let's zip on by  
Zip-a-de-doo-dah, let's zip on by  
Feed on a weed and we're feeling high  
Sun is on thick and the cheese is rollin' quick  
Come on, there's no time to hide  
Season is twist, spinning and winning  
No hackeysack, let let me in  
Spill on the bottom away, but it's okay, huh  
It's a Saturday

[POS:]  
Now let's all get baked like Anita

[Q-TIP:]  
Watch Mr. Lawnge, don't look at the peter

[DOVE:]  
Feel on the fun, I'll feel on the

[VINIA:]  
Hey, watch that!

[DE LA SOUL:]  
It's a Saturday

[VINIA:]  
Now is the time  
To act the fool tonight  
Forget about your worries and you will be all right  
It's Saturday, Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday

Saturday, it's Saturday-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay  
(Aaoww)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "WRMS' Dedication To The Bitty"

[SQUIRREL:] We've just played fifteen minutes of commercial free music.

Of course you're listening to WRMS FM, and we  
play nothing but De La Slow music. We're coming up on the hour of ten  
o'clock. It's a full moon, and perfect night  
for lovers. We're about to do something we don't usually do, and  
that's... we'll I'll show you.

[BITTY:] Hello, hello, who's this?

[SQUIRREL:] Squirrel.

[BITTY:] Hi! Listen, I don't have a lot of time, my name's Mizuna, I'm  
on my dinner break from Burger King and I just  
called to tell you that I love your new radio station, I love  
everything you guys do.

[SQUIRREL:] Thank you. And with that, the next song is just  
for you. And when you go back tell all the Burger King  
honeys that if they want to call and talk to me, just call  
WRMS. See ya.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Bitties Tn The BK Lounge"

[Part One:]

Yo man let me make some Cpt. Krunch  
man alright  
Yo man we have any milk?  
Yeah, what time is it?  
I don't know, what day is it?  
Don't know, well I'll tell you.

Well it was a Wednesday  
me and Boss Hog was kinda hungry  
like two eggs, and a slop beef slice of lettuce  
and a glass of milk and some cookies.  
Spotted in the mist was a BK logo  
what we said - well what do you know  
this chick thought I was trying to play fly  
cause I had a pair of blue jeans on.

Young girl, won't you take my order?  
she said, "Yeah, but right now I'm kinda busy..."  
can't you see I'm trying to put this band aid on my finger?"  
Lingering, I could tell  
she's a B-K mademoiselle  
Ripped uniform and bottom bell  
and some Jelly stuff on her sleeve  
Look to this cause I had no name tag on my collar  
could be pissed cause she's clocking 2.45 an hour  
And then Boss Hog hollar  
"Girl you better make this quick!"  
She said, "I ain't your girl and I ain't your chick!"  
I had an idea and lickity split  
took my hat off and that was it

Dread locks fallen all over me and then I said  
"Yeah now we'll see!"  
And o' with quick velocity honey was mesmerized  
"Ain't you that guy?"  
"Aint you that GIRL!"  
"De La Soul, right?"  
"No Tracy Chapman!"  
"Why don't you come over to the counter; and write me out an  
autograph?"  
Ha ha ha, I had to laugh  
She was quick with the Bic just to get that autograph  
But me and Hogg just laughed, and laughed  
"What's the name of that song you sing?"  
"Living in a fast car," I said

Forget about the order I made  
I'll go get a slice of pizza instead.

[Chorus: x2]

Bitties in the BK lounge, All they do is beg and they scrounge  
Bitties in the BK lounge [x2]

[Part Two:]

[F - female]  
[P2 - Posdonus]

[F] Excuse me, would you take my order I have to go  
Shashawna's got a real job, dag don't you know!  
[P2] Oh yeah, Now I recognize  
The real real bitty with the fake fake eyes  
Yo, can I interest you in some burgers and fries?  
[F] Yes you can, but you can keep your lies  
cause you know you can't diss me  
but your pissing me off  
I know where you live and I know that your soft  
You're as booty as they come (booty?)  
and you dress like a geek  
my shoes cost more than you make in two weeks  
[P2] Look, you don't have to play fly in here  
I can tell your fly by the weave that you wear!  
But you must be aware that a fly can be swatted by a BK tray  
By the way yo, here's yours  
[F] I know your just sweating me to kill the noise  
of your polyester pants and thier o' so high waters  
Look at what you do all day but take orders  
You bow tie wearing, clocking and staring  
I know your just upset because you cant get the rat/wrap  
I think you Chubby for my man is living slack  
[P2] Yeah, I know your man, the biggest punk in school  
selling devil rock to the fiends and the fools!  
With one hand that punk I could snap- the kid is so skinny...  
[F] But we be livin fat  
[P2] Speaking of fat, would you like a diet soda?  
Cause less fat on you would spare us all the odor  
Better yet pour it down the pants and let the acid kill  
the smell that should have been left to Masingel!  
Let me make you a deal, take the soda free and jet  
I got to much family to heed your threats  
[F] Are you a family man? (Word booty!)

Well I shouldn't be surprized

your sister's flipping burgers and your momma's frying fries

[P2] Don't even try that shit!

[F] Oh damn look! (What?)

[F] Here comes one more

It's your father he just finished mooping the floor

Now give them a hand, its the BK clan

So you can't talk garbage about who I am  
[P2] well, arn't we living foul  
Speaking of foul how bout some chicken for the cow?  
Ops I meant you sorry for the mix up  
but your stomachs always big from the sexual slip ups!  
[F] I could buy you and sell you for pennies, young man!  
(You'd better!)  
I think theres something you should understand  
I try to be nice and help the poor make money  
And since I know you need it, I'll go elsewhere dummy!  
Now B-K workers is too damn rude  
I think I'll go get me some Chinese food

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "My Brother's A Basehead"

(Make the bass come out so clear)

### [POS:]

This song does not contain explicit lyrics, but what it does contain is an undesired element. This element is known as the basehead, the lowest of lowest of all elements that exist. And the sad thing is, this particular element... is me brudda!

Brother, brother oh brother of mine  
We used to be down as partners in crime  
From our parents our name was forged  
I was the Beaver, you Curious George  
Wanted to dispose of this and that  
But curiosity had killed the cat  
At this age no wonder it was read  
But this was the fate that you were fed  
Throughout high school our minds we'd waste  
High off all the cheeba that we could taste  
Soon you had converted to nasal sports  
Every five minutes cocaine you'd snort  
Told me that you needed a stronger fix  
Stepped to the crack scene in '86  
Unlike the other drugs where you had control  
This substance had engulfed your body and soul  
Now from me you lost all respect  
Said yo need to put that shit in check  
Wanted me to believe that you had tried  
But your mind and the craving had coincided  
Said there was a voice inside you that talked  
Which said you shouldn't stop but continue to walk  
Now the brother who could handle any drug  
Had just found the one that could pull his Plug

### [Background:]

(Ya don't stop, ya don't, ya don't stop)  
(Ya don't stop, the body rock)

### [DOVE:]

"Yo, bro, got another rock for your hiking boots"  
"Gonna make you scream and loop three loops"  
"Gonna take you far on a freeway, okay"  
Remember that day? Slipped me a smile for a 20 crack vial  
Guess what? Time to collect, correct  
Don't have a dime? It's payback time, payback time  
"Don't cry the blues 'cause I got bad news"  
"Should I stab ya? Should I bite ya? Should I use my tools?"  
No, I got another way to earn my defeat, ah!

(Slam the child on the hard concrete)

(Make the bass come out so clear)

[POS:]

Brother, brother, stupid brother of mine  
Started getting high at the age of nine  
Now at twenty-one you're lower than low  
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go  
My dividends and wares started to disappear  
Where it ended up, I had an idea  
Barking you with the quickness, reversed intent  
Instead went to Pop and gave him the print  
Now Pop grew tired of being a mouse  
Finally told you to get the hell outta the house  
From there a mother figure came into play  
Claimed for you she saw a better day  
Now Mom was a product of Christ's rebirth  
Thought the only chance was to go to church  
Quitting this stuff you had tried before  
This time you claimed you'd really score  
Something I had to see to believe  
Put on my suit and to church I weaved

[PREACHER (Squirrel):]

My, my, my. What happened to the people? The people who used to care  
about what took place in the world today? I've been summoned here  
today to reach the people who still can be reached, to save the people  
who still can be saved. Can I get an Amen? Can I get an Amen?  
Hit me! Forgive us. Said it's taking over. Taking over the world. All  
it's doing is taking over. Where them crackers at? Them crackers that  
they serve, where they at?

[DOVE AND MIKEY ROADS In background as choir:]

Said evil's taking over  
Said evil's taking over  
Said evil's taking over, evil's taking over  
The Lord's gonna forgive us, the Lord's gonna forgive us, Lord  
Said the Lord's gonna forgive us  
The Lord's gonna forgive us

[POS:]

Bullshit, didn't believe a lick  
To this fool fell off, well that would stick  
Soon you reach your front of calm  
Walked round by rehearsing psalms  
Then you smiled with the funky frown  
What do you know, the voice is back in town  
Mom would say it would soon go away  
You and I knew it was here to stay  
But the man helped you when you helped yourself  
That meant going to rehab for your health  
Finally it went and blew your cork

Heard you moved to the comfortable streets of New York

And when my friends see me and come and ask

"Yo, where's your brother at?"

I'll be the first to splash

"Yo, he's a basehead"

(- Yo know who that was?)

(- No.)

(- The guy from De La Soul. Pos. Posdnuos.)

(- Who?)

(- You heard of De La Soul, right?)

(- Right.)

(- Well he was the one from De La Soul.)

(- The one with the real nappy hair.)

(- The one with... the dark-skinned one.)

(- With the glasses?)

(- Yeah.)

(- [Background] Yeah, the ugly one!)

(Fuck you bitch!)

(And kept goin'...)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Let, Let Me In"

(Ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah)  
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)  
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)  
(Let, let me in)

### [DOVE:]

I got good news, I got eye witness  
Good news, I got eye witness  
Due in a hip lift, dead into my phenomenon  
Dazed with the quickness  
Sweat, one sweat, two sweat, three  
Motions, what motions? What could it be?  
She, she (watchin' you) who, me?  
Hon, Velveeta got your cut  
(Ain't no lockin' up now)  
Give the symmetries to your bottom  
(Ain't no lockin' up)  
Shake less of that Catholic cool  
Push panic, the button, and freeze  
A's for Amen, J's for the Jenifa  
Oh Jennys, oh please oh please  
(Oh please oh please)

Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in

### [POS:]

Force it like a motion, let me in to that  
Flower power child, let me in to that  
Let me sew your panic button, let me in to that  
I got the semen headlocked, you won't get fat  
Just lay, lay back, way, way, way  
The oops up, it's a clear Saturday  
We're selling my all-expense July paid  
By the way, what's your name?  
Just kidding, I know it's Renee  
No, it isn't? Word, word, well check it out  
Check, check it out  
I got my my mind made up, come on, get it  
Take a test, child  
And get with this Pos position  
From beginning to the Huckleberry Fin  
If I was to yodel, would you let me in?

Let, let me in, let, let me in

Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in

Pos got the skyrocket in his jeans  
Would you let me in if I was to sing  
Like a hookey-non-stop-reggae-roost-rasta-king  
Jimmy done starburst, know what I mean  
Jimmy done burst, gotta come clean  
Yo, Maseo, blow this scene

[MASE:]

Dip, dip, di, you're making me cry  
With that onion between your thighs  
Come give me some of that brown sugar  
So the sweets can make me active  
If I said you were attractive  
May I supplement with an additive?  
Hey, hooker let me hook you with my reel  
Take you to the crib, cook up a real meal  
Skip the meal and walk this way  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
Come on into my room, here we go  
Here we here we here we go  
(Boom!) Did you feel the bed break?  
(Boom!) Did you feel the floor shake?  
(Boom!) Did you feel the earth quake?  
(Boom!) Now, quick, do you wanna take a break?

Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in

(What's this?)  
(What?)  
(In your pocket, that bulge?)  
(Hey, hey, hey!)  
(Harry, let me see it)  
(Jumping jehosaphat!)  
(Quaggin', quakin' and shakin')  
(And that's no fakin')  
(Let me see the gun, Harry, I want to see if it's been fired)  
(Why are you complaining? I've always given you a piece of the action)  
  
(So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed)  
(And at last he blew the house in)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (In The Eyes Of The Hoodlum)"

[POS:] This is dedicated to all those hardcore acts.

[DOVE:] Yeah, you know them brothers that we used to  
look up to, that fell the fuck off.

[MASE:] And now they doing all that R'n'B sh..(crocker!)

[DOVE:] You mean Rhthym and Blues?

[DE LA SOUL:] No! Rappin' Bullsh...

[DOVE:]

Connection A, click, what?

My dick, chick

I smack a fish if you thinks

My connection ain't thick, dick

Headed like a punk whip

I travel miles with a rhythmic lip

I rock an Afro

In '83, gee, yo

And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow

I play the corner tough

And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt

[MASE:]

Givin' high-five is what I want

So I puff a blunt, I don't front

I get spliffed, get a stiff

Then I go hump a stunt

Like a pimp pro

(Nah, man, a super ho)

That's cool 'cause I'm still an Afro bro

Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic

Every hour, every minute, every second

I keep a level head and stay down to earth

'Cause I've been an Afro since birth

[POS:]

Yeah

Now I hold my crotch 'cause I'm top-notch

I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab

I've got five beepers, you scab

But you can find me directly on the Ave

(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)

My breath never smells wack

I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac

Before I kiss myself I always jump back

(Yo, gee, this track is stack)

(And you know that)

I do three flips

When a punk flip on my duke lifts  
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep  
On the other side with his main tapes  
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks  
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut  
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out  
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick  
But the Native Tongue's thick  
Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should  
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake  
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but  
Show gold teeth, 'cause I ain't a vegetarian  
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief  
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads  
'Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal  
'Cause connection with the Afro is real

[DOVE:]

I be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss  
Because it's tough to bluff a cab  
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'  
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da  
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day  
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half  
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island  
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self  
With the quickness I bust the true slang  
Show no pit to those who don't understand

[MASE:]

The Maseo got tailed with the big bail  
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail  
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is  
(He don't care, 'cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)  
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more  
In the closet with my silk, and below  
My 45 pack thick, draw quick  
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit  
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I.  
And another crib in Queens  
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head  
My favorite porck chops and  
A plate of collar greens  
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed  
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in  
And the Poppa  
But the connections are still a high-five

(Let's get busy)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Rap De Rap Show"

(Here we go.)

### [THE DOO DOO MAN:]

How y'all feelin' out there! You're listening to the Rap De Rap show  
and I'm the Doo Doo Man playing all the slammin' rap tunes for all  
you Mack Daddies and Mackettes, so hold tight for a one hour rap sweep  
on WRMS. Who's the Doo Doo Man?

(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

Who's the Doo Doo Man?

(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

### [MIKE:]

Yeah, ha ha ha. You're listening to MC Rocco Ribs and the BBQ Crew,  
and when we're not burning that pork, we're in New York listening to  
the Rap De Rap Show on WRMS!

### [KIM CARTER:]

Y-y-y-y-yo, this is Kim KC and I'm chillin' with the Suckwheat Posse,  
and when I'm not home making a hamhock sandwich, I'm listening to  
Rap De Rap Show on WRMS. You ravioli heads, we outta here. Ooh ooh  
ooh, the Doo Doo Man!

### [Q-TIP:]

Yo, yo, what's up, 's up, this is Q-Q-Tip-Tip from a Tribe Tribe  
called Quest Quest Quest, I'm listening to the Doo Doo Man on  
WRMS-S-S-S and I'm out!

### [MASE:]

Yo, my name is MC No Shame, and when I ain't getting busted in bed  
with your mama, or sellin' crack to the kids at Amityville High  
School, hey I'm listening to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS, peace!

### [DE LA SOUL:]

This this this this is De La Soul, Pos Love  
This is Dove Love  
Mase Love  
And when we're not here we're where?  
WRMS y'all, with who? The Doo Doo Man!

### [DIVINE STYLER:]

Yo, peace, this is the D-I-V-Ine Styler-Ine, and all come inside  
Divine, I'm listenig to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS. I am outta  
here, ha ha ha!

### [BOBBY SIMMONS:]

Yo what's up my name is Colonel Bobby, I'm listening to the Doo Doo  
Man on WRMS... yo, and I'm outta here, peace.

*[JUNGLE BROTHERS:]*

Ha, yo, ha ha, the JB's! JB's in the house! Jungle Brothers, word up,  
on WRMS, Rap De Rap, my man! Like roaches lickin' soup. Doo Doo  
Man! Checkin' out the Doo Doo Man.  
(You got the cooties)

*[PAUL:]*

Yo, this is Prince Paul, when I'm not brushing my teeth with DiDi 7 or  
boosting my memory or purchasing real estate tapes, I'm listening  
to my stromie, my homie, the Doo Doo Man on WRMS! Rrr-RRAH!

*[POPMMASTER HIGHT:]*

Hey hey hey Paul, I got a job for ya. You know that guy Rufus? That  
mouli? Freakin' lick him.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Millie Pulled A Pistol On Santa"

"If you will suck my soul  
I will lick your funky emotions"

This is the stylin' for a little that sounds silly  
But nothin' silly about triflin' times of Millie  
Millie, a Brooklyn Queen-originally from Philly  
Complete with that accent that made her sound hilly-billy  
Around this time, the slammin' joint was Milk is Chilin'  
But even cooler was my social worker Dillon  
Yeah, I had a social worker 'cuz I had some troubles  
Anyone who'd riff on me, I'd pop their dome like bubbles  
He'd bring me to his crib to watch my favorite races  
That's how his daughter Millie become one of my favorite faces  
She had the curves that made you wanna take chances  
I mean on her, man, I'd love to make advances  
I guess her father must 'a got the same feelin'  
I mean, actually findin' his own daughter Millie appealing  
At the time no one knew but it was a shame  
That Millie became a victim of the touchy-touchy game

Yo Millie, what's the problem, lately you've been buggin'  
On your dukie earrings, someone must be tuggin'  
You were a dancer who could always be found clubbin'  
Now you're world renowned with the frown you're luggin'  
Come to think your face look stink when Dill's around you  
He's your father-what done happen-did he ground you?  
You shouldn't flip on him 'cuz Dill is really cool  
Matter of fact, the coolest elder in the school  
He hooked up a trip to bring us all the Lacey  
He volunteered to play old Santa Claus at Macy's  
Child, ya got the best of pops anyone could have  
Dillon's cool, super hip, you should be glad  
Yeah, it seemed that Santa's ways were parallel with Dillon  
But when Millie and him got him, he was more of a villain  
While she slept in he crept inside her bedroom  
And he would toss and then would force her to give him head room  
Millie tried real hard to let this hell not happen  
But when she'd fuss, he would just commence to slappin'  
(Yo Dillon man, Millie's been out of school for a week, man, what's the deal?)  
I guess he was givin' Millie's bruises time to heal  
Of course he told us she was sick and we believed him  
And at the department store as Santa we would see 'em  
And as he smiled, his own child was at home plottin'  
How off the face of this earth she was gonna knock him  
When I got home, I found she had tried to call me  
My machine had kicked to her hey how ya doin' (sorry)  
I tried to call the honey but her line was busy

I guess I'll head to Macy's and bug out on Dillon  
I received a call from Misses Sick herself  
I asked her how was she recoverin' her health  
She said that what she had to ask would make it seem minute  
She wanted to talk serious, I said, "go ahead-shoot"  
She claimed I hit the combo dead upon the missal  
Wanted to know if I could get a loaded pistol  
That ain't a problem but why would Millie need one  
She said she wanted her pops Dillon to heed one  
Ran some style about him pushin' on her privates  
Look honey, I don't care if you kick five fits  
There's no way that you can prove to me that Dill's flip  
He might breathe a blunt but ya jeans he wouldn't rip  
You're just mad he's your overseer at school  
No need to play him out like he's someone cruel  
She kicked that she would go get it from somewhere else  
Yeah, whatever you say, go for ya self

Macy's department store, the scene for Santa's kisses  
And all the little brats demandin' all of their wishes  
Time passes by as I wait for my younger brother  
He as his wish, I waste no time to return him back to Mother  
As I'm jettin', Millie floats in like a zombie  
I ask her what's her problem, all she says is "Where is he?"  
I give a point, she pulls a pistol, people screamin'  
She shouts to Dill he's off to hell cuz he's a demon  
None of the kids could understand what was the cause  
All they could see was a girl holdin' a pistol on Claus  
Dillon pleaded mercy, said he didn't mean to  
Do all the things that her mind could do nothing but cling to  
Millie bucked him and with the quickness it was over

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Who Do U Worship?"

*[RONALD CHEVALIER:]* Aha! What a beautiful day in the concrete jungle.

I think I'll go down to Goliath and just be a fuckin' dickhead!

Damn, I feel good today.

I'm looking forward to going and just beating the shit out of someone and taking their money.

What a fucking great job I have!

I wonder why I feel so good. Could it be the music?

Could it be my breakfast? Or could it just be the fact that

I just hate everybody, dammit!

Life is grand, life is great, I'll get myself a real cheap date.

Some woman I can take to McDonalds, spend a dollar twenty-five on,

and have like, the best time of your life with afterwards.

Life is too good to believe sometimes.

But we all can't have it the way I do, so to all you suckers out there,

kiss off. All right? Bye bye!

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Kicked Out The House"

*[DOVE:]*

In no way are we trying to disrespect any sort of house or club music, but we're just glad that we're not doing it. And if we were, this is how it would go.

(I can't be your lover)  
(I can't)

Kicked out the house, you got  
Kicked out the house, hip house  
Kicked out the house for good  
(I can't)  
Kicked out the house, you got  
Kicked out the house, hip house  
Kicked out the house for good  
(I can't be your lover)

(With your wrinkled pussy)  
(I can't be your lover)  
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)  
(I can't be your lover)  
(With your wrinkled pussy)  
(I can't be your lover)  
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)  
(I can't be your lover)

(P-p-p-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)  
(P-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)  
(Put it on vibrate!)  
(P-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)  
(P-p-put it on vibrate!)

Kicked out the house, you got  
Kicked out the house, hip house  
Kicked out the house for good

You got, you got, kicked out of this house, baby  
For good

(I can't I can't I can't be your lover)  
(Put it on vibrate!)  
(Put it on vibrate!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Pass The Plugs"

(This time, put it in mellow)  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[POS:]  
First P is passed  
I am known as  
Posdnuos, Plug One to the whole race  
Rhyme on a tour  
Smart and much more  
Dispatch I've stood themes with the Mad Face  
Tall dark and lean  
Was once nineteen  
Now I'm one year older with reason  
Clean thoughts and drawers  
Rhyme flow never stalls  
The yes yes yes y'all's  
Will end this season  
The Soul reached high plains  
We didn't reach Soul Train  
But Don don't like rap  
So that won't happen  
Fame we don't lust  
God we do trust  
Arsenio dissed us  
But the crowd kept clapping  
Blessed with soul's lights  
So turn off your brights  
Overexposure will bring about a clear soul  
Don't push, but piles,  
For this here new style  
And excuse me y'all while I fill my potholes

Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (oh yeah)  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[DOVE:]  
Passed off second  
Tru I reckon  
Head full of dreds  
But knowledge inside  
Singin' on records, making it hectic  
Wishing it all would fall and die

Radio works it, public consumes it  
Tommy Boy wants another "Say No," huh  
Rough and rugged  
It's not a new twist  
Been Trugoy since the first get go  
Here's the daisy  
Watching it die, see?  
Native is the new like Balance is the shoe  
Paul makes a mil like dill makes pickles  
Plus is to add like addin to the crew is  
Pimps promote us, RM's work us  
MP's watch us close in focus  
Watch me steppin'  
Now I'm dancing  
Then disappear with a hocus pocus

Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[MASE:]  
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Pos get funky)  
(Check it out)  
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Dove get funky)  
(Check it out)  
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Mase get funky)  
(Check it out)  
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Prince Paul get funky) (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

(ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (yeah)  
Pass the peas like they used to say (mmm)  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[PAUL:]  
Fourth P is passed  
I am known as  
(Prince Paul)  
Yeah thanks Mase  
Applied like chapsticks  
The songs are slapsticks  
Skeezoids with polaroids  
Give me such a case  
Trife or not trife  
Don't own a wife  
Yet I'm down and around for a good kiss  
I got a 40 of Pepsi

A girl in Bed-Stuy  
And I'll end it like this!  
(Will rise, not fall)  
(*[Definition:]* Prince Paul)  
(Our Mentor, don't be sore)  
(When I say that's all)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Not Over Till The Fat Lady Plays The Demo"

[DOVE:]

Standing on the corner building. Seen the path.  
Looking at the corner streetlight, walking, and  
waiting for my brother to come over and then  
someone tapped me on my shoulder. 180 degrees I  
did. Oh my... what? Oh oh!

I didn't hesitate so I ran and I ran and I ran  
and I ran and I tries to catch a cab.  
(Cab driver, fuck you)

I ran into an abandoned building, I heard big  
heavy breathing on my back I turned 180 degrees  
again and oh oh! Oh my God!

Oh, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed and I  
skipped into the BK lounge. I asked the lady if  
I could get a Whopper. She was facing... she was  
facing toward the back. She turned around...  
she stated: (Can I take your order?) Oh Chrissie!  
Once again, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed  
to my pad. The phone started ringing, but  
luckily my answering machine was on and with  
the quickness...

(Hey, how ya doing, sorry you can't get through)

Yeah, saved by the ha ha ha. I went into the  
shower. Oh my... I heard the holler... I turned  
the water on and she was screaming... who could  
it be? What did she want from me? What did she  
want from me? What did she want from me? She  
was screaming and screaming and she had the tape  
in her hand. But I knew what she wanted. I knew  
what she wanted. I knew what she wanted.

(Please listen to my demo)

([Mumbled:] And wit your wrinkled pussy)  
(I can't be your lover)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)"

"Yes, this is Miss Renee King from Philadelphia. I want you to please give me a call on area code 215-222-4209 and I'm calling in reference to the music business. Thank you."

[DOVE:]

Hey how ya doin'

Sorry ya can't get through

Why don't you leave your name

And your number

And I'll get back to you

Hey how are ya doin'

Sorry ya can't get through

But leave your name (uh)

And your number

And I'll get back to you.

Once again it's another rap bandit

Fiending at I and I can't stand it

Wanna be down with the Day-Glo

Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"

Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"

"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"

I can't understand what the problem is

I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz

How'd they get my name and number

Then I stop to think and wonder

Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town

You wanna call me up? Take my number down

It's 222-2222

I got an answering machine that can talk to you

It goes

[POS:]

Hey how ya doin'

Sorry ya can't get through

But leave your name and your number

And I'll get back to you

Yo, check it, exit the old style

Enters the new

But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew

Or should I say flock cause around every block

There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm

Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves

And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope

But it's not the mood to hear

The tales of limousines and pails

Of money they'll make like a pro  
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"  
But at the show the time to spare I just make  
    But the songs created in they shacks  
    Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this  
And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask,  
    "Was it def?"  
And with the straightest face I be like, "Hell yes."  
    I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul  
So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call  
    They get

[MASE:]  
Hey how ya doing  
Sorry ya can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name  
    And your number  
    And I'll get back to you  
    Hey how are ya doin  
    Sorry you can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name and your number  
    And I'll get back to you  
    Check it out

Party at the dug-out on Diction Ave  
Haven't been to the jam in quite a while  
Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles  
'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles  
    All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild  
    But edition up here bi-da miles to the center  
    Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in  
And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing"

[POS:]  
Now woe is me to the third degree  
Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny  
    Jettin'  
But I'm getting used to this demo abuse  
    Getting raped and giving birth to a tape  
Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker  
    Attached to my success, sent like a stalker  
    Make way to my radius playin fly guy  
Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky  
    Me Myself and I go through this act daily  
        And rarely do I not  
No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me  
    No matter what the plot  
        And even out on tour they be like,  
        "Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"  
            I be like "Oh swell"  
            Unveil the numeric code to dial my room  
                And tell them to call me at noon  
But of course there's no answering machine in my room

But a pretty young adorer  
Who I swung on tour  
And if it rings while we're alone  
She'll answer the phone  
And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem

[DOVE:]

"Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring  
Now you're waiting on the beep.  
Say, I would love if you'd sing  
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak."  
So no probremo, just play the demo  
And at the end it's break out time  
Please oh please don't press rewind  
Cause I'll just lay it down the line

Hey how ya doing  
Sorry ya can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name and your number  
And I'll get back to you

[POS.]

Hey how ya doing  
Sorry ya can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name and your number  
And we'll get back to you.. peace

'Yo what's up man, this is Ronald Master down with the Fish Tank  
Posse, man, you know man, so you know you can just hook  
me up, True. You know we got this fly new jam called 'Swimming In the  
Fish Tank', you know we gonna rock it man, you know  
what I'm saying, but I just need your help, Prince Paul gave me your  
number, you know man, you just gotta do that for me,  
got this fly bassline, got these fly trombones in it man, so just hook  
me up, man, just look out, all right, call me back  
at 557-2223 all right man, just look out, all right, look out for a  
brother man!'

## **De La Soul Lyrics**

### **"WRMS: Cat's In Control"**

If it's not De La Slow, then it's not WRMS. Where Cat's in control,  
twisting and tuning until you're purr-fectly content. Special cat  
call goes out to the suckers at the donut shop. Thanks for serving it  
to me dark, hot, and no caffiene. Snuggle tight and hang loose  
boys, it's time to groove to a De La Slow move on WRMS.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Shwingalokate"

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

[POS:]

(What's the subject?)

The Shwingalo, hot damn

(Is Posdnuos gonna start?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Shwing on hand)

I present to you the Preacher Man

Peace everyone, everyone I hope

Plate is not a caper, plate is not a hoax

Is it is the now step, labeled Shwingalo

Shopper brag a basket, fill it to the bro

What's the Shwingalokate? Question me instead.

Mental is the mood, whether live or dead

Level is the groove when I lead the led

But hip is my lip when I'm Shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

[DOVE:]

(What's the next step?)

It's the fool of the clan

(Is he down with the Shwing?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Swing on hand)

I present to you, the whole shalam

Last was the gas, flower by the pound

Shoo, puppy tough, shoo, flower power hound

Season of the Shwing is sound and it's bound

90 got the gift so lift from the ground

Speak me an age, age at the dough

Feed me the donut, feed me the O

School me with the new 'cause the new

Kept me fed with the brew

I'm glued to the stew and I'm Shwinging it

Breathe me the out, breathe me the in

Send it with a skit neither friend nor begin

Label it a Shwing, brother come for the win

Catch me the border, must start to begin

90 got the knack of the Soul, grab a bit

90 proved them wrong to those who commit

Dis to the hit list, pitched by the hit  
Caught by the herds of those in the pit  
Pull me a puff of the blunt as it breeds  
This benefit's just what you need  
Just because I'm fallin', saved by the weed  
With dred, 'cause you know indeed I'm shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)  
(On and on at two steps ahead)

[POS:]

Constructed like an apple but roll like a grape  
Try with the games 'cause the fools'll take shape  
Stuff to the too tough, grave is in the groove  
Sop it like Sound, yo honey make a move  
Shufflin' your feet, that's stiffer than a nap  
Open up an eardrum, don't wait for the cap  
Sip a third of lager, extract the waste  
Tell me tell me tell me, can you get a case?  
Never oops honey, dope not a threat  
Peace be found on your color telly set  
Pick up the proof for the stool pigeon sing  
Shwing a load o' dat, 'cause I must put Shwing

(On and on at two steps ahead)  
(On and on at two steps ahead)  
(Three steps ahead)  
(Three steps ahead)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Fanatic Of The B Word"

[MIKE G:]

Ha ha! Ah yeah! Got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on!  
(Hooo-weee!) Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the  
house, my man the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin',  
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul, the immigrant  
Lucien in the house. The house Dreddy Bear, ha, Mike G!

[CHORUS:]

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Come on everybody let's baseball

[MIKE G:]

Got it goin' on. Swing it over here! Ochay, ochay, ochay.  
We gonna swing it over here, swing it over there. We gonna do the  
baseball. Ha ha ha!

(Three feet)

[POS:]

A Nubian sprocket is the one  
Plug One, cut the cap  
Forward is the marcher of the chant,  
To the clan, unless you slept  
Willy to the Wonka of the feat  
Smoke your blunt, but close your drapes  
If we get fined by police,  
Don't worry, yo, I got the papes  
Toxic is the talk that I tell,  
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat  
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DOVE:]

Swing is the is of my step  
Plug Two, groove a gut  
On gets by when it's kept  
Three miles to my step  
Forgiveness to the foes is false  
I cook goose and serve a plate

Position is opposed to a loss  
No cost, no relate  
Brother got a badge of his own  
Because the link of the life is slack  
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DRES:]  
Move over just a bit to the right of me  
For I cannot see where the booty is  
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window  
Crack it just a bit, yo this is showbiz  
It's as though a pound goes around and around  
So I give a pound then I do the step  
Dres will be with Boca on the side  
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept  
Phonetics and kinetics perservere  
Therefore I kick it  
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket  
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon  
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon  
I'm looking out the window  
Day is filled with rain and gloom  
Man oh man oh man I hope I find my spoon soon  
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

(Rrrr-RAH!)  
[POS:] Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland,  
thanks for not having my baby, peace.  
[DRES:] This is Dres. Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you.  
[MISTA LAWNGE:] Yo this is the Sugar Dick Daddy, I'd like to say peace  
to my father, Bombed Out Brother.  
[MASE:] This is Baby Huey Plug Three, and I'd like to say peace to  
that mother a-hem who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace!  
[PAUL:] Yo what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up  
to all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-alikes, and I'm out.

(God damn!)  
(Have a ball!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Keepin The Faith"

[DOVE:]

Jody got a cat but she won't let it out  
Oh tough luck, 'cause it makes Jack pout  
Waiting on the wins he moves to the next  
Searching for the cheese, looking for the text  
In the Big Blue in search of the skins  
Grinning and laughing, laughing and grinning  
Padlock Jody got the whole scene played  
No knockin' boots till she's 14K'd  
Diamond in the back, sunroof top  
Waiting for the credit card so she can go and shop  
Jack plays the back, just knockin' other socks  
'Cause now in the hood he's  
(Johnny the Fox)  
Till one ring came, Jody blew a park  
Found about Jody round the corner in the park  
Flipping like a dipstick, hip to the news  
Practising the range, bellowing the blues  
Jack rolls the carpet in, swift like a skate  
"Yo, Jody, yo, gotta go, got a date"  
Padlock Jody's screaming "Wait, wait, wait!"  
"Don't worry, hon," he replies, "I'm keepin' the faith"

[POS:]

I'll never do the baseball with you again  
Yo, I'll never do the baseball with you  
'Cause your hoochie-coo was so smooth  
Was it such a sin to let, let me in?  
Hooked by your ever-so-shyness  
Want that bush, heard you're from Flatbush  
Ran after ya, caught ya,  
Brought ya to Long Island, stylin' for a while  
In my hut, I was on a cut for a peck  
A silly Greg Peck  
You tried to play me new, Plug One you disconnect  
I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)  
Yo, I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)  
Is is 'cause you want my financial flaunt?  
First you gotta please me, nice and easy  
But I guess you want that in reverse,  
So I stand Plug First can see  
We got a serious block  
Turn the other way, ooh what do I spot?  
A hoopin' Hey Love whose scent left a trace  
Had a stash in her pocket with a body that's safe  
Ball to the eight, now you wanna swing?  
Forget the rap, yo, Black Sheep, sing

(You're banned, you're banned)  
(You're banned, honey dip, you're banned)  
(You're banned)  
Yo, you're banned  
Ya banned by the preacher man  
You played yourself a stew  
Now to me you step, never mind love  
The faith is being kept

*[DOVE:]*

Now remember 'bout Padlock Jody, here's the fact  
Jack little wick but she was acting wack  
Jack wanna lay but laying ain't exact  
For the past four or five she was banned by the pack  
Hip to the witness, putting on a plan  
No money, no more Puddy Tat for the man  
Jack knows that honey means playing a game,  
Only wanna bowl, got nabbed for the fame  
Claude Van Damme (God damn)  
Sam was the man that you planned to command  
Nothing new about a neighborhood  
You know what? Padlock Jody wanna cut  
Jack's thinking cap, make mine into a pack  
"Yo, here's 20, 40, 60, pay me back"  
Conscience appears, "Yo Jack, what you doing?"  
"You play the cold while honey here's cooling?"  
"You don't have to if you don't want to!"  
"You don't have to if you don't want... to!"  
So he begins with the ring, ring, ring,  
"Hey Judy girl, how ya doin'  
Seen you with another man, what you doing? Screwing?  
Ooh, shame on you! What, you can't wait  
For the big bait? Well, I'mma tell you straight,  
Honey child, I'm keepin' the faith!"



DE LA SOL

BUHLOONE  
MIND  
STATE

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Eye Patch"

(Thank you, thank you, and for my latest basket of cherries, here it goes, baby!)

Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch  
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch

Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch  
(Everything I do's gonna be fine)

### [POS:]

Channeling in sync so my would bring (WHAT!)

Wit dat, causin' all fat I'm responsible for ya diet  
(Keep it quiet!)

Yo I got beats. State this stitch on my national fabric

My daughter will speak the arabic that's how I lift

Levitate to my nation when holding up your nickels

I pie like crumble so I Don like Rickles

Like green on the pickle

My papes are the up master of the cabbage patch

### [DOVE:]

Ya eyes got the latch

### [POS:]

So catch the cut, I hold the rut

For the people's reminder when in Maseo Path

I be the finder of the patch

### [DOVE:]

Can the cat's tongue slip, ya do the 'da dip'

Take the horse into the jolly ranch

Keep the hush

The good, the bad, and Uncle Tom, beat it kid

(Whoaaaa....!)

Do doo doo do do do do

Show the sheep cause I found the food

When I string the man wit the eye patch

The eye patch

When I'm walkin' it and could ya make it go sha na na na

(Mmmmmmm)

### [POS:]

It sniffs good

Punks show disguises when I'm standing in the wood

I be the in 'cause the brother holdin' glocks is out

I be the in 'cause the pusher runnin' blocks is out

I be the in 'cause the kid smokin' weed,

Shootin' seed which leads to a girl's stomach

Being 'bout a half a ton is out

Show the finger print  
And give me good grief for my lumber  
Pants will sag 'cause I'm licensed as a plumber  
Feel the Plug  
(Yo, something's wrong here)  
Now give a shout

[DOVE:] Yo what's up, I'd like to give a holler to Big 7 off in the  
Oakenone!

[POS:] And I bring an income in to my baby girl Twyla in White Plains and  
all my peoples out in Delaware.

[MASE:] Yeah yeah yeah, and I like to give a shout out to all those  
rappers who dissed us on records, and I wanna  
let you know you're still wack.

And oh yeah, I ain't mentioned no names 'cause you might f...

(All right. I'm sorry, I didn't know you were going back to that)  
(Ecoutez. Ecoutez.)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "En Focus"

(Biofeedback)

[POS:]

Ya go beats, meats, son Sheep  
I can't cook, but being a cook I'm servin' much to eat  
I got multiple stabs of jazzy  
Sassafrassy as I caught the fame of soul  
Years after mama had me tell ya gladly  
I plugged for the Tunin'  
Which cause eyes to zoom in

[DRES:]

Which put your person into focus

[POS:]

No longer Kelvin Mercer but the Posdnuos  
Plug One yo I found fun  
In the scribblin' of speak  
On a naked white sheet  
Most recognized by my dark brown self

[DRES:]

Yo you found some wealth?

[POS:]

More in my mind than in my pocket  
But I's got every Girbaud that ever sagged  
I met some hoes, met some girls  
Did a tour that took me all around the world

[DRES:]

Did a tour that took me all around the world

[DOVE:]

I hit the shines but I'm shooin' it now  
Remember when the floor might have had a spine  
Well it's all bent over  
The DayGlo nigga gets the red door mat  
It's a roller coaster  
When your shit's burnt toast  
Now Mr. Club Owner knows your jam  
When your jam is tha jam  
And there's a tab at the bar  
My mindstate's great  
No thanks I don't drink  
I sip the bobo  
Then I kettle it quick

I felt the heave in the jeave  
Tap it in the basement  
Diggin' my own understanding quick  
Let me get the single out  
Think Mr. Radio say the starlight  
Is the same star bright  
I'm thinkin' how a nine and a blunt is a switch  
But turn out the lights and some will go bitch  
It was one MC after one MC  
Play the lamp post do the blow wit dynamite  
Well it's okay and it's alright  
Cause our birthday cake's external light  
It'll all get graphic  
People made of plastic  
Look at the shine wit my 50 watt eye  
But when I got the eye patch I hit the latch  
I fame it to a name from Denver up to Maine  
And lovin' deluxe  
She won't catch me in no tux  
Nah, man I won't honor the style

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)

[DRES:] How you doing, my name is Dres, listen...

[SHORTY:] Isn't that Posdnuos? Oh, my...

[DRES:] Baby, what's wrong with me?

[POS:]

Funny funny how time flies  
When you have some light on the face  
Cause the focus is the fickle  
'Stead of fusin' I'm a use it  
To the utilize the trickle caught the rush  
But I play hush  
While Andres Titus is the grabbin'  
As a fan will put the hearts to mush  
Lush Dalea would hear the public beat  
The same way for Titus when he Blacked the Sheep  
But as the Knee went Deep  
To deeper off the charts  
The album faded to black  
That's when the amnesia starts

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)

[SHORTY:] Aren't you Dres from Black Sheep? What are you doing here? Who are you here with?

[DRES:] I'm with my man Pos, you know Pos...

[SHORTY:] Oh yeah, Positive K, I.. I like him...

(Stickabush, stickabush, stickabush, stickabush)

[DOVE:]

Hey boy, I watch that star man, shit's all in  
Should I shot it or begin

I saw bootleggas no shinin'  
I saw Big 4 go get shinin'  
A typical flick was the moment  
When the man said  
"Ain't you?" Yeah I is 'im  
Hush your mouth fallin' in cog  
Caught the light being True dog  
A fist of funk and I pocket that screen  
In the scene or in between  
Gimme but a little bit of the starlight  
I mail my ass to the darkness  
I dig it, I dug it  
I dig it, I dug it  
I wiz it, I was it  
I wiz it, I was it  
Oh Lord let me switch it off  
Because ya find some'll do it all  
For the light  
(Stop jivin')

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Patti Dooke"

(Why do we have to cross over?)  
(Why are niggas always crossing over, huh?)  
(I mean, what's the matter?)  
(They can accept our music as long as they can't see our faces?)

(One, Two, One Two; You got it)  
Wootah!

[GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke  
  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

[DOVE:]

Just the other day I got a starter kit  
(An M is a terrible thing to waste)  
Caught the face from the backs of the border of the mindstate  
I play control to a fraud  
(Nah it ain't happenin')  
Nada to make it even  
Robbin' and theivin' is one who infiltrates with a Colgate frown  
Y'all remember my nasal for I sniff frequencies  
(Well, it started in the year of '78)  
But it's '93 or should I say '94 for my style is much more  
(I said, "Come in")  
Come in  
(Come on)  
Come out into my reservoir  
As I macks a men your bastard style has just been stuck  
By a sticker with a 'frigerator lickin'  
What if... how's about why would  
Never thought that the napalm would bust the jeans

[POS:]

Mash it up  
The one with the beard  
Mega moustache the beat (hide it)

Deep under sheets, cover this hint  
Hostin' all threats but watch out Mr. Jarbage  
Jimmy and the jet, standin' on the pier  
I'm known as the farmer  
Cultivatin' mate without mendin'  
Bendin', comprimising any of my styles to gain a smile  
Listen while you hear it  
There's no pink in my slip  
I reckon that the rhythm and the blues in the rap got me red  
While the boys from Tommy plant bridge crossin' to a larger community  
Yet they're soon to see I have a brother named Luck  
A nigga named Dres  
A groupie named Cassandra caught bobbin' on the head  
Of a Baby named Chris, I missed a kid who caught wreck when sayin'  
(Afrika and I when Sammy B's on the set)

[GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(And now, prevention against sucka M.C.'s)

(We decided to change the cover a little bit)  
(Because we see the big picture)  
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)  
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)  
(Everybody's gonna know who this group is)  
(We just felt that the picture wasn't as important as it was that we  
succeeied in crossing over)  
(Cross over ain't nuthin' but a double cross)  
(Once we lose our audience we never gon' get them back)  
(He may even try to change our sound)

[POS:]

Let no man put asunder  
Severin' the groups I never blunder  
Cashin' all the checks on the mic  
I might cherry to the bush, brand Plug Wonder  
Funk to the fame against hoods  
Bridges saggin' to woods down under  
They can't be raised with the feminine praise  
In conjunction with no chocolate in the mix  
White boy Roy cannot feel it  
But the first to try and steal it  
Dilute it, pollute it, kill it  
I see him infiltratin' to the masses

And when the leechin' I mo shoot 'em all in they asses

[GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Yeah!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Aaah!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

[POS:]

I shed light and not skin  
I ain't from Europe  
Afro connects at the root of the retina of the third  
Mums the word when ya blind baby  
Blind to the fact  
Don't rest in Compton so I don't own a gat  
But respect is clear crystal  
Cause Millie got a pistol  
And she's down with me  
Wild of most wild  
Born child to the old school legitimate (soul)  
Talker of the many paragraphs ago  
Walker of the plenty broken calves ago  
Phantom of the phrase black in many ways  
Cause I see her runnin' through the trenches  
Comin' in to rent my style

[GURU:]

I'm not the one to fuck with

[POS:]

I'm lockin' you out

[GURU:]

I'm just not to fuck wit so check it  
Y'all know who I am  
Listen up son  
Peace to my man Premier  
And y'all better guard your trenches 'cause we runnin' through 'em

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)  
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)  
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Tell me somethin' huh?)

(How come they never cross over to us, huh?)

(I never seen five niggas on Elvis Presley album cover!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

"I Be Blowin'"

*[MACEO PARKER:]*

(I am Maceo. I be blowin' the soul out of this horn)

*[Instrumental track with light tambourine/hi hat beat in background, children playing on a city playground]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Long Island Wildin"

(feat. Kan Takagi, Scha Dara Parr)

[Intro]

get into groove now, something like  
givin' into my own shit, now

could a drummer have some y'all  
could a drummer have some more  
said a drummer ain't have none  
in a long time  
c'mon, drummer

bring that beat back, bring that beat back [x3]

y'all wanna hear that beat, right?

1,2 1,2

[Kan Takagi In Japanese]

uh

suttarakankan kankankankan Takagi Kan  
beat ni noseta kashi kore ichiban  
so toshi gin-yu shijin groove  
meguri megutte konomachi de furu  
TOYOTA ni HONDA nippou mo iroiro  
SONY chiba chiba sonota moromoro  
dashicha irukedo rap no rokuon  
marena koto daga ima rock on

[Scha Dara Parr In Japanese]

1 (1) 2 (2)

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 jikan hikouki ni nokkari koko New York

(oh yeah)

bibiri jo jo jo

Ani Shinco Bose

(oh shit)

hora mite Prince Paul, Maseo, Pos ni Dove mo iru jan yo

eigo de nandaka itteru yo

(naanuu)

rap wo site miro to

gogo 2 ji studio

hai OK

richigi na boku ra ha mochi on time

ee member nanka dare hitoru kicha ine

5jikan karuuuku keika shite

What's up?

wassa wassa to renchu kimashita

ha to kigatukya studio no naka  
yes, yes y'all  
we don't stop  
konna monde minasan ikaga desho

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Ego Trippin' (Part Two)"

[DOVE:]

I'm buggin'

[POS:]

E-ghostbusters

[DOVE:]

Mercy, mercy, (ego trip, ego trip)

Mercy! (ego trip, ego trip), Mercy!!!

[MASE:]

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

[DOVE:]

Yep, yep big trucker man's rollin' in town

How ya do, how ya do

I got the joints to make ya...(JUMP!)

Because I'm headin' eastbound

Tired of the merry go round and around

And everybody's talkin' bout you're so funny

But they still tellin' lies to me

I got the trees in my backyard

And it's hard for them to tell a lie to me

And who's the foot, I'm the foot but who's steppin'

(Ain't no half steppin')

You know where I'm steppin'

Skirts play wit it cause I'm slick like that

I'm the greatest MC in the world!!

You gots to gimme gimme mine cause I'm heavy when I weigh it

Watch the way I say it (ego trip)

Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up

I never did it

The flavor's bein' butt but brothers ain't gettin' it

Get it; or else you're a goner

When I rolls over ya gonna have to wanna lamp

Cause it's the chattanooga champ

Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...

[POS:]

Now I'm somethin' like a phenomenon

I'm somethin' like a phenomenon

Well I'm the hourglass cat

Drug it out of jack

[DOVE:]

For jill

[POS:]

Cause I spilled the phenomenon

Pack the holes in my lawn

The girls in my saun(a)

Word is born I'm a livin' phenomenon

Well I'm a better brand cause I'm a superman

I run the block with my circle cause I'm nubian

I got the platinum rust, so don't even fuss

Cause DJ Paul, he's down wit us

Now people stop takin' my stylin' for a joke

I don't sassafrass I put the foot up the ass

Sometimes I'm fast, blow off like a seal

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]

When they reminisce over you

[POS:]

For real

Mase chopped the record down to the bone

And now Renee King is on my telephone

But I got the Ring Ring Ha Ha Hey Hey

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]

Cause this type of shit it happens everyday

[POS:]

I got to make me a connection so my imports stuff

(WORD!) Wo, word 'em up

Cause I'm so fly...

[DOVE:]

Yes on and on

I'm ins like [?] go buy my yacht

I got Gills like Johnny

Sail at 7 elf (well good for ya)

Bigger than bigs, dig it (I dug it)

Ways that amazes popes

I am the is equals is cause it's caught up

When the tides taught me the ropes

No weights for the baits (man I'll give you four)

For a verb unheard of (man gimme one more)

Alright you got it if you're special

With a dapper toe tapper when a lot's goin' on

(And ain't a damn thing happenin')

The answer to the riddle is me and here's the question

Who can be (fresh)

Who can be (dope)

Who can be (nice)

Who can be (beautiful)

Who can be (word)

Who can be....

[POS:]

Me be the Jericho turnpike bandit  
Yes competition try to troupe my way  
I sing the song you never heard before  
I feed the famine in your mind  
So mind ya manners baby  
I run a line on ya  
Lay ya on the springs then sway ya  
All this and a condom cause I be a taxpayer  
Promotin' of a moccasin I skin like Danny Boone  
When I swallow hear the (gulp)  
So give me room just give me room back the hell up

[SHORTY NO MAS:]

Back the hell up  
Know what I'm sayin'

[POS:]

Or when I run the mic there won't be no delayin'  
Pressure 40 does it like a Easy Bake oven

[DOVE:]

Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]

Eat it

[DOVE:]

Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]

Eat it!!

[POS:]

Intoxicate many wit my talk without intoxicatin' myself low  
So I gots to walk slow but.....

[DOVE:]

Don't you get too hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiigh  
(Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,  
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,)

(Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!  
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!)

*[PRINCE PAUL:]*

Somebody's cryin'?

I know somebody's cryin'.

Who's cryin'?

Yo, somebody's cryin' here.

(Trippin' down the fuckin stairs)

(YEEAAAHHH!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Paul's Revenge"

(Yo, yo, yo, do it!)

[PAUL:]

Yo, what up. It's Paul. Got ten minutes each. I'm here... to get this  
piece to redo it, or there's one we left for you...  
whatever, whatever you said, I agree. That's why I was to get tore up on  
I Am I Be. That rhymed. Ummm...  
qu'est que c [?] Yo, man, they dissed me in the Source, man, they gave me  
no credit for my songs. For the Slick  
Rick stuff. Gave [?] credit for songs I did. That's a diss. I'm mad,  
man. I hate [?] and I hate [?]. And you  
can quote me. And you can record this and put this on a record. I hate  
em, I hate em. And I'mma get em. If it's  
the last thing I do. Anyway, hope you have a pleasant day. Peace.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "3 Days Later"

[POS:]

Smoothed out without the R and B  
(Mercy) Come on!  
(Mercy) Come on y'all!  
(Mercy) Come on!  
There's no R and B in this song  
So come along fly children come along  
Come along fly children come along  
Come along fly children come along  
There's no R and B in this song!

Pushed up a dame by the name of Crystal  
Who flaunts to the point just like a missile  
A habit wit ear kiddin' wit gold mags  
And since she fancies facial hair she asks my name  
(Hey baby what's your name?)  
Now ever so fab I said I'm wala  
Miss Wild who used to run tough wit Koala  
She was a winner of my metaphor and she knew that  
I said I'm gonna feed your mouth she said you do that  
Now Crystal stops the jeep I think I'm mad fly  
She used to have a man wit lots of mad signs  
Her strut was guaranteed to make a gay smile  
And in bed she had proved to be real agile  
I show her to the lounge and I dined her  
Then she gave me some digits where I could find her  
I licked her like a stamp  
Laid and sticked her like a champ  
But the... um she gave me burn  
I had to go see the doctor

(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Uhhhh)  
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Oh yeah)  
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer  
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

[DOVE:]

Well it was thirty after nine and I was loungin'  
Tokin' on some smoke that I was poundin'  
I rang up seven up so we can skip to the mall  
Thinkin' a good day to shop  
But then we got stopped  
A shooter man said "Yo this is a stick up"  
A whole lot of dirt was 'bout to kick up  
I had screens in my pocket  
And man, tonight's my date  
Wit Smokey Sue, now what was I to do?

In my head I'm thinking, 'Should I dodge the bullet?'

'Man this kid is bluffin' you can pull it'

I feared the whole scene,

The shooter didn't bluff

Now look at me now,

He shot my ass dead

(Yeah)

(You shouldn't have)

(I did, so let's get in the van)

(You shouldn't have)

(I did, so get in the fucking van!)

(I love you babe)

(I.. I love you babe)

(I love you babe)

(I love you babe)

Skeezer skeezer skeezer

Skeezer skeezer skeezer

Skeezer skeezer skeezer

Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Area"

(I can just remember the number...)

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] For me to patrol

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] That shows I got soul

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] For me to patrol

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] That shows I got soul

I got soul you see, I'm swimming in the De La

I'm in my hood man, my manhood worries ya

I'm known for sampling of soul food

Off the old school plates

When I met up with my niggas from the 718

One the Jungle Bro, the other Questers from Queens

Yet I had the matrix of the 516 in my jeans

Still I sided with my funk to bring my second on call

For me and the Sheep, our mission's on the beach of 804

(You're runnin' on an empty tank)

But still get paid in full

(And get the girls)

Man, I'm packing gravitational pull

Bring the instamatic avalanche, my code intervenes

I'm out to scout the areas that remains to be seen

(What?)

[DOVE:]

Well, many many digits had me seeking in my Wizard

Man, who's ringing up my area (ooh) oh!

I used to shoe it to the bridge but that's gone

Like the 718's out of Vietnam

Sniffin' skypagers had me drugged

(Man I knew a psycho)

703's on my love bug

I made mates with the brothers up in 215

Crazy buddhas in my mind

My Chattanooga champ had me late for the camp

And my 202 keeps me marvellous

I guess Mars was my hideaway

But if the stars for a getaway...

[POS:]

Since I'm capable I conjure up a walk in this way

I slip a syllable for Aspen and a Chester souffle

I be the 919 seeker, 'cause ain't off logic

So when I'm with my crew I always have a place to sit

Due to this, a brother tries to play me  
(Yeah, like one in 514)  
Yo, some kid tried to flip on me  
They instigated a brawl  
(So we set our knuckles on stun and made them all fall)  
Then I just laughed  
(Ha ha ha ha ha)  
(We whooped that ass)  
And put the feelings aside, I know who I am  
I cast the grain by the pound  
I make sounds with the horn  
When I colour the corn, caught the fit  
And sit the two when honey slung the tip

[DOVE:]

Well I'm taking my finds to the 301's  
And Im playing my flute in the rear kibbutz  
My man from the 908's, he don't like it like that  
So I pipes till the sunshine hikes  
A kettle of our master plan makes a Malibu idol  
(God forgive me) Well, it's a hook  
The third to the 0 to the 5 had top feel the vibe  
When the 516 played convicts

[MASE:]

The man Maseo is here to put the habit along  
And what you have, I'm 'bout to speak about your area code  
Is it 918? (No)  
Is it 212? (No)  
Speakin' on 404? (Hell no)  
What about 516? (I dunno)  
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)  
(Huh? What?)

[POS:]

Just another area for me to patrol  
I got status 'cause I'm baddest with the paint  
Giving upside down frowns to London wood 703  
Her moms didn't like it, I had to let be  
For the fact I lays bricks  
'Cause my semen ends with the letter T  
My seed is hard to submerge  
I play the tack in the wall if my rear's not watched  
'Cause some knuckle might just head for the urge  
But I got Prince Paul in the Area  
(Oh, it's like that now)  
I got Hot Dog in the Area  
(Heh heh heh)  
I got the Violators in the area  
(Aaah)

I's got the Violators in the area

(Aaah)

It don't matter where you hide, I clear up the fall

Cop the fuck outta here, you fake-ass fraud

Clear my area

(I'm going home now, I have been up all night.)

(I been up all night, it's still Friday to me.)

(Come on now. Hey, Ellory, I'm going home!)

(Bob to the bob, d-dang, d-dang diggy-diggy)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "I Am I Be"

### [Verse 1]

I am Posdnous

I be the new generation of slaves  
here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes  
the pile of revenue I create

But I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late  
Product of a North Carolina cat  
who scratched the back of a pretty woman named Hattie  
Who departed life just a little too soon  
and didn't see me grab the Plug Tune fame  
As we go a little somethin' like this  
look ma, no protection

Now I got a daughter named Ayana Monay  
And I can play the cowboy to rustle in the dough  
so the scenery is healthy where her eyes lay  
I am an early bird but the feathers are black  
so the apples that I catch are usually all worms

But it's a must to decipher one's queen  
from a worm who plays groupie and spread around the bad germ  
I cherish the twilight

I maximize, my soul is the right size  
I watch for the power to run out on the moon

(And that'll be sometime soon)

Faker than a fist of kids  
speakin that they're black  
When they're just niggas trying to be Greek  
Or some tongues who lied

and said "We'll be natives to the end"

Nowadays we don't even speak

I guess we got our own life to live

Or is it because we want our own kingdom to rule?

Every now and then I step to the now

for now I see back then I might have acted like a fool

Now I won't apologize for it

This is not a bunch of Bradys

but a bunch of black man's pride

Yet I can safely say

I've never played a sister by touching where her private parts reside

I've always walked the right side of the road

If I wasn't making song I wouldn't be a thug selling drugs

But a man with a plan

and if I was a rug cleaner

betcha Pos'd have the cleanest rugs I am.

### [Verse 2]

The Plug Two brand with the flavour  
in the flute watch the sniffin'

so a sack of shows in demand  
I read the diction from the second page  
    I got the one-two gauge  
        baritone to the izm fan  
Trees fall so I can play ground with my ink  
    So let me need ya to my ems go  
        I push the infinite and carry it  
        My carrier's the three over one  
            so my pluggins already know  
                Lick shots with moo  
                    catch the boo  
                from a ghost in the heckling crowd  
                    if I give a foot  
                Jack Ville caught a spill  
                when a still came from my mouth  
                    I brought a head down south  
                I don't check for the noose and the neck  
                    So I never tell my ems  
                        that finesse is knocking at my door  
                I choose to run from the rays of the burning sun  
                and dodge a needle washing up upon a sandy shore  
                    I bring the element H with the 2  
so ya owe me what's coming when I'm raining on your new parade  
    It's just mind over matter  
        and what matters is  
        that the mind isn't guided by the punished shade  
        I keep the walking on the right side  
        but I won't judge the next who handles walking on the wrong  
            Cuz that's how he wants to be  
                No difference, see  
                I wanna be like the name of this song I am

*[Verse 3]*

I am Posdnous  
I be the new generation of slaves  
Here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes  
    the pile of revenue I create  
but I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late  
    The deeds of a natural  
        are seeds that are no longer planted  
            so the famine in the mind is strong  
Tactics of another plane is now proven sane  
Sane enough to let you know from within this song  
    I stabilize many cableized viewers  
        So my occupation's known  
            But not why I occupy  
                And that is to bring the peace  
not in the flower but the As-Salaam Alaikum in the third I am

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "In The Woods"

(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)  
(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)  
(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)  
(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)

### [DOVE:]

Hey yo you feel that shit (yeah it feels good)  
Well it's that thumpin shit (well I'm soakin too)  
I'll introduce the split (I'll be the go)  
I'll be the get  
Fixin with the ins for the outs we set  
Hey shortie (yeah mister)  
Make no mistake  
I challenge the bang for a bigger rhyme bouquet  
(you be buggin)  
Well i bugs like roaches on rugs  
Speaker of the bone like the speaks in my loans  
Give me the night baby and I'll be good in the woods  
Ya freakin my mind ya freakin my mind  
I told the maceo bout the days that go (he know)  
I know he know cuz he's out to get the gold  
The Chattanooga cruisin' with the malibu shit  
The bigger of the isa (cuz he is the shit)  
I'm like hickory (dickory niggas)  
I make you feel lost like high school history  
Creator of the rhymin dominoes  
Watchin drop it's the joint see  
So hit me with the zsa zsa (indeed darling)  
The coolest fool be the coolest fool  
I know the watch be in the air but i kick a new bucket  
Sippin it wit shortie so check the way we cuff it  
It's that indonesia funk up in your trunk  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
  
It's that funky shit (in the woods)  
That be beyond understandin (in the woods)  
Yo we do it with the soul (in the woods)  
Timber (in the woods)

### [POSDNOUS:]

Punch that O for operator baby its a love solid

I been stylin abstract since loose leafs was the shit  
Catch me breathin on planes where the gangstas outdated  
    Fuck being hard posdnous is complicated  
    As my pants play the sagatogah I can order sniffs of  
Frequencies frequencies cuz I freak mc's with the rhythm rock live  
    (man I'd rather point a pistol at ya head and try to burst it)  
    No jive in the matter so niggas start runnin  
    Yo that native shit is dead so the stickabush is comin  
        (stickabush) it's comin (stickabush) it's here  
    Fuck the five count it only takes three to bring it near  
    So let me move ya won better as the salad is tossed  
    And get a taste of the mase that you thought was lost

I'm cautious wit my looks (in the woods)  
Pickin them nines in my hair (in the woods)  
Sniffin for the beats like litter (in the woods)  
The plugs just can't be found (in the woods)

*[SHORTIE NO MAS:]*

Can I come off like the rest of em I think I should  
    Could I of course one verse now ya lost it  
    Found it realizing I came off it sounds mean  
        But pal there's a new kid on the scene  
        I got much soul on the down low tip  
        Lay back smooth one drink I'll be trippin  
        Never don't you dare consider me a fly gal  
        Pal I got props on a different tip  
        I recall back i go for mines I get the goods  
Wouldn't you know forgot my compass I got lost in the woods  
    Found my way and I was out i pronounce every letter  
        And if I had the chance I'd do it better  
I heard a holler down the way and now I'm out for the time being  
    Ya wanna be in but you can't see what I'm seein  
        Time and time my friend I stay gettin it on  
        And now they playin my song again

I got feminine style (in the woods)  
I'm not tryin to be sexy (in the woods)  
And no you can't knock the boots (in the woods)  
A lot of things be happenin (in the woods)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Breakadawn"

Ah one two, ah one two  
Ah one two, ah one two

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two [x6]

### [Verse 1: Posdonus]

I was born in the Boogie Down catscan  
where my building fell down on the rats and  
people sorta super wanna trip to the penile (penile)  
While I settle off the shores of the Long Isle  
My father's clean not mean my mind is clear when I transmit  
I am the man-ner of the family cuz the pants fit  
I want to let forensics prove, that I can mends  
Groove wit the thread from needle outta hay, wanna say  
salutations to the nation of the Nubians  
We bout to place you in that (3 Feet) of stew again  
I got the frequency to shatter Mrs. Jones' perm  
I gotta (Hey Love) all the honies cause they're short term  
Tallyin the score I'm for the shottie in the jacket  
For the brother he's a nigga when he packs it  
So get your butt out the sling, I stung Muhammad float a note  
that means I'm def, so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two [x4]

### [Verse 2: Dove, Posdonus]

Aiyyo groove with the mayor, hazard on the sayer  
Wave the eighteen mill', eat a still  
sack or bag of troubles, make the single double  
Loop the coin and join the minimum wage  
I had a plan if I was the man, I'd throw the J  
Lay it low and late night I get sessed  
Uncondition my ways, of the everyday sunset  
Wagin my days, to the one bet  
Cause your breaks'll have the carrot of cakes, whether mine  
Out of line, I breeze into the early mornin  
Freak the WIC call and get a tap on my shoulder  
cause the days of the breaks, be just about over  
The arts of the six won't play my bag of tricks  
I got the sevens in my pocket somewhere  
Reasons for the Cheer All Temperature here  
I keep it to the rear, and then I'm EXPLODING

I be the fab I be the fabulous but see unlike the Chi  
I got the flea up in the name "ah one two, ah one two"

Can't no one bend my cousin from the Peter Piper like the others  
latchin on to when I caught the fame "ah one two, ah one two"  
Pass the task to ask me bout the Native Tongue again my friend  
I tell you Jungle Brothers (On the Run) "ah one two, ah one two"

I'm shakin hands with many devils in the industry  
Believe the Genesis life fill with stills mean that I'm def  
so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two [x4]

*[Verse 3: Dove, Posdonus]*

We in the mornin at the end, but in the end I be the is  
cause in the mix, man, it's alright  
Momma got the rhythm to my daylife  
My pops gots enough so best to leave or sail the waves  
to the Long I laid the anchor in the 'Ville  
And how I relate, the same side of my gates  
Paper days, mess up my mind, ground zero degrees  
and the weather feels fine  
You opened my eyes man, thought I had a man  
But how could I eyescan, I wasn't around  
I seen the states and played the dates in the far-far  
Gathered the new, from the zoas around  
Grew up with Mikey Rodes and played the codes  
Sometimes I don't budge, without my cou's Fuzz/fuzz  
A simple, "How ya do?" Ah check it from my friends and my crew  
makes it definitely special

Now there's no (Shiny Happy People) in the crew we play the rough  
I got the huff, and puff, to blow the house low  
You know the neverending factor while I'm over, tell a squid  
I know an Enterprising brother, so report to the bridge  
I bounce a ball with my left, a squid with my right  
(Cause a squid is just a punk) Yo he deserved to lose the fight  
I might meander 'cross your dream, travellin up the stream  
Plug Wonder Wonder Why you're lonely tonight  
We see the girls scream as if we're shocked by the live shell  
Let's round em up and get em back to the hotel  
motel, holiday, inn-fact!  
I'm gonna let you know, once again, that De La Soul  
is sure to show you we will hit the charter harder  
than the normal rappin fool "ah one two, ah one two"

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Dave Has A Problem... Seriously"

[DOVE:]

Yo Merc, it's Dave, you there?  
Hello. Hello, Merc. Hello. Hello, Merc.  
Hello. Merc, hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.  
Hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.  
Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.  
Hello. Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!  
Hello! Hello! Huh! Huh! Huh!  
Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!  
Huh! Hah! Huh! Huh! Huh! Oooh! Oooh! Oooh!  
Feel the funk, baby!

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Stone Age"

(feat. Biz Markie)

[BizMarkie starts out the song beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]

[Dove] Ah mic test one two

[BizM] Aww man, I check it better

[DeLa] Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

[BizM] I hit the rhyme with the mayonnaise, that's what I mean

[DeLa] Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

[BizM] Man I got beats up my sleeve like you wouldn't BELIEVE!

[DeLa] Whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

[BizMarkie]

Ah with my "ah one two" I substitute about a loop

So let me serve with the slope, with the Plug of two scoops!

[Dove]

Mr. Miyag' never did dip for Dove

Bootleggers my legs and, grit about a hug

And who gets the Motts, I knots by the chance

I rain-dance.. I rain-dance

But steppin just a bit I don't need another shadow

Makes makes, is gonna be the new man's motto

Don't increase the bull, because my pulley is broken

and my belly is full

It's a second I reckon on the bone and the ball

Makin London bridges fall, so check it

I bring a point to the joints that we change and chop

but we could bring it back to the beatbox!

[BizMarkie beatboxes with style and soul]

[Posdonus]

I'm Posdonus Plug Wonder.. plotter

Serenade her cause I gotta.. record

When in the womb I was naked.. now I

chill with latex cause of how I, enter

the black wood without a splinter, provin

I had the chills what helps in movin, asses

Saw the light cause I got glasses, so we

sip the cappuccino slowly

[BizMarkie]

I'sah makes the big money!

I drive big

[Posdonus]

cars, serve the bubble like a bar.. tender

When in flight like a sender, lace  
Sticks of dynamite on bass, head

[BizMarkie]  
Lace the shoe until he dead

[Shorty No Mas]  
Run! Cause the cop is gonna come  
This my Plug style

[Posdonus]  
so they can kiss my, grits  
Hold my balls without a mitt.. grab  
the mouthpiece to talk the dag.. nabit  
I keeps goin like that rabbit, rico-  
-chet a dame I need a Snicker, satis-  
-fy the Norman to the Gladys, Knight  
My glasses help me see the light, so we  
sip the capuccino slow

[BizMarkie]  
In life, it's what you see is usually whatcha

[Posdonus]  
get, won't take a Drag-without-a-Net, no

[BizMarkie]  
To put the rhythm in the, bone

[Posdonus]  
marrow, laid the pipe to please Cari-lou

[BizMarkie]  
I don't know!

[Posdonus]  
If it's true..  
. THAT'S A FUMBLE!  
WELL CATCH A FEVER FROM THE JUNGLE  
Chocolate, nubian girls flock to it, sweets  
And if I can't sample beats, get the  
beatbox equipped with the, dirt  
BizMark and Doug E. works, fine  
Mase work the wheel I tangle lines, HARK  
the light is thirsty in the dark  
so we..

[BizMarkie beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]

[Dove]  
It's like I saw it in the river but my M wasn't fixed  
Super heavy like a Chevy pump a Maseo mix  
I had some screams in my pockets, and played it kinda hush

and did the outs (got to check out, the avenue)  
I peeped the [?] Zoah [?] on the gimme gimme, plus we hit the plat'  
Then the amps was on samp's, the villains got fat  
The Natives weren't the neighbor then to, NIGGA PLEASE  
It's a hustle for a joint when your settlement G's  
But we still be on the wax because it acts like that  
We still be on the moves because it moves like that  
So there ain't no reason to don't stop  
Cause we can bring it back to the beatbox!

*[BizMark finishes it off]*

"Yo who, I don't know who was on the mic man  
This thing smell awful here man.."



stakes  
is high

*de la soul*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Intro (Stakes Is High)"

(When I)  
(First heard)  
(Criminal)  
(Minded)  
(I was in...)  
(Damn, where was I?)  
(...seventh grade)  
(Battlin' this other emcee)  
(Smokin' a blunt and drinkin' a 40 down lower East Side with my niggas)  
(I have no idea where I was, it was so long ago)  
(I was on my way to a family reunion in a car on the Long Island  
expressway when I heard it)  
(Rooselvelt Projects)  
(I was in...)  
(I was outside of church when I was really little and I was doing the  
wop with this girl)  
(Red Alert played one of the songs on the radio)  
(It was so long ago)  
(Yo Merce, what's up, this is Hanson, man, I want you to peep that out.  
Yo, kid... I was at this party, this hype  
party when I heard  
KRS' Criminal Minded. I'll call you back, peace.)

(All right!)  
(All right!)  
(All right!)  
(All right!)

[POS:]

Channeling, in sync so my what brings that testament  
To cover twelve inches of funk  
Flip like as if I was the Dalek himself  
Specialising in cleansing like the its of  
Elephants, Dove hits bibles out the park, man  
Don't wven try to toss bleach, I'm too dark and  
Major more soul than James' "Escapism"  
De La Soul is here to stay like racism  
Patrick know and I'mma put the pillow off the bed  
As I lurk up on your thoughts while phones on your head  
Riff a tech pro, flex Sue, running you the links  
Scout weather, pouring rain outta duck's survive links  
And if one winks for pink slips, the slips are short  
Dull-minded as sperm, to give out for the souls I report  
I sport too fly for the forty-ounce drinker  
I sport too fly for a forty-ounce thinker  
A fresh linen scent so sniffer on the two-inch  
A talker of the berg without weed influence

So stick to you Naughty By Natures and your Kane  
'Cause graffiti that I based upn the wax is insane

[DOVE:]

Grand groove, I wish I had the flavor bid  
Give me six bottles of beer, I take the seventh one free  
I got the chandelier, kick, constructed by my man  
Little elf, big four gets the zootie for the self  
Long Island living, what, twelve o'clock dawn  
Jiggy-not see me so I trip straight to your porches  
Mr Partymaker puts the boogers in your bottle  
Straw it and drink, what bees gotta be's  
'Cause I snort the crazy-crazies  
Man, I kick the Franken-style, dig the bolts in my neck  
Wreck, ship, boat, rock  
Heavy metal grooves ain't the infinite  
Here I hips to the hops  
I'm looking for the words in the faces of a prince  
That brother been down ever since soaked cheese  
And motor go smiling  
Hey, how ya doin'  
Now, meet in front of Big Lou's fighting  
Hey, y'all reminisce, six streets, little miles  
Straight to my avenue  
(Aaaah... aaaggh)  
Six streets, went miles straight to my avenue  
I'm headed for the bigger E, for the bitter OE, not me  
Here's my Malibu, child, here's my Malibu  
Buckshot honeys, dig a gun and go aaaahhhh...

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Supa Emcees"

[Chorus: Slick Rick sample from MC Ricky D and Doug E. Fresh's "La-Di-Da-Di"]

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees  
Times done changed for the emcees  
Every woman and man wanna emcee  
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees  
Times done changed for the emcees  
Every woman and man wanna emcee  
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

[Verse One: Dove]

Man I'm on the set like the flicks so let your parents flash  
A splash bigger than whales, I'm makin monsters mash  
Spit Pinocchio's Theory when shit be looking weary  
I need rest, but I boogie for now, I'm on some mess  
like the best mics respond to me  
Living days, like dreams of specializing in the art that pays  
I be a mystic for life, so check my ID number  
Emcees be kneading/needing dough while I make bread like Wonder  
Yes, that's what you heard, so save that acting for the screen  
See you can can that manager with the beans  
I bust emcees like lies surprise em out the box  
Put away the soda pops I'd rather rub on the rocks  
A dime-getter tried to get what I got, for what?  
I guess Southern folks cash makes the lovin come fast  
But I'm past alla that, it's time to break with the breeze  
Get to your knees, here comes the Supa Emcees

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Pos]

Within this program of rap, I'll eradicate the glitches  
Yo I'm dark like Wesley, but I be sparkin more bitches  
and to them my constellation put your lives in jep  
While you others represent, I present my rep  
Cause when it comes to making dents, I'm that main in print  
Even smoked from blunts which give eyes the reddish tint  
Could not prevent, YOU from seeing I'm the light  
but bring attention to my words like some ads in tights  
I heard you want to fight me, with your words on stage  
So Mase pulls that instrumental from the jam YOU made  
And as he starts cutting what you sold, I'll talk all over your tones  
as if my name was Pete Rock or Sean "Puffy" Combs  
Send your tattered ass home, with celly phones I roam  
with my fleet, here to make this rap game complete  
While you live fables, unstable, acting very radical

Projecting like you're hard, when in fact you're quite vaginal

*[Chorus]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "The Bizness"

(feat. Common)

[Intro: Common]

[Craig Mack sample from "Get Down"]

And and bass up the track a little bit

Cuz I I'm here I wanna hear that boom bish boom, knowhatl'msayin?

Yeah yeah you know the bizness  
Common Sense, soul with the De La  
Get all them play-ahs  
We the rhyme sayers  
Huh, and that's the bizness, hah  
Gonna do it like this  
Gettin it that  
Like the Chicago streets

[Verse One: Dove]

I speak divine of God theories, no need to be high  
Always exhale the facts cause I don't inhale lye/lie  
Play the greater man's game, to bounce off my losses  
So I can earn the acres (uhh) the houses (yeah) the horses (huh)  
Of course it's much greater than your Benx or your Lex  
The engine to my comprehension is just too complex  
Much too complex, EFX/effects be live like Das  
Making moves down South, to avoid the chaos  
And never, flaunt the coin cuz dime-getters be gazin  
They call me Luther Van, they say my style is so Amazin  
I'm fazin those who're supposed to have the last laughter  
Cuz even when I'm gone I'm reappearin in the after  
I haveta, send respects to real money makers  
Do not connect us with those champaign sippin money fakers  
Taste the quarter pound with spice from Chi-town  
Now what that prove, you're so full you can't even move

[Chorus:]

Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E  
And can't another brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the G-to-the-One  
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

And I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win  
I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink...

[Verse Two: Common]

Do you wanna be a MC? Or do you wanna serve

Do you wanna be dope? Or do you wanna deal it  
Fabricated acrylic, I feel it, I'm the style molester  
I do a show get Extra P's like the Large Professor  
In fact I get more hoes than Tessa, peep game like a  
refa-ree in soul control of my  
desti-ny, in the best of, three out of five  
Whip ANYBODY ass at NBA Live, rappers  
take a dive like Greg Lougainis with his bitch-ass  
Rather be in Bebe's alley, than at the click with gators  
Not a hater of the players, I'm more like a coach, or an owner  
I Used To Love H.E.R., but now I bone her (ahuh-hah!)  
At one point in rhyme I thought I lost my erection  
But then I got it back with the Resurrection, blessings  
upon rhymes old man who called him traitor  
Big Com Stradamus niggaz styles I predict

*[Chorus:]*

I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E  
And can't no other brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One  
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun  
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun  
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

*[Verse Three: Pos]*

I'm the most from the coast of the East, then flee  
Droppin more knowledge than litter, on the New York peeve  
It's me, wonder why, in the place to be  
Certified, as superior, MC  
While others explore to make it hardcore  
I make it hard for, wack MC's to even step inside the door  
Cause these kids is rhyming, sometiming  
And when we get to racing on the mic, they line up to see  
the lyrical killing, with stained egos on the ceiling  
My rhymes escalates like black death rates  
Over music plates, being played as the rule  
Kids thinking stepping to the Soul, you're labelled fools  
who claims to drop jewels but for now you do the catching  
I don't worry on what crew you run, or what section of earth  
you reside, you're not even a man  
So I don't seem it mandatory taking your pride  
But I will, cause my man said Soul for the life  
You cried "Keepin it real", yet you should try keepin it right  
That's understanding microphone mathematics  
Which leaves the currency in temporary world status  
And when one shows he posed threat to this one  
This one will make that one into none  
Simple equation, zero, you shouldn't play hero  
If you can't stand Strong like the Island I'm from

*[Chorus:]*

Now I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One  
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

Yeah, and I'm the-C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E  
And can't another brother cook these delicacies  
See can't another brother cook these delicacies  
See can't another brother cook these delicacies

*[Outro: Common]*

Ahh that's how, that's how I'm supposed to do my thing huh  
Like triple it, alright  
That's how we do it, all the way from Strong Island to Chicago  
The type of freestyler flow  
Yeah, it's fluent, and we don't need to flow no more  
Hah

*[Intro: this comes before "Wonce Again Long Island" on the LP]*

To my man Mos Def yo he nonstop  
To my man Enola, yo he's nonstop  
And to my kin de Calhoun, yo he's nonstop  
Yo that girl MP, yo she's nonstop  
And to that crew Camp Lo, yo they nonstop  
And to that nigga Pop Life, yo he's nonstop  
And to my cousin Fudd Love, you know he nonstop  
My brother Lucky and Pert, yo they nonstop  
And to my man Joe Buck, you know he nonstop  
And my man Extra P, yo he's nonstop  
And my man Mike Divine, you know he nonstop  
That kid called Baby Paul, yo he's nonstop  
And to the Jazzyfatnastees, yo you're nonstop  
And my peoples Beatminerz, man they nonstop  
And to my man Mr. Bug, you know you're nonstop  
And yo, Litro, yo, he's nonstop  
And to, my dean The Green, yo you're nonstop  
And to my man Prince Paul yo he's nonstop  
And to that man Kid Capri yo you nonstop  
And A Tribe Called Quest, man they nonstop  
And don't forget the Jungle Beez yo they nonstop

*[Extra Verse: sampled from "Down Syndrome"]*

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)  
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to  
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga  
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December  
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city  
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making  
more money than a pagan holiday  
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Wonce Again Long Island"

*[Pos Plug Wonder Why]*

(What the hell do you wanna be when you grow up?)

I wanna be a supa emcee

(Well you're already that) so let me step up to bat

Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits

Out of the heavens August one-seven, sixty-nine

Born I, wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme

Til there was no longer thoughts to dream

When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of eighteen

Accompanied by the screams, Plug One

Shot up with fame like novacaine it made me numb

So numb I wouldn't been able to feel

Niggaz diggin in my pockets for my currency reels

But still, I make girls brown eyes blue at will (until)

my ass was no longer mass appeal

Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was allotted

Wait a minite, new video, like a leopard I'm spotted

in a night club chillin with Kamaal and Phife

I be that farmer cultivating owning acres of mics

And I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin

for a while, so do that dance

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be

(Showin others they do not?) Yes I be

(Havin then towed from the lot?) Yes I be

That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle

Mobile, make it worth your while

If the jam needs motion I'm the one to dial

(Goin beyond ninety watts) Yes I be

(Well are you rockin it?) Yes, yes I be (rockin it!)

I can stress the makin of loot to feed the fam

While the voices impersonate the true who I am

Buzzin in my ear, oh you one of those wannabees

Always buzzin in my ear you down with supa emcees

Steppin to me with your pleas that you gots, butter rhymes

Man the only thing butter bout you is your spine

mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow

Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self

I got knowlegde of you, to know you a wack em-crew

(You mean wack emcee) Nah, a wack em-crew, see you a crew of wack niggaz

You should have never tried to test

These words that I Man, with the eye/I to Fest

While you sayin one thing really meaning the next

You're just a contra-DICK, your mind's been tampered WITH

Like some holy books, but looks to the sky  
Cause Wonder Why's here to save the day

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be  
(showin others they do not?) Yes I be  
(Havin then towed from the lot) Yes I be  
Cause ultimately, I'm lettin all MC's know that  
what's the name of this crew? (De La, De La)  
Well alright, and what be the dish we servin?  
(We servin pos-dal!) Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario rap be on the rocks  
Authenticity that missin fee to pay to join the flock of MC  
These niggaz stand lower than knees  
Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please  
When rap kids apply violent pressure to father, brother and son  
for fun to say they inflict pain  
R&B niggaz lie to mother, sister, and daughter  
to have sex disguised as lovin in the rain  
Their words are more hallow than October 31st  
what's worse, hate to see the females  
switch to sexual mentality, it doesn't match with they given anatomy  
Man they rather be hoes like that male emcee  
Who walk around like they got nuts  
And use the tits and ass like a crutch  
Man the underground's about not bein exposed  
So you better take you naked ass and put on some clothes

man this be goin out to the kids from east smash (long island)  
amityville (long island)  
to all my people out in whinedance, bayshore (long island)  
C.I.'s in the place (long island)  
brinkwood, hempstead, all my (long island)  
brothers out in roosevelt, freeport (long island)  
uniondale to long beach (long island)  
to them girls out in huntington (long island)  
long island for real (long island)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Dinninit"

Now, where the ladies at?  
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"  
And all the fellas?  
"Takin over this year"  
I heard the party's round here, right?  
"You know that's right"  
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey  
Now, where the ladies at?  
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"  
And all the fellas, the fellas?  
"Takin over this year"  
I heard the party's round here, right?  
"You know that's right"  
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey  
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

It's so real when we come through  
Sunshine be on my sidewalk when i come through  
Schoolly d like family reunions  
Midday may, it's all lovin'  
Take a walk down to d dot c  
The war's tuggin'  
And ain't no druggin'  
My credit's a gain  
While you searchin for some trick  
To put the shit in her name  
I be spendin on wall street  
And buyin' boardwalk  
Dodging problems of the world  
Drawn out in white chalk  
Peace, mr. war  
I'm seein' all dimensions  
But unlike your eye extensions  
My vision don't blur  
'What' 'when' and 'word's  
Where the gossip occur  
Heard i'm sexin' sade  
And i bought her a fur  
Battin' eyes at toni braxton  
And i bought her a fur  
Now i'm hittin' whitney houston  
Oh, she bought me a fur?  
Far-fetched like glass teks  
And kiddie rolex

Soon comin'  
But now it's time to kick the fun in  
Now, where the ladies at?  
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"  
And all the fellas?  
"Takin over this year"  
I heard the party's round here, right?  
"You know that's right"  
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

I'm pourin out these rhymes  
For them kids who ain't here  
Stakes is high  
But we gonna try to have fun this year  
Before there were guns  
There was native tongues on these plains  
But others on  
Without them being pawns in this game  
'Cause a pawn in this game  
Is left with no game to play  
So, um, you best ta check  
And hear what we got to say  
Now if you came to party  
Just let it be known  
Now if you came to fight  
You might get that head flown  
By the one and only  
Maseo plug third  
J.D. dove plays the wall  
As kenny cal spurts words  
And a number  
To a crew of dope girls from the woods  
And not dope meaning weed  
But dope meaning (good)  
Like them west coast kids  
Who be throwin' up signs  
I hate a buster  
Unless his name is busta rhymes  
So check the way my mind moves  
Over times and grooves  
Got some money to blow  
Wonder why wanna know  
Where the ladies at?  
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"  
And all the fellas, the fellas?  
"Takin over this year"  
I heard the party's round here, right?  
"You know that's right"  
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Brakes"

There's a lot of people out here  
Who just don't know  
What plays a factor  
In movin' heads and toes  
It be them hits  
Hangin' out of them stereo kits  
Whether cassette radio or cd bits  
Mix tapes from the best  
Going on and on  
Throughout the city grounds  
To suburban lawns  
Man, we don't play  
Even where we stay  
Videos shows the visuals  
Of jams today  
Coinciding with the rhythm  
Of the heart and neck  
The brakes got you  
In your proper context  
You let your lex or your  
Sixty-four suspension  
Bounce away all your tension  
En route to the club  
Where girls need the quenchin'  
Diamonds on your wrist  
Sunroof top  
But niggas out front  
Makin' guns go pop  
So the spot gets shut  
But on to the next  
'Cause your ears get vexed  
When they don't get the fix cause

(These are the brakes)  
It be your listenin pleasure  
While you're doin your chores  
(These are the brakes)  
No matter where you from  
It's for you and yours  
(These are the brakes)  
Bringing it back to the brakes  
Like the 'yes yes y'all'  
(These are the brakes)  
So let it be your anthem  
When you're havin' a ball

Well it's silly of me

To think that I  
Would never get a chance to see  
A piece of this pie  
I sat dead in front of speakers  
Thinkin' that could be me  
Anticipatin' open microphones  
So I could emcee  
Had a catalogue of raps  
Impressin' all the 'round-the-wayers  
Before I went to bed  
Included rhymes into my prayers  
But that rhyme is all on paper  
I want my song on vinyl plates  
I dreamin' hits and doin' shows  
Makin my niggas spines shake  
Expectin' nuttin but a little bit  
Of radio play  
Gettin diced on 1 and 2's  
By the best djs, hey  
Time was kinda tight  
But still i dotted on the line  
And some expected me  
To start buhlooning in the mind  
Seein' spaces and places  
That i couldn't pronounce  
But still i had the pulleys  
To make all the bullies bounce  
With the blessings of the great  
We took it from state to state  
'Cause we landed on the good foot  
And got our biggest brake cause  
(These are the brakes)  
A mother gets mugged  
By her crackhead son  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"  
You're in the wrong part of town  
So the shots make you run  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"  
Your best comrades put six tabs  
In your o.e.  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"  
Your boyfriend made you a carrier of HIV  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"

Now what's gonna happen  
When the sun don't shine  
I'm buyin tickets aboard  
The caravan of love  
Hey fellas  
See, money don't make shots repel  
I break woes and compose  
Some rhymes to tell  
So when the party's live

It shouldn't be beef  
Or playin' indian roles  
I guess you thought you was chief  
Seems all broke up  
And now you woke up surprised  
Situation's gettin sticky  
Dead in front of your eyes

We play the wall  
Similar to tacks  
Until the dj plays  
The necessary track  
In fact as the jam plays on  
Out comes all your bread  
To pay for drinks  
For them girls you want to spread  
Don't be mislead  
When the brakes inside your head  
And have you reminiscing  
On them kids who got you fed  
Until reality reveals a miss  
Who wants to know  
If you can play her real close  
Out on the dance floor 'cause

(These are the brakes)  
It be your listenin pleasure  
While you're doin your chores  
(These are the brakes)  
No matter where you from  
It's for you and yours  
(These are the brakes)  
Ringin it back to the brakes  
Like the 'yes yes y'all'  
(These are the brakes)  
So let it be your anthem  
When you're havin, a ball

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Dog Eat Dog"

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)  
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)  
'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around  
When you're fuckin' my love  
In all the wrong places  
It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)  
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)  
'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around  
When you're fuckin' my love  
In all the wrong places

Extra, extra  
What's that all about?  
I'm wishin the position  
Of my loving's sorted out  
I shed a tear cause i'm hearin'  
Nothing new or particular  
Status once parallel  
Now it's perpendicular  
And everything is just as clear as day  
Realistically explicit  
In the things you say  
I guess a "bitch" in the batter's  
Gonna make the flavor fatter  
But you gots to keep it for real  
Forget about your jewels and gems  
You won't be needin'  
None of them  
The tool'll fix the era  
My mellow used to wear a  
Namebuckle, now he chuckle  
'Cause he earn a dime Quicker  
Talkin bout a burnin'  
Sippin on some malt liQuor  
And all these kiddies  
Wishin they were supa emcees  
But to earn my "s"  
I had to learn some less  
About a crime'll make million  
A dime'll make a call  
I'd rather hop on the line  
And drop a rhyme to prince paul

Cause it's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)  
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)

'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around  
When you're fuckin' my love  
In all the wrong places

Hey kid  
What's the word?  
Man, it's all about mind  
Keeping focused  
On them self-mechanisms of rhyme  
So no longer stand erect  
'Cause your thoughts are drained  
Walkin' round  
Manifesting attributes of shame  
Used to sQuabble for the mic  
But now accordingly  
We act  
Unless a club can't afford the fee  
We act  
So name that any best man  
To put us under  
Created from the ground  
Yet know nothin'  
'Bout the under  
Take a glimpse  
At them pimps  
Playin record exec  
Addin up all your zeros  
So's to cut you a check  
Saying why the blunder wonder  
Could've g'd today  
So you can put up some swings  
For your seed to play  
But a swing ain't that important  
When the park's around the corner  
Filled with life causing death  
Greeting victims for the morning  
It was the moment i feared  
Nah, the moment i steered  
Upon the right path  
To know the right math  
To over stand

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)  
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)  
'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around  
When you're fuckin my love  
In all the wrong places

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Baby Baby Baby Baby Ooh Baby"

[Intro:]

Ohh there go that bullshit again  
You heard that shit?  
Nah I ain't hear that  
That's that bullshit from the other day  
They done took the Buffalo Girls beat and changed it all around  
They playin themselves!

[Verse One: Jazzyfatnastees]

You remind me when I reminisce of you (yeah)  
All the freaky things I want to do, to you (that's right)  
Rub me up, rub me down, rub me all around (what)  
Kiss me here, kiss me there, kiss me, kiss me everywhere!  
Tell me what the cost to get in line cuz you are mine tonight  
Gonna give you all I got to give, as long as you rub it right  
I will love you right (I don't care if you diss me)  
I will do you right (I don't care if you don't want me) come on

Baby baby won't you be my baby baby  
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (come on, come on, hahh)  
Baby baby won't you be my baby baby  
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (yo, hahh, knowhatl'mean?  
gonna set it like this, what)

[Verse Two: Pos]

Now I forgot how to forget so I remember your face  
With your pretty accent, wearin man-attract scent  
Others fakin constantly stakin out pockets of dreams  
Always tryin to sham too that's why they crave champagne  
But the blame still remains not to be on you  
I know your style and your love lasts Long like the Island I'm from  
I'm on the drum man, and it's all good  
Cause I flexed on your ex, make sure he understood  
That you would, never again want to be his wife  
So we connect lips to hips, and uhh, eyes to thighs  
You're my so-phisti-cated, lady  
All mine, if you wasn't I'd go cra-zay

[Outro: Jazzyfatnastees]

Baby baby won't you be my baby baby  
Yeah baby, this is uhh  
Baby baby be my baby baby baby baby  
Posda on the microphone

WRMS rocks the best hey hey hey it's the fat man  
Scoop Wonder ear in your hand  
That was JFB, baby baby baby OHHHHHHHHHH bay-bah!!!!!!!

Ha hah!!!

I pick my nose wash my clothes and be back in a minute  
With Busta Rhymes, the mighty infamous  
Zhane, A Tribe Called Quest, nonetheless WRMS  
Fat man Scoop, tryin to get this rap loot yeah

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Long Island Degrees"

[Verse One: Maseo]

It's strong island for real, where the critters run wild  
the prefix is 516, the top of the dial  
through the L.I. Sound, to the villa down under  
and across the globe I heard a lot of folks wonderin'  
so when's it coming 'cause the stakes is high see big money that waves  
don't put the pen to my page  
and ain't nothin' wrong with standing still and relaxing  
and spendin' some of that cash that Uncle Sam is gonna tax  
a New York demeanor is sit back in the beamer  
with nothing to lose but some gas and some minutes  
ignorin' the gazers 'cause some stars don't get petty  
and that trash you talk is just New Years confetti  
it's like that y'all, but that's all 'bout to change  
like some of my own, people tend to act strange  
i'm making a scene, and it's served with it's capabilities  
so set it at an island's degrees

[Posdanous:]

It's strong island for real, the diagnosis is supreme  
the prefix is 516, where microphones fiend  
the voices that gots the gift, 'cause the world is on their shoulders  
makein' plans to switch from little rock to money boulders  
the real proceed  
my girl stands deep from nubians actin' like Columbians sellin' keys  
characters have the tendency to con themselves  
to think the East Coast is only New York and Philadelph  
you know the way we blow, your shit is played like pork  
and as for what we be bringin' you, we live and direct from New York  
I ougta say my fam causes commers.  
steppin' to me fool will get you punched out like a curse  
it's like that y'all, let it all consume  
like them brothas who smoke, 'till they high like the moon  
soon to a town near you be them super emcees  
settin' them Long Island degrees

[Maseo:]

I hit the L.I.R.R. for big dreamers out east  
and get your bank roll split  
bangin' dents out your systems  
sellin' points to get the uppercut like Sonny Liston  
but eyes closed episodes  
bring you back to zeroes  
the same herp playin' like he Casablanca  
blind to it, but I'm a grind him up a cup of Sanka  
servin' dimes loves on tennis courts and sorts  
laid back like grown folks sippin' tea for sport

*[Posdanous:]*

I be sweepin' up the room with my lyrical broom  
while others rhymes smell like plastic like some lunch room utensil  
the official color for this planet is green  
which grows in pockets of them people willing to scheme  
an't no expose, these facts are from the mouth  
profilin' through Island with that wind from down south  
at last, be the world broad cast from the crew who gave you 3's  
magic on an island degrees

*[Maseo:]*

it's strong island for real where the critters smoke fritters  
night time excites time for the heavy hitters  
gang on hers 'cause in the mean time mine is home on date  
fluffin' pillows impatiently waitin' ain't no debatin'  
'Bout to settle, check the level stakes is high as the sky  
I got questions about your life if you so ready to die  
we in the last quarter y'all, somebody's gonna cry  
I think they need to set the clock before the time pass by

*[Posdanous:]*

In the round one no nines my size can get swelly  
sensing danger I will play a ranger on my celly with my felly  
we're wonderful like colorful flix  
provide a thread and needle every time the stages get ripped  
I grip upon the pleasure sippin' the tea  
on the island 'cause that island is the main artery  
so uh, you better come and give respect for catch some of these  
knucks from the island degrees

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Betta Listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)  
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)  
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)  
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)  
(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)  
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)  
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)  
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

Mummy I saw one day  
She was on some fume vapors  
Givin' me lip so I continued with the caper  
Cat litter had me sniffin  
Since outside the palace  
Eyes sicker than aids  
Game harder than a callous  
Tried to enter in her shit  
She had locks on the session  
Tellin me how her last man  
Taught her ass a lesson damn  
Well, i'm not the mayor  
I take care of my dimes  
But I excluded I had nickels  
Addin' up to her kind  
Short stacks with a wristful of jewels

Sayin she didn't need a man  
To make her out for a fool  
Dig it, miss, my love is credited in cupid account  
And if you need that extra help  
Gigglin, figurin' I had jokes for her humor  
Then she broke out with the words  
About knowin all the rumors  
"See, all you niggas rappin be like pedigree dogs  
Thinkin you can have me leashed  
Around your microphone cords"  
Somethin 'bout her lit me up like july  
And with them onions in the pants  
I couldn't help but cry  
Seemed lost in the essence  
But i had to find my way to take  
Action for the digits just to set up a date  
Thought my shinin was on  
I had the skirts in the bag  
Until i took a bit of time  
To peep the price on the tag  
She said "I'm that salt and pepa

Who like pushin it to sisters  
You need to get to walkin with it mister,  
I think you betta listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)  
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)  
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no more)  
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

We was at some outside jam one saturday night  
When this pretty ass girl got locked in my sight  
She was a ghetto philosopher  
Yeah you know the type  
Thinkin' Mary J. and sade understood her strife  
Caught me lookin', "Yo what's cookin?"  
"Nothin' from around here  
So don't approach or hope  
To be the man of the year"  
I said listen deer or rabbit or whatever the hell you be  
I'm not the one to embarrass  
But the one to emcee  
I traveled the world q uarters on my relationships  
Used and abused by hoes  
So my royalty stubs  
But above all  
I brought my daughter into this earth  
So I understand the need  
Of women feeling of worth  
She glanced deep in my eyes  
And said "oh shit, you're ill  
I like the way your mind  
Moves around at will  
Still, let me apologize for soundin so sassy  
But you niggas act as if my ass  
Has a sign that says harass me"  
Her name was gail from the union of dale  
I made her remove the shades  
So her eyes could tell me the plan  
Yo where's your man?  
"Oh that nigga's past tense,  
Painted bruises on my face  
Haven't seen him ever since"  
Gave a pinch to my bottom  
And started rubbing my back  
She said "i bet your ass is darker  
Than a mobb deep track"  
Only one way to know it,  
And i was down to show it  
So we jetted back to my crib to set it  
She made it known  
"I've owned thoughts of you  
Since that song 'meeny-meeny'  
Can't believe you're about

To be all up in between me"  
Man, the flag was lowered  
So my wood was raised  
Followed a shielding of my building  
To protect me from the blaze  
This granted access to  
Southern parts of her borders  
Did you have her comin'?  
Like the new world order  
I caught her with the right combination  
A good combination  
Keepin' it in her hard, man  
You betta listen

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)  
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)  
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no more)  
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Itzsoweezee (HOT)"

[Intro:]

Great all-dedication

Mos Def affiliation

Adequate representation

This is the phat presentation

De La dedication

Common Sense collaborations

Peace to all of you Haitians

Check it out

[Chorus: x2]

If money makes a man strange -- we gots to rearrange

So what makes the world go round

If love is against the law -- listen I don't know

Gotta change how it's goin down

[Verse One: Dove]

Fell in love with this fish who got caught in my mesh

But yo she burned my scene up like David Koresh

I guess a diamond ain't nothing but a rock with a name

I guess love ain't nuttin but emotion and game

It's a lesson well learned so praise is well due

I'm sendin off from Big I, to Kenny Calhoun

And add a reservation for the resident crew

And yo get your bowl cuz we cookin up stew

See them Cubans don't care what y'all niggaz do

Colombians ain't never ran with your crew

Why you acting all spicy and sheisty

The only Italians you knew was icees, niggaz price me

I'm keepin it clean, like a washing machine

And yo, get your locomotion run into full steam

I'm sending out a greeting to my man Daseem

I got a child so I gotsta get the green, right right

[Chorus]

Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot this year

Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot

[x4]

[Verse Two: Dove]

I own the deeds to some acres in the West, indeed

Where my pops is building residence to house my seed

Now here's the lead, y'all niggaz pray to hot rods and not God

While Versace play you niggaz like Yahtzee

Crackin jokes like you Patzi

(When's the last time you had Happy Days?)

Blazin up your herb to escape the maze, but the problem stays  
Think big get it big is my motto  
You can go and play your lotto, I'll be singin like baby won't you be mine  
You'll be pressin rewind, you can never see mine  
Keep your eyes focused, you can't touch this or quote this  
Style is crazy bogus so you can't try to approach this  
Stomp you out like roaches, pullin on my coattail  
like some horses pullin coaches, WHOA your roller coasters  
It's hotter than the temperature that's cookin in your toasters  
While the heat'll put you deep into hypnosis

*[Chorus x2]*

Itsoweezee, Enoli's in the area  
Itsoweezee, Timbo King's in the area  
Itsoweezee, Maseo's in the area  
Itsoweezee, ninety-six in your area  
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd!  
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd lawd  
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd, for y'all peace  
Itsoweezee

Itsoweezee *[x8]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "4 More"

(Never gonna give up on you)

We gonna do it like this

(Just a little bit)

Like that

(just a little bit)

Zhane

(just a little bit)

De La

(just a little bit) c'mon

[Chorus:]

I'll never give you up

No, I'll never stop

Keep it comin'

Keep on comin' 4 more [x2]

It's that brown man from long islandin' shores  
Got a way with women, so I get away with yours  
Because you're whole game's outdated  
Which leaves all the pretty women heavily sedated

Mummy you can play your ripley's

Or believe it or not

I shoot gift like heron

With skills of gil-scott

Nights like sir lancelot can get heated

Prescribin' your vibe, love,

I know how you need it

[Chorus: x2]

I like to mingle sometimes  
So I head out of state to find a couple of dimes  
But a government rate can't settle for no nickels  
Even pennies for thought for short  
I need connections  
With big bank selections  
Securing all the sections  
With sing-sing corrections  
Seedin' like nature, escapin' like gas  
Tell me how long this love is gonna last  
Thinkin' fast might spoil somethin'  
Turn a [?] to nothin'  
[?] to your lady is special  
Seen a bigger picture on the screen  
But you're a movie, you move me  
You soothe me like holidays, getaways

The brochure said do it  
So true  
It's not a hold hand mission  
Cut the public display  
Heard you're headed for the stars  
Put the gazers away  
Mine times out of ten  
We cut to good friends  
But when we on the tenth  
We gotta go the length  
I'm not a playa  
Yet i get more play  
Than a talk show shown  
Cross the USA  
Have em' moanin' out the vowels sounds  
Ooh, eeii, and aahh  
And how by now you should know me and my  
Do members of the opposite sex  
Have their boyfriend screaming out  
We got more techs  
Than that ball team in georgia  
(Yo, he said he's comin for ya)  
All because the ho wanna go to the casbah

*[Chorus: x2]*

You can get with  
Some of these women  
Some of the time  
When your face is in the light  
[?] stirred with lime  
Is it a crime  
To set your mind to death?  
Resuscitated  
See how many brain cells left  
I feel your body's drawn to my positive  
Don't even want a baby  
If it's that easy to give  
I live right around the corner  
Three states away  
Take a holiday  
Come check me  
Watch how I set the  
Mood, check a movie on the tube  
Get your belt mad loose like lee  
Phone's turned way down  
To avoid the beef  
Or the questions  
If she's the only one gettin' lessons  
You're into crime faces, huh?  
Well i'll play your capone  
Suzy q got the grill  
To make the cake chrome

Situation's gettin absurd  
Hot on a plat  
So work the format  
See how we do that?  
And you're figurin  
We love on the rock  
I'ma keep it up front  
To maintain the stock  
Displayin all the goodies  
From your knuckle to knees  
Make it hot like the island degrees  
Now that's special

*[Chorus:]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Big Brother Beat"

Ha ha ha ha  
Ha, ha ha ha ha  
Ha! Ha ha ha ha  
Ah-ha ha ha, ah-ha ha ha ha, ha!!

*[Intro/Chorus: De La + Mos Def]*  
Now this goes out to all area clicks  
Centralized and way out in the sticks  
Remember to keep the De La/De La/Native Tongue  
in the mix  
Just like log cabin syrup my sound is game thick  
Now this goes out to all area clicks  
From manicured lawns to projects bricks/bricks/from 718 to the 51-6  
Remember to keep the Mos Def/Native Tongue in the mix  
Straight butter hits, drop as a good as it gets/gets/straight butter hits

*[Verse One: Mos Def, Dove, Posdonus]*  
Now, come on y'all, get live get down  
What we have is a brand new sound  
So don't none of y'all just be misled  
The De La's gonna do the body good like wheat bread

Shakin laces out of shoes, Mos Def bought the brews  
Sittin indian squats to make that red tie knots  
See I'm out to get the core like in them Rainbow Pops  
Swingin life like a hammock, invested like stocks

Via sinus complex, I aims to clog it up  
Snappin by the pain as a crew hear the gain  
We remain on your mind like skulls, not a golem  
I'ma show it in the house all perimeters are blown

Native Tongue come through to make you say yes yes  
This is the body Mos Def style fresh like baby breath

We are the killer combination with the size to administer  
the beatdown to swell up all three of your eyes

## *[Chorus]*

Now check it out, and ya don't stop  
We got the big brother beat, ya don't stop  
*[x2]*

*[Verse Two: Mos Def, Posdonus, Dove]*  
I don't bug out I chill, don't be actin ill  
No trick in ninety-six, Native Tongue gon build

But we be easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed  
Cause to me, MC mean, make it clean  
When I speak on groups and I'm smooth like gabba D  
Tryin to hang out with Dove and catch love in Aberdine (word up)  
I bag dimes like my man born on August 17  
Life be nuttin but a river son I'm swimmin upstream

Playin wait up, with the data servin your ears  
with information due to confirmation of the nation's most  
wicked ways of livin, like them glassy eyed beans  
Inhale to smoke the fiends, while bangin a table  
Rated at the high point of the mass  
Rippin MC's at the top of a class, occasionally  
rippin some sucker's face  
Or some suckable ass from a girl  
It's a big brother beat for the wide wide world

I'm makin memos off these demos back in eighty-nine  
Took you all on encounters of an unknown kind (right)  
Did the hustle with a couple of us, but soon noted  
That my niggaz buttered Benedict rolls, and then voted  
I wrote in the dark so I could feel it like braille (uh-huh)  
Heard the big brother beat, got locked with no bail  
Came to set like equators invented, with the heat  
Yo Mos Def how you radiate to make it complete

RIGHT [echoes], so when I shine the light crabs wince  
Manifestin for the future here in the present tense  
No doubt, I love the sound biggin out off your Jeeps  
Son I want the little kids bangin big brother beats

[Chorus]

We straight butter hits, we straight butter hits  
Perfecta, perfecta  
[x3]  
Word up

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Down Syndrome"

[Pos]

I be that mind blessin blessin these lessons we've ignited  
Want to bring it to my face man you're cordially invited  
cause I've cited, you posess no science in your thinking  
So I'm gonna (never) you're blinking!

[Dove]

Fingers be pointin, and leakin falsifyin the stink  
You think I'm pink I bl-l-link with them shades of thought and think  
(and in this corner be the hush) so play on William Rhodes  
Cause at the sound of the bell my circle square controls  
And all MC's best sweat, we bringin buckets of heat

[Pos]

So don't fret kid I let you lick the love I secrete, yo  
Even my foes give me bravos, and that shows  
total domination in this rhyme complication

[Dove]

Yeah the skill is a cinch I rock the womb with a mic  
and in the days of the nickel and breast, I knew de yes yes y'allin  
was the callin, clearly not for the gat  
For combat, I bring a bag of my rhymes for the SAT

[Pos]

I'm Plug One-of-a-kind, for you people's delight  
And for you sucker MC's, step to your knees  
Ain't no second thoughts and all your thoughts are from Orion  
I can tell that you a devil by them rhymes you're designin  
Your play doggin tactics can't fuck with my facets  
Just because you talk all that glock shit don't mean you can rock shit!  
Your identities on freeze  
Just a form of protozoa tryin to cross them seas

[Dove]

See high horse riders gettin shot by the sheriff  
Cause nobody's safe for crimes  
And even all you skirts need to checkin in your upstairs attic  
Cause Mase is smackin hoes if hoes is startin static

[Pos]

Now it ain't all good when your jam goes wood  
So as a deterrent, I use mental current  
Got them brothers shook, peep the look comin out of the face  
Cause they all catch a bruise from the hits we make

Your fame and cars should be listed as magnets

Legends never die but they can get shot and killed  
Ain't nuttin glitter when you're battlin MC's  
you once imitated in a mirror so to down syndrome you kneel

[Dove]

The same status I heard, the same nothin  
My ears fears the faulty locks tryin to lock down the stops  
but I earn more than your Menudo or your Boyz II Men  
While down syndrome keeps you immune to frequencies I send  
Fresher than a sniff off havin them J in fifth  
I identify with your rhythm  
but I exist for more than just a Benz, so mends  
I'm cuttin off my friends to keep a smile calicum iron grain

[Pos]

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)  
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to  
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga  
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December  
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city  
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making  
more money than a pagan holiday  
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

[Dove]

Say what man? You gritty like a diamond grenade  
For the cameo spot you tries to fool Parade  
You acrobats flip the star gazin map, for alla that  
you'll be the first to place, and ran it all to a waste  
And all the style that you bring (gotta make decks bend)  
You gotta rip it from the start (when the beats come in!!!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Stakes Is High"

[POS:]

The instamatic focal point bringing damage to your boroughs  
Be some brothers from the east with some beats that be thorough  
    Got the solar gravitation so I'm bound to pull it  
I gets down like brothers are found ducking from bullets  
    Gun control means using both hands in my land  
    Where it's all about the cautious livin'  
Migrating to a higher form of consequence, compliments  
    Of strugglin', that shouldn't be notable,  
Man every word I say should be a hip hop quotable.

[DOVE:]

I'm sick of bitches shakin' asses  
I'm sick of talkin' about blunts,  
    Sick of Versace glasses,  
    Sick of slang,  
Sick of half-ass awards shows,  
    Sick of name brand clothes.  
Sick of R&B bitches over bullshit tracks,  
    Cocaine and crack  
Which brings sickness to blacks,  
    Sick of swell' head rappers  
    With their sicker-than raps  
    Clappers and gats  
Makin' the whole sick world collapse  
    The facts are gettin' sick  
    Even sicker perhaps  
Stickabush to make a bundle to escape this synapse

[POS:]

Man life can get all up in your ass baby you betta work it out  
    Let me tell you what it's all about  
    A skin not considered equal  
A meteor has more right than my people  
Who be wastin' time screaming who they've hated  
That's why the Native Tongues have officially been re-instated

(Vibes....vibrations)  
    Stakes is high  
    (Higher than high)  
You know them stakes is high  
    (Higher than high)  
When we talkin' 'bout the  
    (Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high, you know them stakes is high  
    When we dealin' with the  
    (Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high  
(Hey yo, what about that love?)

[POS:]

Yo, it's about love for cars, love for funds  
Loving to love mad sex, loving to love guns  
Love for opposite, love for fame and wealth  
Love for the fact of no longer loving yourself, kid  
We living in them days of the man-made ways  
Where every aspect is vivid,  
these brothers no longer talk shit  
Hey yo, these niggas live it  
'Bout to give it to you 24/7 on the microphone  
Plug One translating the zone  
No offense to a player, but yo, I don't play  
And if you take offense, fuck it, got to be that way  
J.D. Dove, show your love, what you got to say?

[DOVE:]

I say G's are making figures at a high regard  
And niggas dying for it nowadays ain't odd  
Investing in fantasies and not God  
Welcome to reality, see times is hard  
People try to snatch the credit, but can't claim the card  
Showing out in videos, saying they cold stars  
See, shit like that will make your mama cry  
Better watch the way you spend it  
'Cause the stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high  
When we talkin' 'bout the  
(Vibes....vibrations)  
Stakes is high

I think that smiling in public is against the law  
'Cause love don't get you through life no more  
It's who you know and "How you, son?"  
And how you gettin' in, and who the man holding  
Hey yo, and how was the scams and how high  
Yo what up, huh? I heard you caught a body  
Seem like every man and woman shared a life with John Gotti

[POS:]

But they ain't organized!

[DOVE:]

Mixing crimes with life enzymes  
Taking the big scout route  
And niggas know doubt better  
Than they know their daughters  
And their sons  
(Oh boy)

[POS:]

Yo, people go through pain and still don't gain  
Positive contact just like my main man  
Who got others cleaning up his physical influence

His mind got congested

He got the nine and blew it

Neighborhoods are now hoods cause nobody's neighbors

Just animals surviving with that animal behavior

Under I who be rhyming from dark to light sky

Experiments when needles and skin connect

No wonder where we live is called the projects

When them stakes is high you damn sure try to do

Anything to get the piece of the pie

Electrify

Even die for the cash

But at last I be out even though you wantin' more

This issue is closed like an elevator door

But soon re-opened once we get to the next floor where the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high

When we talkin' 'bout the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Stakes is high, come on

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Sunshine"

(high on sunshine, lightin' my way)

[Dove]  
and yes y'all  
you are about to build witness  
from the lands of Long Island  
takin' you to the sky's survival  
I am your captain, ain't no lie  
on this endless joruney  
to invisions, to brouden your outer visions  
to where you never been before  
it's just a one night trip to love  
sun shinin' forever, and forever sun shines

[Pos]  
yo, leaving lasting impressions like cuts to flesh  
be that crew from the five one six point of view  
with skills so tight, they the rhymes of a vigna  
them clits will turn into a diamond, the level of rhymin'  
pressure comes from lessor forms than me and my man  
and we go back like life created from um, specks of sand  
and there's money to be made 'cause cacaussians are paid  
only brothers who rhyme, seek bounce and catch balls  
Plug 1, with them rhymes makin' your heart stall  
like them girls when you in they room when they man calls  
it ain't nothin' but the thing Oneder Why can bring  
as we come to the bring the pain everyone will sing

[Chorus]  
De La is the crew that you must hear, but please don't rush the stage  
'cause even though them stakes are realy high, we're really not here to race  
we're just here to move your mind and soul with propertuated ease  
it's just about the show until it's time to go, and get with the young ladies

[Dove]  
I'm on travellin' to places that the eye can't see  
but kinder, cause yo' strife don't mean a thing to me  
throwin' me criminal looks, y'all need to get in the books  
and drop some water in your melon, 'stead of actin' like a felon  
aiyo son, who you tellin'? I'd make a mil if it was up to me  
but since it ain't I teach my seed to bank hard  
and than God, I smoke a substance of a different kind  
catch me trippin' on earth when I'm high off sunshine

[Pos]  
down right to dirt, Oneder Why makes it work  
with access to talent like cacaussins to yellow cabs

with an Arab driver  
I liven parties with marvelous confiction  
ain't no fricition when life claims them victims who be [?] some dried up funds  
best believe that the life is trife  
'casue the gun made a man outta pussy's from around my way  
who usually wouldn't have a fuckin' thing to say  
last year's hard rocks are now petrified boulders  
and L.I.'s finest is movin' yo' necks at shows  
the anthem of this guy has a place in yo' eye  
so you can be blessed to see in 3d double-e

*[Chorus]*



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "U Can Do (Life)"

[Whispered]  
(ahhhh, ahhh)  
c'mon, c'mon, bounce - bounce  
c'mon.. bounce, rock, roll  
(ahhhh, ahhh)

[Chorus: sung]  
You can do, whatever you want  
Whatever you like  
It's your own life  
So let me be, to do what I want  
To do what I like  
Cause this is my life

[Dove]  
It's been about ten long years, my skin wreaks  
flavors that your incense couldn't match  
We burn slow like syphilis in your piss, accommodated  
with the penicill-in, you're listenin, to  
This "Art Official" will keep your shoes moonwalkin  
Soon to talk about, "Pop Music"  
You'll buy it cause you choose it  
A lot of MC's is really S&M'n  
Whips and chains, I maintain like a old jazz singer  
Elephants in any location  
Held back in rotation, an apple a day  
only makes a nigga fruity  
I eat responsibilities to carry out my duty  
[?] in the MD's, I pull it out just to polish it  
Make notes if you earnin or wait your turnbuckle  
I stick to gettin mines like stucco (ahhhh, ahhh)

[Chorus]

[Pos]  
I'm that full-time rapper, the nickname's Llama  
Part-time father if you ask my daughter's mommas  
Missin in action cause the action got a fraction  
of the world listenin to me  
Got em travellin overseas in lands constantly  
Got a sea of hands wavin, ain't misbehavin  
but a lot of kids cravin for somethin they ain't got  
Like the keys to the ride and a pocket with a knot and it's  
holdin they ground til they rot in it  
Plottin it, lockin it down strong  
cause it's nuttin wrong gettin your bubblin on sticker  
But too much bubblin can make you fizz quicker

So watch your stack, keep your fam intact  
and pay attention to the now, I'm clearin the mess  
While they stressin back in the day, I'm at the front of the night  
with my crew shinin light on the (ahhhh, ahhh)

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Pos]*

Now we on top of this like a typical bed position  
Peepin your view, got your whole crew wishin and waitin  
Makin dollars out of ten dime pieces  
who be sippin out the glass suckin on the lime pieces included  
In my pieces I pen the good livin  
And even when we're stressin from in the hood livin  
at least we're livin and there ain't no hell in that  
Give me a yell in that, and go (ahhhh, ahhh)

*[Dove]*

I wanna see the world ten times over  
Dive off cliffs and land on opportunities unthinkable  
You sinkin straight to the bottom; while I float in parades  
that St. Patty couldn't put up  
All my niggaz tryin to build, then throw your wood up  
Design life like PNB gears so stand clear for the blast off  
Last off my chest, peace to Dav West  
Live your life to the fullest (ahhhh, ahhh)

*[Chorus]*

*[whispered]*

You can do.. what you want.. what you like  
Let me be.. what I want.. what I like

# De La Soul Lyrics

"My Writes"

(feat. Tash & J-Ro)

*[ad libs for the first 30 seconds]*

*[Dove]*

Yo - who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life;  
got bitches throwin they drawers on stage - that ain't me!  
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC  
Love money like I love my moms  
Love my nigga Com Sense when he bang dents all up in they wallets  
Wall to wall bullshit I got hardwood floors  
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine  
so y'all are fuckin the same hoes who used to be mine

*[Tash]*

And I've been waitin three summers to rhyme longside my people  
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal  
dose of hop-hippin if you thought CaTash was slippin  
then put that drink down, you drunk off what you sippin  
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize  
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib burglarized

*[Xzibit]*

Yo you better recognize and try to analyze this  
Hand over fist - how can a man act like a bitch?  
Change and switch, snitch on his crew  
Yo get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen to you

*[Pos]*

And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue  
Blood leakin out, girls freakin out, motherfuckin cops tweakin out  
Got you on your knees like a freak, jugglin deez nuts  
Smugglin these cuts from S.C., you best be-  
-lieve there's no web or leave a net  
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat, yo

*[Chorus: all together]*

What you know about my writes? (my writes)  
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?  
And what you know about an off night? (uhh)  
What you know about niggaz frontin for the light?  
And what you know about them gun fights? (gun fights)  
Got a nigga duckin while them girls show fright  
What you know about my writes? (my writes)  
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

*[Xzibit]*

Yeah, yeah, look

I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul survivor  
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake  
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol  
My telly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin shots I called  
My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less  
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts  
Step into my office cause it's time for you to roll somethin  
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole somethin

*[Pos]*

Yo these style I kick should be called [?] rap  
Drawin the pussy out the nigga after my prize, cause I want it  
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they diet  
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet (shhhhhh)  
The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain  
but the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name  
So pass the mic so I can put in my share  
I rip it from home to L.A.  
with connectin flights to rip it elsewhere

*[J-Ro]*

Drinkin up Black & Tan in the back of a van  
I learned as a young man - long trip, piss in a can  
Gettin a house for two grand, now you got your own land  
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan  
Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin Black Tarzan  
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand  
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand  
and go Uptown Saturday Night like Ichiban

*[Dove]*

I keep it dirty like under the bed (dirty)  
Dirty like Uncle Red; aiyyo, [?]  
Dirty brown Likwit flow thicker than the Yoo-Hoo  
Dirt you dishin out, chef tellin it all  
Face down in the dirt, doin my dirty work  
Expert, tryin to regulate my network  
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stick with it  
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it

*[Chorus w/ minor variations]*

*[Tash]*

And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the dawn  
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave "Potholes in Yo' Lawn"  
(C'mon!) You makin diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way  
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-K  
I did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe  
We on the same vibe, cause real niggaz coincide  
("Right-right-right..") The situation is drastic  
but see songs like these is why this album goin classic

*[J-Ro]*

This is for the DJ, bring it back one time  
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme  
I'm - old school like my dad is  
So add this, to your collect', Plug Won - who the baddest?

*[Pos]*

Aiyyo we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like Gladys  
Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire  
Blamin they legs, while I'm claimin these tunes  
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority bathrooms

*[Xzibit]*

Yeah - we flat out classic, seperate the real from the plastic  
and I gotta say no names  
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame  
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame  
Brand name fresh out the box type hustle  
Manpower success is mind over muscle  
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss  
I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss  
Nailed to the cross it's time to return  
My only concern is makin sure that Hollywood burn,  
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground, trick-ass niggaz  
is all up in the game and don't deserve to be down

*[J-Ro]*

Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back  
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that  
And what you know about us droppin ya  
and leavin you with half a face like the Phantom of the Opera?

*[Chorus w/ minor variations]*

*[Chorus extended]*

Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)  
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

*[Tash]*

You got the right to shut the fuck up! *[laughing]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Oooh!"

(feat. Redman)

[Redman (doing Run-D.M.C.'s "Together Forever (Live at Hollis Park '84)")]

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled

Get your ass up, and let's get ill

That's right y'all, we more than rough, we callin your bluff

And when it comes to rhymes... (Brick City)

[Pos]

Yo, don't scandalize mine

I spent too much time

Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk

Never fetchin for crime, halt! Who goes there?

[Dove]

Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers, puffin Smokey the Bear

Shinin black like Darth Vader caps, they on stare

[Pos]

While we rockin it, I'll rock in it (rock in it)

Like the little ball inside the spray can

Providing three coats for both child, woman and man

[Chorus One: Redman]

God bless the God, lay these Streets Wall to Wall

It go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click

It went - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Pos]

It ain't my fault your ass is on the ashphalt

Got your chin touched by my fam who though you brought harm, you see

I'm iced out like a glass of tea

Better yet, oatmeal cookies, y'all just rookies to me

Slidin' up and down the court, but I don't think you can D

Why try? Maseo be gettin high since Luke was Luke Skywalk'

Man, my topic of talk is sheddin shame all over your game

Like them shorties who claim that afrocentric lovin is the past drug

A life filled with (TWEET) that's what thugs love

Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice

while it muffles your voice

[Dove]

Now when I'm swimmin through the joint, I put the funk on hold

Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up

We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss

Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

*[Pos]*

Most crews are post-current while we're forever  
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages  
Graduated from the you-and-I-versity  
of hard-hitters, for real

*[Chorus Two: Redman]*

I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine  
And get - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin your fuck on tonight  
Then go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin our sound  
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
Yo, and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin me down  
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

*[Dove]*

Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong  
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn  
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks  
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile  
Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat  
Big money's make the big decisions  
Keep hip-hop alive, it's just an intermission  
Back to the second half of the feature flick  
Dick stacks and fuck rap

*[Pos]*

I had a name for makin paper since paper mache  
Now my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play  
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker  
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor  
Went from God to God damn

*[Redman]*

Damn God, you're killin it  
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it  
Rap cats talk with no will in it

*[Pos]*

Soundin like they virtual  
This joint'll hurt you, yo

*[Dove]*

Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed  
(shhh shhh shh, shhhh) They did a job  
Took all my goodies out from under the tree, except the CD's  
of shiny-suit rappers and flossin emcees  
who fail at takin it to rhyme degrees

*[Pos]*

Man, you know no wack poems get no play in our homes  
You need to not get nappy with me

Or else we gon' "relax your mind, let your conscious be free"

*[Chorus Three: Redman]*

Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk-ass man

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed

Brick City go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Thru Ya City"

(feat. D.V. Alias Khrist)

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh  
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh  
we talkin bout

*[D.V. Alias Khrist]*

Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. [echoes]

*[Pos]*

I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won  
I drop a certified gem, for him and her  
Knockin on your radio, like the Crash Crew  
ask whoever you want - I'm managin the funk on the paper  
Outside of that we pull capers for days  
Ridin throughout the maze of street, while we blaze the beat  
Watchin the sweet things wiggle they butt  
to Plug Three, on the cut, movin on ya what-  
ever ya got, we gon' get, bringin our point, to ya position  
Rippin stages with my thought coalition  
Carryin on, eradicate all your stress mode  
Just another episode through these area codes  
We bankin on

*[D.V. Alias Khrist]*

Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. [echoes]  
Hmmm..

*[Pos]*

It's the hot-ness, talked about but never seen  
like the Loch-Ness, til ya cop this; drop it inside your vein,  
and like a train, we be runnin throughout your legs and arms  
You're high off our talent and charm  
Check the caliber - this be a smash  
like some food on stage for Gallagher  
Wear ya bib, cause it's messy  
Niggaz schemin on my (Girl) as if my name was +Jesse+  
Watch your manners! Now let me pass it off to Dave Banner

*[Dove]*

Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue  
Small talkin in the big city, it's all about gettin the coins  
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin  
They sportin a dot com Viet marker bomb

on your metro - MARTA order iron horse  
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher  
I'm cuttin your girl - we on a world tour  
Supplyin your bloodstream with nothin but the pure uncut, in ya

*[D.V. Alias Khrist]*  
Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. mmmm..

Freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk  
funk freak the freak the freak the freak the freak  
Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk

[Dove]

We ain't walkin on a yellow brick road  
These streets stay red and bloody kid  
Study your code, so you can easily pass  
I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation  
If you crossin my lane, nigga do the same  
I guaranteed to run through and prove the game  
ain't bigger than the pieces in it

You see the pieces in it had me stuck travellin one side of map  
Clappin hands with rap cats who ain't deserve dap  
Long hauls and livin out a suitcase man  
Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man  
Ain't nuttin better than explorin the outskirts  
especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on, and it's on

[Pos + Dove going "Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh" every 2 lines]

Yo - it's like, the Mercenary gettin down  
And we got, Dave Banner gettin down  
And we got, Maseo gettin down  
And of course, my nigga Eno gettin down  
And we got, Jay Dee gettin down (say word y'all)  
And of course, the Slum V gettin down  
And we got my man Khrist gettin down  
And we got, Com Sense gettin down  
And we got, N.D. gettin down  
You know Troy Hightower gettin down  
And we got, C. Smith gettin down  
And my nigga, Dave West gettin down..



# De La Soul Lyrics

"I.C. Y'all"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Yeah!

*[Busta Rhymes]*

Ha ha ha-hah ha-hah ha, ha-hah ha-hah ha  
Ha ha Flipmode y'all, whatchu talkin bout?  
De La y'all, whatchu talkin bout?  
Whatchu talkin bout?

*[Dove]*

Yo, you gettin stomped by the marching band  
Keep 'em shook like spray cans (it's so hot)  
It's so hot it'll make your face tan (ooh!)  
Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland  
Bit y'all in my mouth, but you taste bland  
I feel fake niggaz and mince these snake niggaz  
that hiss but won't bite - false alarm  
And if it don't (Rockwild) we fin' to drop a bomb  
(Word up) (Strong) grip on a mic like we (Stretch Arm)  
I BEEN shine, you been warned and been torn  
Get smacked for the B.S. you been on  
Storm bad weather/whether or not you stay scorned  
For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato  
Rhymes still drippin like stu-b's, you groupies  
need to show I.D. before the bust down  
Touched down the God put 7 to your Zippo  
and drop it on you heavy like a hippo  
(Now you heard that?)

*[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]*

To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all  
Ladies get down shake yo' ASS around, I hope you know that  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all  
To all my soldiers on the corner I.C. Y'all (see y'all)  
Women doin what they wanna I.C. Y'all  
To them people gettin pulled over I.C. Y'all (see y'all)  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) wouldn't wanna be y'all

*[Pos]*

It's the one and only effect, that you catch from a cassette  
Straight wig out the world and girls we straight dig out ya back  
with letters spellin out my name  
All over your marquee, cause the spark is me  
Currently we can be seen across your screen  
Stayin wide-eyed cause you niggaz tryin to scheme  
Welcome to the spot - I'm slaying with it

Chop it up and fit it inside your quart of rice  
You speak ghetto falsetto on the mic device  
Tryin to give me third degree, you just a third of me  
Couldn't be the shit if you were a turd of me  
A man tight with my funds, crush like Ricky D  
who quoted Vance Wright - no one can serve us!  
My squad advance heights quite superb  
Just kick off your shoes - jump on the jock  
It's been a long time comin this you NEED to cop!

*[Chorus]*

*[Busta Rhymes]*

It goes one (one) two (two) three (three) four (four)  
Bounce so much I ricochet up off the floor (floor)  
So raw shit the most raw you ever saw  
Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back door  
Baby - open your blouse while I joust another nigga's spouse  
Quick Jamaican dick style all in they house  
I practice to be the all access, you see the fact is  
my mouth dirty, so follow while I display the slackness  
Yo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums  
When I was young, moms put soap on my tongue, and yo-yo  
Forever we gettin this CHEDDAR with the quickness  
While I cast the spell on these bitches, you can be my eyewitness  
Short fuse, nowadays Langston Hughes  
We gettin money with whoever - even the Jews  
The way we finagle and gain it must be all in my shoes  
Fuck a nigga up with De La like [?] can amuse

*[Chorus]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"View"

*[Pos]*

Yo.. we bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)  
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)  
Yo! We bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)  
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)  
Yo!

*[Chorus: Pos]*

We run it, HOT! When we over the drums  
To the, TOP! Cause the bottom we're from  
We got the, DROP! On your weekend crew  
cause you're full-time talkin while we peepin your view

*[Pos]*

Rahubat[?], you know my name  
I run my humbleness with fame  
God-body, nuttin plain  
while you claimin shepherd that you heard this  
you, heard this on day first  
Watch my man, he'll make it worse  
Ain't no new click, we still Native

*[Dove]*

Clothes knit, stitched tight, related  
that's the way we handle it  
Pin us up or mantle it  
We on fire you candle lit  
Daydreamin, on a rack  
Get bought worn and brought back  
We sport rhyme thought real tight

*[Pos]*

to gain sizes much bigger  
Life life well, get mail filled with  
checks from sales we deliver

*[Dove]*

Spend a little, make a little  
I want it big like white boy wallets  
Credit delievered, Fed-Excellent  
To my dot com, we on the web like Charlotte's  
Hornet, back her up, she too much on it  
Your plastic ass'll get swiped  
past the limit see you the type  
to get yo' cosmetics smeared on pillows all night

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]*

while we peepin your view  
while we, peepin your view  
We got they eyes on lock  
Let them flock to your wit while I spit after you

*[Dove]*

Look ma, I'm still rymin  
Baby boy still providin  
Breakin bread in four states  
Makin these struggles get gone  
Private eyes, I see y'all spyin  
You watch while I clock  
Fertilize my brain data  
Makin accounts grow green like the front lawns

*[Pos]*

Yo I may be old school  
but I'm not no old fool  
Heard out your mouth words flee  
bout "These niggaz ain't nice"  
You just barbershop talkin  
while we round the world walkin  
B, you ain't D.M.C.  
You slip and fall on my ice  
No lyin, straight shinin  
I give you supper from my upper diamond  
You got limbs so climb in

*[Dove]*

Yo, soak up what you find-in  
We too pure for you to try  
You sniffin maybe's and if's

*[Pos]*

And if "if" was a spliff  
Man we'd all be hiiiiiiigh-hiiiiigh.. iiiggghhhh..

*[Dove]*

.. but it's not, so sober up  
You flashin out like you paparaz'  
You'll need to take a liver shot  
to feel the heat on how we runnin it, YO

*[Chorus x1.75 minus last line, 2nd time]*

*[Pos]*

cause you're full time talkin while we, while we  
while we lettin you know I'm in a  
certified rhyme meadow for days  
If you ask Mercenary bout this shit, it pays  
Hitting Willie Mays style out the park

Mastering in this (Art) that's (Official)  
Your ears absorb this like tears, on a tissue  
cause my thoughts are dollar bill crisp  
Distinct like E-Double's lisp  
L.I. alumni, wonder why I got it  
Got it? Get a piece  
Got product that you all should own and not lease  
Some say drummers play synonymous with ill  
with wordplay, that keep us all paid like a bill  
We're the parent company  
You the sub in my D-I-vision  
You don't know how.. *[words fade out]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Set The Mood"

(feat. Indeed)

Now check it (sup?)  
Let me set the mood here aight? (yeah aight cool)  
We gonna, set it off with In-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee, -deed  
(Yeah that's right) You know  
La-la-la-la-ladies first and all that  
(That's right ladies first)  
So peep it - you see this girl  
who been poppin MAD shit about you  
So I want you to get into it a little bit  
I want you to cru-cru-cru-crush that [?]

### [Indeed]

I was sittin on my lunchbreak, grittin my teeth  
It's the last day of the week, man what a relief  
My arms are sore as hell, I felt rigid and stiff  
so I turned around and I rolled this big fat spliff  
That's when I seen her, steppin out a rented yellow Beemer  
This local ghetto fame rap cat her name was Tina  
She was braggin she was goin on tour  
The same shit she was screamin since the year before  
Ever since the De La Soul video, she seen me on the TV  
Heard that she was holdin a grudge and tryin to see me  
Workin underground circuits and mad cyphers of people  
When she asked who was ill, all she got was Indeed  
She wanna battle (what?) and it wasn't hard to tell  
All that I was thinkin bout was tryin to smoke my L  
I had four hours left and I was tired as hell  
Plus it was 12:55 almost time for the bell  
She had an ill screwface mug, frontin like she know Joe  
Gangsta bitch profile, boppin like allegro  
Forty-below Timbos, fatigues saggin  
Pullin all her money out her pocket while she's braggin  
on her gold fronts with her name on it  
Her ice finger roll hand g-low while she claim fame on it  
I peeped the stee' - then I crushed her with ease  
just for interruptin me while I was rollin my trees

### AIGHT? (Whoo!)

That shit was bla-bla-bla, bla-blaze! (word)  
Now we gon' se-se-set, se-set this one up  
for my man Mercenary (aight aight yo let's do this)  
(whassup?) Yo, I don't want you to make it like  
a story or nuttin (aight)  
I just want-want, want want-want  
want you to come on some straight rhy-rhy-rhyme  
rhy-rhy, rhy-rhyme shit - rip a nigga in his ass!

And let him know how WE do it, y-y-y'know?

[Pos]

Now Maseo puff cheeba, while Rich sniff lines  
David J push the whip while Candy Cal pull dimes  
And me right behind, with the shorty gettin her math  
to do the Savion routine and just, tap that ass  
Still the one who kill wackness, man I left them niggaz crippled  
Had em all soft to hard back to soft like a nipple  
My (Art is Official) while you're art-ificial  
Break you down to your very last participle  
Let me enlighten you, cause your third eye's on dim  
Me gettin taken out is rare like a smile from Rakim  
See I'm remarkable, you're just bull  
last name shit, y'all niggaz need to quit  
Open your mitt, and catch this  
I autograph every word you bit  
Testify then/[?] take your picture  
Got an infinity of non-rhymes to hit ya  
while your whole clan is blam  
Understand that you must be smokin POUNDS of weed out of a pipe  
and mistook your munchies, for bein hungry for the mic  
And now you have to deal with these cats who's truly right  
like estates with a pit on the lawn bark at the gates  
Put the whole entire plate in your face  
Make the point like who's that on that joint? It's me  
I'm in everything you see like [?], yo I'm in demand  
I'm in the club man I'm in your hand  
bein bought, I'm even in the thought from your girl  
The only thing you're in is in acting  
Your world'll be smashed  
Run against the Won and you'll be last  
like that call for alcohol, depletin your cash  
  
That's how you supposed to get in somebody ass  
y'knowhatmsayin? Know-know-know, know-know, know-know dat!  
Hahahahaha

[ghost weed skit 2 follows]

# De La Soul Lyrics

"All Good?"

(feat. Chaka Khan)

[Chaka Khan]

Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh  
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!  
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh  
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!

[Chorus: Chaka Khan x2]

It ain't all good, and that's the truth  
Thangs ain't goin like you think they should - it's all on you

[Chaka Khan]

I don't care about what you think you see  
the thangs you want to know when you look at me  
God knows I done been through and paid my dues  
Can't change how you feel, cause it's - all on you-whoahhha-ohhh-yeah

[Dove]

I wish that, you could be a little bit more upfront  
Weigh the situation how you want (right)  
The lovin that you claim is just a four letter word  
The third letter's invitin so visualize the verb  
You curve thoughtways when you're handlin the candleabra  
so you sittin on the baby grand  
Transmittin like you're made of man  
but you paint a funny face like a chick  
When I see you I'ma tell you quick that uh..

[Chorus 1/2]

[Dove]

I can't believe we built this large pizza pie together  
No pepperoni  
Yeah you wanted extra cheese, sometimes I gave you extras  
How we divided slices like the Red Sea theory  
I was Moses hopelessly scorned by your thorn zapora  
Tried to bring that fairy-tale life, you wanted horror  
but my microscope couldn't see or cope with that  
I had to bolt from that, and left you dead in the sea  
It's better for me, I'm satisfied with reppin for D

[Pos]

We were certified hot, then dropped to lukewarm  
Now we back up in the spot, claimin never been gone  
Niggaz who cut us off, wanna reattach us now  
(Them girls who brushed us off, say they want some #'s to dial)  
Yeah I give that ass a number, and some lumber to pile

Now catch a curve from my kick (or show me lovin by brick)  
So stick to the same plan, don't come shakin my hand  
like we peeps, it ain't beef but be sure to understand  
Between us, it ain't all..

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]* You see them kids be schemin on what we done copped  
*[Cha]* Always out there schemin!  
*[Pos]* They steady fiendin for the moment they can get us off the block  
*[Cha]* Why they always fiendin?

*[Pos]*

Your people might have your back, but you need to watch your front  
Indeed, ain't nothin guaranteed

*[Chaka Khan]*

That's the truth! Things ain't goin like you think they should

*[Pos]*

A lot say they wanna walk in my size 10's  
Aight then; here's a pair  
Lace 'em up tight then you might feel what was dealt to me  
You see ain't no young boys up in here; keep a clear head  
Tryin to keep my pockets on stuffed - like deer heads  
upon the wall, so all the gall we get from y'all DON'T FAZE  
So mind your biz and walk away  
cause I'm never gonna let you up inside my maze

*[Chaka Khan]*

I don't care about what you think you see  
the thangs you want to know when you look at me  
God knows I done been there and paid my dues  
I can't change how you feel, cause it's all, on you-whoahhha-ohhhhh

*[Chorus]*

*[Chaka Khan ad libs to end]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Declaration"

Yo, this girl called me..  
"Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!"  
.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?  
Heh..

[scratching]  
"You-you-you.. you need to stop"  
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"  
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"  
"There's always ONE.. (ONE!)"  
[Rebel INS] "Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains"  
"There it is!!"  
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]  
The average MC sells terror  
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice  
Not one of your top five MC's  
but I see clearly with ease you lack this  
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast  
playin host to your regiment  
who rally to boast, but now boast no more  
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print  
I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability  
to grandstand anywhere next to me  
This is the year, when the true better man  
keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)  
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated  
by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter  
Salute these "Supa Emcees" for bein clever;  
and never use the weed as a ghost writer

[scratching]  
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"  
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"  
[Malik B] "Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment"  
"Yeah, word up!"  
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]  
Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared  
so in one stare they gettin strapped  
Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt  
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?  
(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit  
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change  
I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin

with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of sniper range  
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze  
you dead center in your tracks with your hands high  
Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix  
All the hard rocks at liquor spots  
All over the scene, makin it messy  
so we make a clean getaway to a better day  
Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game  
cause they couldn't claim the better pay  
This ain't no masquerade  
so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin  
There's truly a few makin them hits  
while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin  
Make it to third base, but never reach home  
The word is, your whereabouts is unknown  
While we're that point of view, that you never really knew  
with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

*[scratching]*

*[Prodigy]* "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

*[P. Smith]* "Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot"

..

ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!  
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!  
ROCK!! RO..

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Squat!"

(feat. Mike D and Ad Rock)

"Turn that shit off man! What's wrong with you man?  
You know we got a party man, get the other record!"

(Here we go..)

[from "Stix N Stonz"] ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

[Mike D]

It's the M-I-K, E ohh to the D  
I'm comin exquisite and V.I.P.  
Tryin to spread some love like roots on a tree  
Stayin true to this vision in the Y2G

[Dove]

Two G's got em scratchin it like the fleas  
And Ad Rock got it locked like a crooked cop

[Ad Rock]

Nooooooooo; it's Ad Rock, y'all remember me  
The guy ya bit ya style from off the TV

[Pos]

I score Mmmma-Zah-Ayy's all day, my essays are felt worldwide  
We like four planets on the mic  
Aligned arrays retired all in the days  
Game (baby-baby) too blam for these lames

[Ad Rock]

When I was nine, I played with slime  
Got rhymes ga-lot, got rhymes ga-limes  
I got a million like rhymes leavin ya stung  
I got my own crew called the nasal tongue!

[Dove]

Yo take a few of these b-boys and call me in the mornin (okay)  
Keep it on the crusty eye, bagel with some butterflies  
Spit gritty like we in MCA's voice box  
Y'all bull and my ox don't fit the mix

(Disc jock!) It be some classic material kid  
(Disc jock!) Got the calm cats blowin their lid  
(Disc jock!) You get plush off the rack  
and buy plenty or more we got em by the stack  
(Disc jock!) Got us walkin all over the world  
for all the fly fellas and all the fly girls  
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough when we servin this

*[x8]*  
Come on - SQUAT!

*[Pos]*  
Now we'd like, to introduce to you, Ad Rock

*[Ad Rock]*  
Ad Rock in the house you don't stop!  
It's the B-E-A-S-T-I-E B-O-Y-S with the most finesse  
Don't mean to be crude, don't mean to be crass  
But listen Giuliani you can kiss my ass (what?)  
You heard my word, now Dove you play the preacher  
Get on the mic if you love all the creatures

*[Dove]*  
Well yeah I got these fishes swimmin round my baracuda  
Back in '82 I used to ride a street scooter  
Called em cuter than pigtails, sales you keep em level, and  
smack you with a shovel and break your lifestyle (owww!)  
Firm on the mic since my days of a child  
Got a "License +TOO+ III" to flash to police  
The only beast I huddles with the Beastie Boys  
Bringin "Noise" like P.E. to your TV

*[Pos]*  
Aiyyo this beat's barefoot and knock-kneed  
Stripped to the rhyme!  
And every line made from scratch  
Attached like stripes to shell-toes  
Thin spools that hold the herb  
Mike what's the word? (WORD!)

*[Mike D]*  
It's like the ooh-la-la, ooh-ooh-la-la  
Rhymin over old breaks like the Mardis Gras  
Party people cross and bump they go ooh and they ahh  
And Mike D and Ad Rock down with the De La  
  
(Disc jock!) Get the people dancin for real  
(Disc jock!) Theater (jock!) holdin mass appeal  
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough STILL  
so here's another dose for you to feel!  
Put ya body in it!

*[x8]*  
Come on - SQUAT!

*[Mike D]*  
I'm feelin good, damn good, but also confused  
This stuff from hip-hop that's bein misused  
It's desirin, acquirin, tryin to be like Iverson  
if it means backstabbin and also conspirin

*[all together]*

Nowwww, the people in the front - you do the bump bump  
The people in the back - they're not the whack whack  
The people in the middle - come on and wiggle wiggle  
And the people on the side - we can all take a ride!

*[Dove]*

In my VW I done swung an ep' or two  
The rear in my hatchback y'all know I scratched that  
Here to haystack, keep it rosy in the Rolls  
Skiddin out to place my vote at the polls for Ad Rock

*[Ad Rock]*

Well I'm the toe tapper, yes the hand clapper  
From the middle school like the educated rapper  
I'm known as an occupational MC  
You think I lose sleep if you sleep on me?!

*[Pos]*

Its the rock solid, pilot, here to fly (ROCK!)  
Reachin elevations too far for the eye (EYE!)  
Miraculous beats over breaks in these packages  
Seen (all over the globe) and all the types  
who thinks our joints is aight, here's a swab for ya ear  
(to clean out ya lobe) and listen to a few views  
from two crews spittin for the art of it  
We ain't takin over but damn sure takin part of it

*[Dove]*

Started it ever since we minced meat  
You Sloppy Joe's went and took a bit of the corn dog  
Stay there! I'ma play there (cuz they pay there)  
In the big old Santa Claus bag got discs and now we out

*[Beastie Boys]*

Signin off, signin off, our work is done  
So come on party people..  
Have (have) have (have) have FUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

*[from "Stix N Stonz"] .. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Words From The Chief Rocker"

(feat. Busy)

[Busy Bee]

That's right, I'm dancin y'all  
I'm gon' keep on dancin into the new millenium  
Ya understand what I'm sayin?  
Hey De La Soul, Beastie Boys  
I love the way y'all doin this baby  
Y'all just gotta keep kickin it  
because the kids don't know, the other people don't know  
but they all gon' know now because me  
the Chief Rocker Busy Bee gon' just keep kickin flava babyyy!  
Ah like this

Just dance, and don't quit  
cause the music is gonna be the shit  
I just dance, and don't quit  
cause the music is gonna be the shit

And now once upon a time in the place to be  
They was standin in line to see the Busy Bee  
When I pulled up to the curb in my ninety-eight  
I rushed inside so I won't be late

You know the party was packed, where you couldn't even move  
And Busy Bee rocked, to the funky funky grooves  
To the beat that makes you want to freak  
Ah to the beat that gets rump out your seat  
Ah to the beat that makes you say  
Busy Bee, Busy Bee is in the house, ha HAH!!

I like the way this is goin down man

Ahh this is just too much  
We just gotta keep doin this  
Because this is how we do it  
No static, no automatics  
This is just how we just gon' keep kickin this flavor baby..

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "With Me"

*[Intro/Chorus: sung]*

Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby  
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby  
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby  
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby

*[x2]*

*[Dove]*

How you gon' tell me to mind my own biz  
when you lookin like somethin I need to know about?  
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin your arm when you'd pass  
But I see you got class besides all that  
Yeah I'm picky in my own way too  
While the rest of these fools is lookin to screw your brains out  
I bling'd[?] out don't[?] wanna stand froze  
Practicin my hello's, hey lady, how you doin  
Renewin these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here  
Shit I don't even know your name yet (word)  
Ain't sure what your character contains yet  
But damn lady, you could be my Valentine  
Cupid got his infrared on my chest clocked  
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway  
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way - yeah, buy me a drink  
so we can sink into that thought path..

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]*

Now you know you ain't right, eyein me up all night  
despite the fact some kid is runnin chitta-chat in your ear  
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there  
when we can make, such an obvious pair?  
Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?  
I'm peepin how you move it to the pace of the beat  
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours  
Your heavenly body rushin the tide to shore  
Your heavenly body rushin these guys to the floor  
to find pleasure in your double digit design,  
but these clowns look hurt  
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman ex-pert  
Understandin how the ovaries and all that shit work  
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised  
that I'm movin closer - don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.  
Are you for real or a tease?

*[Dove]*

Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal  
Ain't nuttin dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision

(Caught you watch-in) my every move from the door  
Teran escortin us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.  
Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess  
Suckin the straw huh? You know the head game  
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin too  
I want my trophy life-sized in a see through

*[Pos]*

This ain't your average, whippin your batterage  
drivin song that probably isn't your type  
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge  
or smudge off your memory; courtesy of SkyTel  
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1  
Also need the math to your color pH-1  
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed  
but sound the buzzer, I'm comin to sub

*[Chorus x1.25]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Copa (Cabanga)"

Ladies and gentlemen!  
We got De La up in the house tonight  
They just walked up in here  
We gon' see if they can come up here  
and do a lil' somethin for us

[Dove]

Yo, it's star-studded in here  
I'm on the moon like the first man  
First can I grab is gon' get it  
She all independent but want her throat wetted  
Tight from the floor to height  
See I saw the night, in dream bubbles I fiend to see double  
so I sip until my bladder bust  
You in V.I.P., so why you mad at us? (Word)  
By-stand, I'm in the world fox-trottin  
gettin my Fred Astaire on, follow my lead girl

[Chorus: x2 uh-huh only 2nd repeat]

Me and you come over, we  
do it like the cha-cha, just  
like we at the Cop-a, Ca-bang-a (uh-huh)

[Pos]

For all my niggaz runnin around like the mothership landed  
Or is it because there's some others who handed  
their daughters over to the night life  
Yes we tryin to find a night wife to get wit  
Interface with they whole clique, I force the draft  
I get the first pick, run this easily  
?? rule like D, Joey and Jay  
Around the way, we're goin  
but first tell all these women who ain't knowin

[Chorus x2]

[Pos]

Yo.. I talk no shame upon this  
I got aim all on this to shoot and score the trout  
who's actin all cute and out of position while I'm wishin  
to get her bottom limbs arched like a grasshopper  
Puttin in work to make it last proper  
Ninety percent of the time is on my mindframe  
So I'm game to reign up to par  
while my fam runs it cool up at the bar, I stay clearheaded  
Lettuce enough cheese to get shredded  
We like Navy Seals lookin for the gold

Our natural appeal got them others on hold  
Them girls dealin with us tonight  
Came with the large appetite and got served  
Got nerve to think less, you can bless me and my kinfolk  
Rushin up against my yolk-sac promote that  
pimp play upon how we get it on for real!

*[Chorus]*

*[Dove]*

You see you hopeless up in the spot  
Talkin a lot of champagne taste holdin 40 ounce pockets  
Switch the sprocket to gear to top of the year  
We gon' drop it like confetti on it, get ready on it  
Her fast ass wanna get all Andretti on it  
Makin my main man Poke like Trakmasterz  
Blazin-trail, we Portland to Nor-ton  
"Honeymoon" flicks don't exist in this  
I sip a little left to twist spines together  
Vertical hold, we gon' combine together (yeah)  
Even if we spill the love  
we got compliments up at the front door  
Just tell em Dullah sent ya  
Thirty minute Tae\*Bo shit's how I bench ya  
All on a Saturday night, step to life  
I love the way Sally walk  
Bow legged in a two piece steel, we live in New York  
We live in New York

*[Chorus x1.5]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Foolin"

Who you foolin.. only foolin [x2]

### [Dove]

Yo, I stay cousin to this, introducing Mr. Dave Banner  
Scannin proper with my sight muscle  
This rap shit, is just my night hustle  
My J-O's to stay fearin of my G-O-D  
Whether what may, meet me at the front door  
See the pressure got a nigga knockin shit off his desk  
Cause of the stress I stack words make cats bruise they neck tissue  
Stay pertinent to the issues  
Cut your tag too close, display these verses tight, virtuals  
sort of like we supposed to, pantyhose raps you run  
Stay [?] like black folks some [?]  
mostly fakin it, to make it

### [Pos]

I play low-key til it's time for you to know me  
Stir my lime with light, drink it down slowly  
Holy shit! Now look what I get  
A whole string of party people wanna run in my mix  
In my world they wanna fit like melanin in a tit  
Jam tight, they ain't my fam alright? They ain't my people  
Them niggaz screamin fam til they rank measure equal  
then vote, without leavin a note, and that was all she wrote  
Arranged produced my slang's obtuse  
but some distort, tellin stories like Mother-the-Goose  
My true fam's [?] back since with Vince Mason  
We'll draw on three, leave that body for the tracin  
Ultimate high, like them drugs you be lacin  
Coulda stood next to me, at the top of the key  
but you had to play gutter, didn't want to climb  
Now you find yourself talked about in my rhyme

### [Dove]

While you fools claim corners, we gon' claim theories  
Y'all some stickball niggaz, we the World Series  
Been here, just pleadin the same case  
ever since we spaced about "3 Feet"  
Pinchin your ears, inchin for years  
but you still stuck at the mezzanine and  
we at the penthouse level with the same old rugs  
same old tubs, same old tables and same faults  
Same crew and the same old train of thought

*[Chorus: De La Soul]*

My guess you need to head West (who you foolin)  
Thought we'd fall for your phonyness you're (only foolin)  
yourself, thought you were down - it takes more than a smile  
and a couple of pounds to be crew  
Man you bound to get your tail caught (who you foolin)  
Spreadin yourself thin see you're (only foolin)  
yourself, thinkin all you need is the wealth  
You need to peep your whole circle out

*[Pos]*

Yo, since Jam Master Jay been rockin without a band  
and that sister k.d. lang been sexin without a man  
we brought our ultimate plan to birth  
Put in work for this game, it's not a game to me  
We've been furnished the props  
Now we out to furnish properties we own  
That's right (so) cats might know we ain't home  
My throne's threatened by fiends, try to do dirt  
Play Tony Randall - have that ass cleaned

*[Dove]*

Unveiled I see your exhibition, y'all need to cover that  
Fatherless styles, y'all really need to mother that  
Same expose, different page  
but when you see me in it it's the same old Dave

*[Pos]*

Y'all silly, you're just a civili', I'm a soldier  
Troopin in this path til the death won us over  
So if life is a party begin, to understand  
just like the DJ, we stayin to the end

*[Chorus: De La Soul]*

How you think you gon' get away? (who you foolin)  
Changin faces on the regular you're (only foolin)  
yourself, big top status, paintin your face  
Who you think you really gonna fool huh?  
We watch, what we got so (who you foolin)  
around on my premises you're (only foolin)  
you, into thinkin you can break in too  
my place, and not have to face, our position

Who you foolin.. only foolin

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "The Art Of Getting Jumped"

I WAS..

*[Pos]*

.. on my way, to the disco  
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night  
Midnight to four, name at the door  
but the whole crew I can get in as well  
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith  
Let this be a jam that we need not miss  
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt  
Might even jump up on the mic  
to make sure that this party's turned out  
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line  
to stand we find girls screamin the blues  
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere  
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"  
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules  
Bump [?] people and out come the tools  
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews  
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped  
Done closed the club down,  
cause one of they niggaz got jumped  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Uh-huh, you heard the hook  
No matter you Braveheart or shook  
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left  
Kicks to the mids relievin you of breath  
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized  
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE  
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Dove]*

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included  
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads  
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art  
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start  
It only takes a second less you got on ice  
Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice  
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass  
My only advice is don't fall and book ass  
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position  
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your mascara)  
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair  
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots (ARRRGH!!)  
It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops

Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits  
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect  
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Pos]*

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies  
and ya best believe we came to party  
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew  
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya  
for reasons like - not in the right part of town  
actin like you wore a crown  
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right  
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme  
And bein positive is no exclusion  
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions  
for flossin your hard-earned shine  
I'm talkin games [?] the longest  
then it's some other niggaz time  
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage  
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage  
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,  
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Maseo]*

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped  
We had to put this one on the album y'know?  
Yeah - this is dedicated  
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany  
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club  
Tried to knock me senseless  
They just couldn't get me though  
That's why I second round outside on 'em  
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards  
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge (HAHAHAHA)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "U Don't Wanna B.D.S."

(feat. Freddie Foxx)

Hahahahahahahaha!

*[Freddie Foxxx]*

HA! Check it out!

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, also known as Freddie Foxxx  
That's right, and I came to check my niggaz De La Soul

See y'all niggaz don't really wanna bust dat shit huh  
Yaknahmsayin? So I'ma show you niggaz  
the super-laser-gamma-ultra-killa-nigga special  
You niggaz ain't no killers  
You motherfuckers ain't gonna hurt nobody nigga  
You better keep rhymin nigga  
'fore I smack the shit outta you you little fuckin sissy  
You niggaz ain't real; that's right

It's De La Soul baby, and Bumpy motherfuckin Knuckles baby  
Alright, c'mon on!

*[Maseo]*

Check my stats, entire - apparat'  
Even from the days when I had to roll strapped  
Wonderin if I gotta go back to that  
Zest to rub records from rap and kick facts  
to tracks and stack, one [?] got kayed  
Yeah some got paid, some waved in the fades  
Fact of the matter my style will never fade  
Managin to keep it all A-grade  
So you can stay nourish and flourish with the truth  
[?] some niggaz I know  
If I need a mayday  
Bust some fuckin niggaz tryin to play me cra-zay  
Causin interruptions to my big pay-day  
Playin with them guns make them fuckin lea-ry  
but if it's clear-ly  
Merely and surely and, how it's gotta be  
I got some thorough niggaz that's ridin me  
So witcha bullshit I'm not buyin it B  
Don't come around thinkin you can try it with me  
Cause uhh..

*[Chorus: x2]*

You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no!)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh!)

You don't wanna bust dat shit (NO NO!)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (UH-UHH!)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit!!

[Maseo]

Shick shick, CLIK-A-CLIK  
This is where my people headin at  
Innocent people are carryin gats  
Now what the fuck is all that?  
Is it cause times is live like a wire  
gettin shock treated by the crossfire  
Ha-siyahh, burn bare well prepared  
to make my decision for my livin  
I ain't the one (Robin) I'm the one (Given)  
Hip-Hop driven, and willin to die for it  
When Scott LaRock died man I cried and shit  
Then some cats got rich callin a woman a bitch  
but ain't no woman like the one I got  
and if you call her a bitch well you might get (BLAM)  
And I know the feelings is mutual  
It's uncivilized and unsuitable  
Crips and bloods are recruitable

[Chorus]

[Freddie Foxxx]

Ha ha, yeah you get the motherfuckin point, HUH?  
You niggaz get the motherfuckin point, HUH?  
That's right so while you niggaz is sittin up in central booking  
Crying like bitches, HUH?  
I'm in the motherfuckin holdin block  
waitin for your sweet pussy punk ass  
And I'ma whoop the shit out of you  
for gettin on a fuckin record, actin like you a fuckin killer  
I'ma show you niggaz what a motherfuckin killer's all about, HUH?  
You niggaz ain't no motherfucking gangsters  
You don't wanna bust that motherfuckin shit punk  
I'll punch your whole chest cavity out faggot  
You ain't no real nigga, nigga  
I'll smack the shit out of you  
cause you ain't a fuckin live nigga  
You sittin in central booking, cryin like a bitch  
Waitin for your father, to come bail you out  
and Freddie Foxxx don't play that shit nigga  
That's right, Bumpy Knuckles motherfucker  
And if you don't know, now you motherfuckin know  
And yo De La, check it out - it's your motherfuckin man  
And if any one of them niggaz get sidewindin with you nigga  
let me know, and I will send them niggaz hot ones  
like I'm a motherfuckin Mexican - feel me on that one HUH?  
Cause them niggaz know me nigga  
Believe me nigga they know me  
The motherfuckin troublemaker, that's right

And De La Soul, is rollin with Bump' Knux' nigga  
So WHAT?!?!! Tell me, WHAT?!?!!?

///AOI:PLAN'BNX(FULL\_PROGRAM)  
FILE NAME:AOI:BIONIX (20F3)  
CODE: TB1362 (WRK#8323)

STRUCTURE: LP 12" JACKET  
ROTATION: FULL\_PROGRAM  
IMAGE: ///AOI STANDING  
3334\_346\_212

# DG LA SOUL

///AOI:BIONIX

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///AOI :12.25"X12.25" (31.11cmx31.11cm)  
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120LB CARD #: COATED 1-SIDE (120C4C0S)

INITIAL\_EVA: EGRESS TO PLATFORM  
RELEASE/DESCEND: MSO/DVD/POS  
INITIALIZE\_BEGIN-SEQUENCE

///AOI  
PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT LYRICS



INFO // NOVEMBER 2010

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Bionix"

Welcome to the second installment..  
Y'all know my name so we ain't gotta get into alla that  
Y'all know the deal  
This is AOI part two, and we call this one "Bionix" (Bionix)  
And as y'all always know, we gon' hit y'all with that De La shit  
Yeah.. yeah..

Uh (better) yea (better, stronger)  
Yea (better, stronger, faster)  
Yea..

[Dave]

Ladies and gentlemen, we in the trench again  
Makin it relevant, just for the hell of it  
I'm introducin it, throw a little juice in it  
Got on that old bullshit to get you used to it  
It's been a minute now, only a minute now  
A little re-evaluatin, hope you feel me now  
I'm on some new me, focused on the new tree  
Tryin to shake the money off the limbs so I can do me  
I blame the fans for it, I heard demands for it  
Went to Somalia, they holdin out they hands for it  
Went to the hood, these niggaz tried to trace a dance for it  
Dancefloor it after Mase brings you out of the break

Before we go any further we wanna send a special thanks  
To all those folks out there that been supportin De La since '89  
Now that's a long time  
Overseas, city to city, state to state  
Yeah, we gon' keep bringin it live to you..

[Pos]

Unlike these underground MC's who rock for heads  
We include the throat chest arms and legs  
No need to spit in the cypher to show you I'm a lifer for rap  
I cultivate moves larger than that  
And I don't ball too much, ya dig  
I gotta ball and chain at my crib who want my ass home  
My heart-BEAT N.Y.C. metronome  
But can't adapt to where I'm at  
And even though I sing it sick 'til I'm blue, I'm not a crip  
So unlike non-GANG members I won't C-walk to look hip  
But if I had to join a gang I think I'd join GangStarr  
Me, Guru and Primo with them beats for the car  
that bounce trampoline style, revamp the deen child  
Hot and mild and I hustle rap the same  
Cuff a little shit, due to muscle fat, I gain

We them God type dishin the grunge to make you love

Yeah kids

Just a little taste how we gon' get things started in a minute

Sit back, get your headphones straight

Whether you're ridin in a Escalade or a Pinto son, turn that shit up

Oh remember AOI part three comin soon, on some DJ shit

Yeah - we about to get this shit poppin..

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Baby Phat"

(feat. Devin the Dude, Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

Phat Phat, uh  
Ain't nothing wrong with big broads  
Phat Phat

[Posdnuos]  
It's a sure bet  
When I stare into your dark browns I get  
Overwhelmed, overjoyed, overstep  
My bounds, on your touchy subject  
Your weight, your shape's not what I date  
It's you, my crew don't mind it thick (Uh-uh)  
Every woman ain't a video chick (Nah)  
Or runway model anorexic  
I love what I can hold and grab on  
So if you burn it off then keep the flab on  
We gonna stay gettin our collab on (Oww)  
Girl we gonna stay gettin our collab on (Ooh, ooh)  
We gonna stay gettin our collab on

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]  
Don't stuck on the things they say, now you know it's a nasty world  
Tryin to get with ya anyway cause I know you're a nasty girl  
We ain't never gon' discriminate so let me compliment your size  
Oooh oooh ooooooh ooooh

[E. Yummy Bingham]  
Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat  
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat  
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat  
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat  
Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat

[Posdnuos]  
Claim you outta shape, you not outta place (Uh-uh)  
You keep it natural with no powdered face  
Without exercise you got the eye  
Starin you down, make me wonder why  
You women wanna frown at them stick figures  
On them little ass girls, when a clique of niggas  
Run up and try to hurl game for real  
Your frame holds appeal in the everyday  
World, and conceal is not the way  
To go, I'm tellin you I had to let  
Ya know, ya need to let it all hang

[Dove]

Don't be scared to show a little of that thang thang  
No matter how you weigh it girl, it's feminine  
Kinda body everybody wanna know (Yea yea)  
Be the private dancer in my Luke show (C'mon girl)  
Skip the salad girl, bring us both a menu  
Eat the whole box of chocolates I send you (Heh)  
See girl, ya more than just an apple in my  
Eye/I, confess I wanna get up in ya  
Thighs, the rest'll tell you all the things..

*[Chorus x1]*

*[Dove]*

I love it when y'all broads wear it skintight (Skintight)  
Make the big panties look like little panties (Heh)  
Tryin to lose that bottom girl you been right  
I saw who make ya cookies I should go and thank ya granny (Uh-huh)  
Don't mind you being conscious of ya calories  
If gettin paper was fat man you'd be salaries  
You ain't in this alone I got a tummy too  
Just lemme watch the weight don't let it trouble you (C'mere girl)  
Nine ten specimen up in ya jeans  
You buy the size seven and just make it fit  
Slim Fast, lypo, and body creams  
I pray you won't endorse, I got a candle lit

*[Chorus x1]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Simply"

*[Chorus]*

Fear through time, is left behind, when we simply, havin  
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home  
Take some time, and ease your mind, when we simply, havin  
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home

*[Dave]*

Hey, yo last day of spring first day of the heat (heat)  
I'm calling out my troops so ya'll best retreat (treat)  
Tryin' to win the eyes off of Little Bo Peep  
While I'm pushin' Big Bird up Seaseme Street (street)  
After one nut I'm goin' straight to sleep (sleep)  
If it ain't a love affair, its just a late night creep (creep)  
Use Colgate when I'm brushing my teeth (teeth)  
Favorite MC's Gregg Nice and Smooth B (B)  
Keep it old school like "Where's the beef?" and  
If you ain't from an era then you up shit's creek (creek)  
First B-side is freedom of speak  
If you don't speak, well I ain't losin' no sleep.  
See me on the cover of your Double X-L (L)  
Takin' a holiday at the hotel (tel)  
Fans keep sending me back the fan mail  
Heavyweights keep it on the grand scale, when we doin' it.

*[Chorus: Crowd Cheering and Clapping]*

*[Pos]*

Hey, yo, The sky swallowed the sun  
spitted out the moon and stars  
Puttin' out shiners that gave the cause  
ArmorAll-ed down, the downtown activity  
I'm bout to have fun without the problems that live with me  
Not tryin' to be posh, but lets stay out the mosh pit  
Tonight keep my nose out of trouble  
Everybody in my bubble's been breifed:  
NO BEEF, JUST PARTY!  
Of course your gonna have some clown niggaz try to  
take us off course  
Always lower levels tryin' to bring out the devil in us  
Not condoned but its known  
That a party ain't a party if the thugs don't try to shut it down!  
Tight security and its still soft  
Can't offset the thirty or plus caught in the rush  
Keep the door sealed  
Cause the floor's filled with action and we don't need  
any distractions tonight ya'll.

*[Dave]*

introduce me to your madaam ?Mauzel?  
I'm Tarzan and she's my gazelle  
I live at Biggs and say its notorius  
Travel through minds, emotions and euphorias  
Glorius *[echo]* as I get great *[echo]*  
Still kinda smooth like way back in my oldschool tapes  
I bring it pronto  
Rep the BX like Billy Blanco

*[Crowd cheering and clapping]*

*[Pos]*

Treat your troubles like colds  
Sweat it out, get it out  
So we can get in the right mode  
Let it out  
No need to pull on the throttle  
If I could bottle this love I wouldn't hesitate  
Get it straight  
Wonder why I can medicate the soul  
While takin' its toll  
Just for Simply (Simply!) Havin'(Havin')!  
The right record that could bring in the pull  
And this must be the right run ya'll  
Cause the dancefloor's full CUZ!

*[Chorus to fade: Cheering, Clapping, Horns]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Simply Havin"

*[Pos]*

As we go clubbin  
Me and my peoples we be lookin and we buggin  
off these ladies talkin bout no dancefloor rubbin  
'til we supply 'em with at least two to three mixed drinks from the bar  
They must be out they mind, them rookies get dismissed  
Cause it ain't hard to find, the ladies that can move it  
to the latest bassline, attached to the drum  
that'll set it off and make the local DJ a star  
But can I get a boost from the bass and the treble?  
This record ain't for soothin but for raisin blood levels  
We simply havin fun but know that some don't like the music  
That it promotes rappin, and global gun-clappin  
But still promoters packin in the clubs where I'm at  
Plus everywhere I go so just realize the fact  
That we won't be denied that respect you try to hide  
Shit this ain't rock'n'roll - ("cause the rap is in control" *[Q-Tip]*)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Held Down"

(feat. Cee-Lo)

[Cee-Lo]

Allow me.. to break it down.. ah yea yea yea yeahh..

Life.. [humming]

[Pos]

This is dedicated to all my folks

Diagnosed with a bad case of that proper upbringin

And never took the time to fall in line or follow  
or swallow the thoughts

Of the recognized committees who lurk throughout ya cities

Ya hood, ya town, no matter which type

You from the same type of people try to hold you down

Just because you tailor made for bigger and better things

Never missed a chance to move ahead of things

And what does it bring? I tell you for me

it brought jealousy in back wounds from all the stabbin

Cats posin as my fan just to get grabbin what's mine

I'm livin in times where my daughters are found around

kids who can't afford thinkin caps

But always found drinkin raps and eatin off beats

Claimin laws of the streets - but who made the laws?

Everybody playin (Rebel) with no sign of a +Cause+

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me

I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down

You've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be

Where you wanna go with your life

With your life..

[Pos]

Yo, I'm never singin the blues but findin the clues to maintain

And I been blessed to reign supreme over nearly every dream

I had, and I made it come true

I'm an imperfect man and I'm holdin the clue

to perfection, it doesn't seem to matter what direction I look

I find people settin traps

Tryin to find the goal - without havin any maps

Even friends of mine, jumped on line, just to become my adversary

They felt they were entitled to the dairy I made

They don't come to chill or behave

And they got, toast ready to burn

Not learnin to live, but they yearnin to take what you earn

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me

I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down  
You see - you've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be  
And where you wanna go with your life  
With your life..

*[Pos]*

So quick to place blame.. and deny the shame we bring upon ourselves  
So many names held accountable for my own account  
When a large amount was weight - that I made and shaped  
When I climbed I found  
It was hard to find others around to point my fingers at  
Which made me realize the truth  
The biggest suppressor could be your own ego lookin for an excuse  
to plant roots, in a field of self-sorrow  
to sprout and follow the first thing you feel  
Nourishes your hunger to be respected, it gets hectic  
And when I'm watchin the news, and my daughter walks in  
and choose to ask, "Why were all those people on the floor  
sleepin, covered in red?" I told her  
that they were lookin for God, but found religion instead

*[Chorus: Cee-Lo]*

Well I, feel the world around me  
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down  
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be  
And where you wanna go with yo' life  
With your life, with your life..

*[Cee-Lo harmonizes and ad libs with choir]*

*[Cee-Lo]*

I need my SPAAAACE, to live..

Well I, feel the world around me  
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down  
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be  
And where you wanna go with yo' life  
With your life, with your life..

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Watch Out"

(feat. Parquo Fernandez)

[1]

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

[Verse 1]

Get up and do the biz, our style is the wild

Hit you with a spell whether Jew or gen-tile

When you enterin' the realm

You find me at the helm

Still standin' like abandoned buildings

In the southern part of BX, can old school it like a T-Rex

Ya well advanced connect dance with thoughts

Deep like Barry White's throat box

I bet you those cops mix

Double high tower my power grants me the chicks

The blows the cars and enemies that wanna spar

You wanna see it no matter who you are

Yeah I'm bound to ground you like that

Put they ass on a mound and introduce em' to a baseball

Face tall, brag about it like teenage sex

Text book characters gettin' etched out to rough draft

Rush Limbaugh autograph her left titty

New Yor, New York yeah we bigger than the buildings

Do it for the love of the art and the childrens

And throw paper machet inside of ya models

See we all throttles, we zip by in this drive

Allergic to ya sperm broke hives

Concerned about ya life when ya down eight lives

Top of the night I'm up in queens like ah yeah

[Repeat 1]

[Verse 2]

Introducin' introducin' to you Dave

Batter on deck, carded every time I set foot in the joint

Cabaret artist I'll two piece ya tray

If she wanna get vamped, bring her to the tent

Touch her till her back indents

Wrap it extra strength

Run a lap on her calculatin' the length

Holdin' mics tighter than hymens

Old school it like Holly-Hobby, Head-to-Head, Easy Bake Oven

Strong Jerome lovin' man I hit the pack

Panther power keep it all relative to the sixties

Bill Bixby green, ATM money

Got my pockets lookin' like I'm rockin' Popeye jeans

Classic like Reuben and Rah

One nigga under the groove we shootin' for that Parliament high

Plus bigger than the fourth of July

Take the back seat drive out

Hey yo, hey yo ain't nothin' street about me more like a light post

Sinin' above all who are y'all to boast

Stayed calm and all came to me to host

My vocab grabs many, long to cultivate raps

It's gettin' filled moms jack penny

It used to be unknown around the way

Now my bix became a bouquet

Every nose in it, fillin' up seats like a session in a Senate

Been a minute since ya heard the souls

So the soul gon' cost ya three

All ya people wanna front like the soul don't hold control

But it don't mean shit to me

Plain to see that a song like this been what ya all missed

Come on, genuine adrenaline from off the wrists

We run the interference throughout the game clout

Can't be denied the bout for the title

Throw up ya guns and hold the pose like an idol

Bring it back to the draw

Ghosts of grand wiz Theodore

Played dirty with ever since played on the floor

Stop verbal assaults just in case a war break out

Steal vaults bigger than giraffes

But they still got a lot for me

Heard em' say alot of nigga with the underground

They'd die for the underground but ain't makin' no money

Stupid

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Special"

(feat. Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

### [Chorus]

It's gotta be you, it's gotta be right  
No time for games, it's gotta be tight  
I just want this to be special, special  
If it's gonna be you, it's gotta be right  
    No time for games in my life  
I just want this to be special, special

### [Verse 1]

This is like the third time ya said you was through  
I'm beggin' ya back, we loud in the parking lot causin' a scene  
    Campaignin' like the love ain't have no resident here  
        Still I stay all in the cabin  
Although I know we've seen enough of good days and dirt  
You cut me just to nurse me back but damn I'd understand it  
    You gave ya all and I just gave it up  
        Put the truck in ya name  
    Damn ya should've known I was liability  
Ignorin' the ways you would dress for a nigga  
    Express to a nigga I heard jibber and jabber  
My apologies I left the wrong man to conduct  
    Take these jewels for the inconvenience and neglect  
        You expect the worst of it  
But I realize that I owe you more than explaination  
I got my life in a box, what I'm supposin' is a joint account  
It's cash on it, let's take our lil' business and incorporate it  
    It's me and you girl

### [Chorus]

### [Verse 2]

First of all love, your soul caller  
Before me helped create and shape your distorted image  
    See every man don't play or even scrimmage  
        That's a lie but I'm try to be that only one  
            You look to, to make you smile  
                First you need to check my files  
Understand I play the partners sterotypical man  
    An regret the pain I may have left to flame  
My people say "Yo that's a fine girl ya mess with"  
        But I told em' we havin' a mess  
            Ya charm must have calluses from the grip  
                That it has on my heart that I ain't tryin' to rip  
                    But by now we both should know  
                        That it's no longer where ya at but where we tryin' to go  
So do ya background checks so I can pass through these borders

And stamp my name on a lil' man or a daughter  
Come on girl

*[Chorus to end]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Sauce"

(feat. Philly Black)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah  
Hold that, hold that, hold that  
Yo all that, all that tryin'  
Y'all, I told y'all about tryin'  
Tryin' is later on man  
Can we try something for the ladies  
Can we try something for the ladies  
Can we do that De La  
Let's get that goin' on man  
Told y'all about those messages and shit man  
We get to that later man, know what I mean  
Let's just do something for the ladies man  
Let's get a chorus goin' on or something  
Let's pop a chorus off, ya know what I mean  
Let's do that right now, let's get that goin' on  
Let's try that out

I see you real niggas do fake things sometimes  
One of them is grabbin' on his mic to rhymes  
So let us demonstrate the right way ya need to place  
Yo, it's De La up in ya face  
Better yet ya whole scene, here to pull in the green  
With Philly Black

Just layin' back, raisin' my stacks  
Cause how they want it I give it to em' rock or the raw  
Yo it really don't matter son, some hot shit for y'all  
To go cop at the store, I spit, kick at ya jaw  
Leave you on the floor on all fours, you slaw

We burn fast in black flag lands  
Bringin' herds and caravans  
And heat rock rythms, you blink one, two times  
In between I do mines  
Showboat refs, I put y'all niggas on deck

Yeah son y'all faggots are soft  
I been through, carried the torch  
Recognized and done married a dwarf  
So in-laws pay a writer's fee  
My stizzy sets a wiz bitch's eye in me  
Pissy in a rizzy  
Indian wife I flip em' behind reachin' for sobriety  
Blew north, never find me  
Reside in this state of mind  
Keep my temple developmental

Projects, front-line essential  
Reminded of concubines and evil that men do  
Cut off Ginsu, carry a brand new  
Vandle issues, brandin' issues  
Grabbin' tissues, like you didn't know you had it in you

I live it up y'all, givin' you what y'all  
Need and can't call, carry the ball  
Like a spit-kicker should and ya wish ya could  
Hold it down like the digital who stitched the hood  
Better yet the whole globe, light it up like a strobe  
While you froze panicin'  
Went from man to manquin  
We them peaceful rap stars  
That can still jab ya in ya face  
Leave ya shit redder than Mars

The sauce and shit, of course we it  
The flossy shit  
Groundin' beef like Maxwell House  
Go ask the house  
We representatives  
Go call ya Senators  
Change laws in rap, renovate ya landscape  
The man takes for sixteen  
And pull a paragraph up out the tango  
Hangin' like vango  
Water broke flows to c-sec  
You read xecs  
Miscarried the rap, abortin' ya whole fort

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Am I Worth You?"

Ooh, ooh, ooh  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Ooh, ooh yeah

### [Verse 1]

It's a pity that you're so dirty  
Worthy of some Southern hos-pital  
See we them Northern boys with nose and hows  
NYC livin' ain't nothin' like it  
See how me and my peeps fit, we jigsaw  
Sometimes I play big saw to cut the deal  
And we keepin' them bills paid with meals in the mouths of many  
A noble job at Feni  
Money ain't everything but everything makes me want it  
But won't dishonor my name so the claim throwers  
Act like game on the dice on the mic device  
Stay above middle class for life  
Not an easy task but I've grown to love it  
Dub it to tape, why don't you whip a grin  
While I speak to my mens about the world problems  
And girl problems with no immediate way to solve em'  
But I'm on hits

### [Chorus]

I make the best of the life I be with it  
Making the most of the moment among the livin'  
And it feels good  
Being the man that I want to be  
Do what I can cause I refuse to see  
The best of luxury, God's been good to me  
Now I'm asking am I worthy of you, of you  
Am I worthy of you

### [Verse 2]

Pull them quarters down  
I got some things on these nine ounces to vamp  
Me on a mission y'all  
Dug fresh dirt out the ground  
Lookin' for the treasures in life  
A bambino picket fence around the residence  
I wore these shackels here for thirteen years  
But the only real slaves is the ones we record on  
We off all checks and God's blessin'  
Tryin' to own a thousand island like we salad dressin'  
Patience for the main course  
Don't have me in position to remain boss

Cause the man next to the man above the exec  
Don't give a damn if I papered yet  
Sometimes it make me wanna go make a bet  
I did away with knock em' and release some stress  
By any means, these petty greens will only get me stuck in a box  
Doin' a dick shot in Oz, jerkin' off in the J  
But anyway I keep my head on

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

I know people who tippy-toe through they own stompin' ground  
Master not makin' a sound to stay safe  
From the local star renaissance  
And the response is usually the same  
Wishin' like it used to be  
Nothin' in that life is new to me  
We roll like eyes on a ghetto girl  
Brushin' off some no-man cause she's his ghetto pearl  
We into livin' beyond not livin' fads  
Me and my comrads became dads young  
Try to have fun amongst responsibility  
Like fillin' these accounts full  
Got caught up at a party in Bull's  
Sometimes gotta have the nerve to say some rhymes  
Because some minds take offense  
Try to make ya life tense but we still here  
Still gainin' the love, still standin' above most

*[Chorus to end]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Pawn Star"

(feat. Shell Council)

[Male Announcer]

The following explicit content in this song by "Pawn Star"  
Are not necessarily the views expressed by De La Soul  
But they understand

[Female Announcer]

Execute porn star NOW!!!

[1 - People having sex]

[People talking]

Pawn star.....Pawn star

[Shell Council]

Check it, pussy got me wide open, writin' the love notes  
Butt naked, strippin' out of her trenchcoat  
Got me hittin' high notes, pitchin' a deep throat  
Bitch be suckin' niggas car door

[Dave]

Yo, I broke my piggy bank just to see that pussy stank  
Smelly in Africa then Africa, whoa

[Shell Council]

I know like you know when you spendin' them hundred dollar notes  
We box triangles all angles

[Dave]

Yo, throw her on the table Shell

[Shell Council]

No, I tie her with a phone cable [Phone rings]  
Bound her by her wrists and ankles  
I bust right off Pun and Abel

[Dave]

Yo, actin' like we're kidnappers stabbin' the mouth with two dicks  
Take a couple of new flicks

[Shell Council]

Click...click give up the money bitch  
Had her backin' it up, smackin' it up  
Yo, we fucked till the sun came up

[Hook: with 1 in background]

Pawn star, hey there special lady do what you do

Cause I don't care what they say to you  
See you're my pawn star  
You're beautiful to me in every little way  
A very special lady, pawn star  
Rather doggy style than missionary  
You very, very...very, very...very beautiful pawn star  
You're a superstar to me and you came into my life pawn star  
Many years ago you made me feel so good  
You knew that when no one understood  
Cause you're my pawn star  
Haey, hey, hey, hey uh  
And you could never be my wife, trick

*[Shell Council]*  
Yo I reign supreme, champion back off  
Shorty's a five start porner  
Turn tricks, wants some dick inside her  
Work the spread eagle like National Enquirer  
Pussy lips grips the neck of Coke bottles  
And turn style will have you nibblin' on a nickel  
All of a sudden out came the shackel  
Shell ain't go no problem with  
You can be my...

*[Hook with 1 in background]*  
Pawn star...pawn star...pawn star...pawn star

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "What We Do (For Love)"

(feat. Slick Rick)

[Slick Rick talking with "kids"]

[Kid 1] I'm tired

[Kid 2] Me too

[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky

[SR] Hmmm?

[Kid 1] Could you tell us a bedtime story, like you used to?

[SR] Look, don't y'all think y'all too old for that now?

[Kids] No

[SR] Listen, I got an adult question for y'all since y'all  
like...11 now. Y'all ever get horny?

[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky!

[SR] Now I don't mean to sound perverted, but do you ever  
have like sexual urges?

Kids - No!

[SR] No? Well you will, so sit your behind down and listen to  
Uncle Ricky...and De La...tell y'all a grown up story

[Kids] Okay

[Dove]

I remember when Mama spoke of the birds and  
The east side kept me off the curb and  
Betsy Ross was sufferin from the scaredy cat  
Till my man Ricky brought the remedy for that

[Slick Rick]

I massage your mane, coat  
Then part your leg's rope  
And stroke so hard you'll start to smell smoke

[Posdnuos]

Ain't gotta drug problem but a love problem  
But then again that may be one in the same  
I claim possession  
Pull the girl among the eighth like Charlie Heston  
Ride off on the horse and show no remorse

[Slick Rick]

She look niiice  
Honey oriental, brown eyes  
Want friiiiies?  
Chicken, vegetable, fried rice  
And I'm tryin to (get) you to go  
Fast subtraction, grab some  
"Oh don't stop nasty black man"

[Dove]

Man that action had me coughin up cars, keys, and cash  
Just to sniff a fat rabbit I would give my very last

[Chorus (*Slick Rick*)]  
(When nature calls)  
You know them boys will come runnin  
(When nature calls)  
You know them girls don't mind comin  
(When nature calls)  
You know them boys will come runnin  
(When nature calls)  
You know them girls don't mind comin  
Just to get it started, for startin something  
Is what we do to get some lovin  
What we do to get some lovin  
This what we do for love (do for love)  
This what we do for love (for love)  
This what we do for love

[*Dove*]  
You ain't lyin, I  
I 9-5 it, more like 12-12  
Can't get the thought off (sex)  
From off my mental shelf

[*Slick Rick*]  
I'm like Bruce Lee  
Beatin up the cootchie profusely  
My tomboy chicks that act a little to butchy  
Recieve this (uh)  
When my semen ceases  
They'll be screamin out, "We love bein the female species"

[*Phone dialing*]  
Hello?  
Veronica, it's Dove.  
Uh, I think you got the wrong number  
What?  
Veronica, your baby's crying.  
Yo, chill  
Baby?  
Whatever yo, later.

[*Dove*]  
For the past two summers I been sizin up Veronica  
Southern belle, I heard she blow notes like a harmonica  
Yamacas couldn't satisfy her spendin fetishes  
She was all about gettin the head like she was lettuces

[*Posdnuos*]  
Yah, them types be actin like they ain't sleazy

[*Slick Rick*]

Like this uptown chick playin opposite of easy  
Delighted, the honey fly difficult, couldn't knife it

Tiiight

Seen the imprint on honey's private  
Now she's love sick  
Ruler Rick scoress agaaaaain

*[Posdnuos]*

Sex present itself like trophies I'm out to win  
And it's easier to claim with the fame I've obtained  
Her mommy was a liar, she's so ashamed

*[Chorus]*

*[Slick Rick]*

Well, I got this rude boy Jamaican honey at the rest home  
Complete with yellow hair and Cinderella dress on  
Whatever  
Been around, stuck her till she poppin bout  
"Hey take your blood clot finger off me bottom"  
Anyway, another dime I met one time  
I'm kiiind, chick in the world, butt fine  
And her, structure pumpin, told her  
Gotcha mumblin bout  
"Slow down, what you tryin to rupture somethin?"

*[Posdnuos]*

I don't bug out, I chill  
Never copped a feel  
But these pretty ass girls come and flaunt in the grill  
Big ass eyes, with the matchin big ass thighs  
Asked her if she spare a moment to exchange some lies  
"But you got a girlfriend"

*[Slick Rick]*

Yah trick, so do you  
And I heard there's no preference in what gender ya do

*[Posdnuos]*

So stop playin so squeaky clean  
And let the dirty side see me later  
So we can play 'away from the navy'

*[Dove]*

So stuck on the love you rearranging behaviors  
Second episode, and you returnnin oral favors  
Buyin up groceries  
Searchin for hosiery  
Holdin hands publicity  
And now you supposed to be  
Mr. and Mrs. huh, lovin and kisses huh?  
But while you away is when the milkman'll visit her  
Dear to the heart, we dearly depart the fallen

So skip the games ma, I stay tuned to the calling

*[Chorus x3]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Peer Pressure"

(feat. B Real)

[Jay Dee]

Uh uh uh

Everywhere I go (What? What happens?)

People ask me (What, what)

Yo Dilla, you smoke weed (No doubt)

And I just tell 'em yeah!

Two weeks later, they smokin' weed

That's what I'm talkin' about

I ain't here to tell you not to smoke weed

Everybody get high

I'm here to apply the pressure

You, you, you and you

You and you (Especially you)

Come down to the Dee

I got some shit that'll blow ya mind

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

[Dave]

Yo, what up my nigga (Yeah, what up with your world)

Ain't shit, just got off the cell with this girl (Was up with ya'll?)

Yeah B you know what we about to do (What the hey)

Come on nigga puff it too, yeah right

[B-Real]

Honey draws bees like dookie draws flies

Just like the weed draws me to get high

Now I'm not tryin' to bend ya arm

I just want you to take a hit off the bong

That's all (Just one hit man)

[Pos]

Come on cool it, I'm not foolish

Quit pullin' my leg baitin' me like cod

My name ain't Craig and I ain't lost my job

Don't mind bein' odd from out the bunch

And y'all cornerin' me ain't stoppin' me from doin' it

(Nigga, puffin' so bad, why everybody doin' it?)

Man everybody doin' it (Yo come take a puff, style is real)

[B-Real]

Let it take ya whole style and feel

(Go ahead with that man)

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure  
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)  
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)  
I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)  
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[Dave]

Come on

Y'all are actin' like this shit is supposed to raise me to the clouds

[B-Real]

Shit the clips we smokin' on would make Bob Marley proud  
And he was one of the illest

[Dave]

Shit one of the illest ever  
He smoked mad trees and still remained clever  
I guess ya right

[B-Real]

Ain't no need to guess, put it to the test  
Ask ya questions alphabetically

[Pos]

OK, hypothetically if I did take a hit  
Do I necessarily need to be tastin' on your spit?  
I mean shit I ain't shared a straw since the fourth grade

[B-Real]

Yeah, but don't you know chicks like to smoke and get laid?  
Don't be a dunce it ain't gonna hurt you once  
Quit bein' a punk, go ahead and hit the fuckin' blunt

[Dave]

But will it take a long time to recover  
(Depends on the brother or sis who's puffin')  
Hey yo stop that bluffin' like you givin' a survey  
And let us serve the hay  
To get yo mind aligned to the ways

[B-Real]

Of the master

[Pos]

Man I seen a cast a spell  
To many brain cells and sane cells  
A lead to fulfill wants and needs  
I heard it's like a gateway to doin' more than weed

[B-Real]

Man I love my relationship, I'm no quitter

Mary Jane's my first love and I'ma stick with her

[Pos]

But won't I feel paranoid?

[Dave]

All ya questions is void unless ya try

Come on man for once get high

[B-Real]

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[B-Real]

Hey you don't gotta do anything that ya don't wanna

But it's not gonna change you or ruin your persona

[Pos]

Yeah but what if I can't stop

Shit I ain't with bein' no addict (Cut that shit out)

[B-Real]

Man, please tell him to stop bein' so dramatic

Just take a hit and let the weed do the trick

[Pos]

But will this make me sick

[B-Real]

Come on, quit actin' like a bitch

I can blaze the weed and you can make excuses

Now ya gonna smell the smoke my greenest weed produces

You'd probably like the smell too, ya probably wouldn't admit it

You'd probably wanna hit too (Come on man quit it)

Ya clearly in denial (Yo this shit ain't my style)

How do you know come on, let us give you a trial

Let us put chu' at ease with these trees

With the power to heal, put cha' mind at peace

Yeah, increase the level of the highness

Minus the stress accumulatin' through ya blindness

(Come on man hit this shit)

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

*[Jay Dee]*

Let me say something

If you just started smokin' (Please don't smoke too much)

But uh to all my smokers (Smoke enough)

Yeah, let's get 'em

Apply pressure, apply the pressure

Apply pressure, let's get 'em y'all

Apply pressure

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Trying People"

*[Intro: A friend's voicemail to Dave]*

Dave, whattup man?  
It's me  
Umm.. just callin to see, if possible, if you have any  
time today or within the next couple of days  
If, if, you're in the studio.. or if you're at home.. or car, whatever  
That song.. that.. it's called trying or something, Mase  
was tellin me that I needed to hear?  
He said it was amazing  
Whoo.. the way he was talkin.. man I wanna hear it!

*[Dave]*

Am I just another lost in the pack?  
We for shack ship, you know laugh it off  
Years just blow by  
My eyes stay fixed but the picture's kinda outta focus  
I cry a lot but admit to it  
Enjoyin life now but I've been through it  
Sometimes I wish that I can go back  
No bills no kids just getting tore back  
I want a wife, I love women  
How could I front like I don't be in love wit em?  
A li'l man that I can teach  
A li'l sand but not the beach  
I figure excess'll only bring an excessive amount of fussin  
So when I'm gone, make sure the head stone reads, "He did it for us"  
I'm like your modern day Jesus  
I cherish warm thoughts like a gray goose  
And float soft kisses to my baby  
(yo ain't that Dave's little girl?)  
Yeah, respect her for that  
She gon be somebody  
Instead of somebody-baby-mama  
You see young minds are now made of armor  
I'm tryin to pop a hole in your Yankee cap  
Absorb me  
The skies over your head aint safe no more  
And Hip Hop aint your own  
And if it is then you fuckin up the crib son  
You make life look like I don't wanna live one  
You might as well hold your breath until you die in a  
corner somewhere bent over in the crevice  
This God Theory overcomes the worst of weathers  
As long as you willin to try, you on a good start homie  
.. you on a good start.. see nigga tryin

*[Chorus: Dave & Children]*

[Dave] People are you ready?  
[Children] Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready?  
We wanna be ready!

Ready for the change that may approach you?  
Yes!

Follow down the path that you supposed to?  
Yes!

People are you ready?  
Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready to try?  
We wanna try harder!

You know mistakes are trials that we learn from?  
Yes!

I order to live life, you must earn one?  
Yes!

People are you ready?

[Pos]

Throughout my change to grow, Some of my people got left behind  
They didn't listen for the gun, as I leaped from off the line  
Thirteen years deep in this marathon I'm runnin  
Paid dues and still got bills to pay  
When I came back around the way  
Old friends gave me dead eyes  
and fake smiles, half wide  
We were supposed to rid the world of danger  
These days we nod heads and small talk like polite strangers  
It's natural to fall off, just land close to the tree  
I'll be there if they need me to be  
and I know all my local shorties  
cuz they all know who I am  
and latey wanna flip grammar instead of grams  
Like that's the only choice they got  
They tell me how they gonna shake up the game  
but came to me to see if I could give em guidance for change  
Shit y'all, I need guidance myself  
and I chisel right words to make gems  
Got fans around the world, but my girl's no one of em  
And my relationship's a big question  
Cuz my career's a clear hindrance to her progression  
Said she needs a man and our kids need a father  
I'm not at all ready to hear her say don't bother  
And break

And this I know I can't take  
but uhh  
C. Smith said to hold on  
My brother Luck said to hold on  
My nigga Dave said to hold on  
My nigga Mase said to hold on  
Yo, Maseo, we need to hold on  
Eh, yo, y'all we need to hold on

*[Chorus: Pos & Children]*

*[Pos]* People are you ready?  
*[Children]* Yes we're ready!

Well, what you wanna be?  
We wanna be ready!

Do you wanna lose hate for love?  
Yes!

Do you wanna see these gates above?  
Yes!

I said people are you ready?  
Yes we're ready!

But are you willing to try?  
We wanna try harder!

Do you really wanna carry some weight?  
Yes!

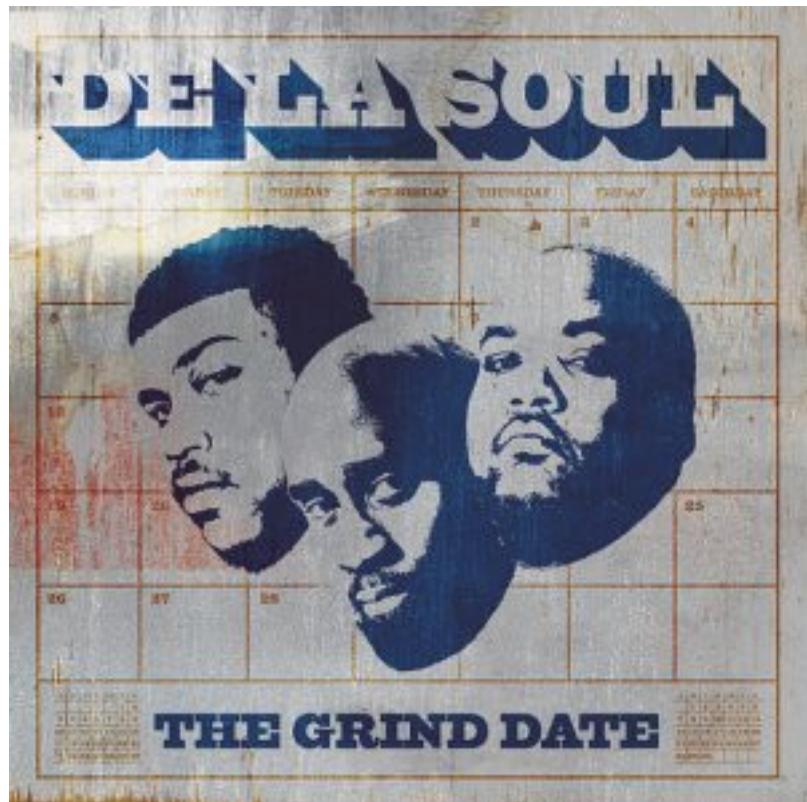
Are you ready to design your fate?  
Yes!

Yo, people are you ready?  
Yes we're ready!

Well what you wanna be?  
We wanna be ready!..

*[outro: AOI computer honey]*

Operation complete. Preparing for.. Installment three



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Future"

[1:24 long intro saying "we are the future" repeatedly]

[Intro: sampled vocals]

We are singing, you this message  
Through our music, reaching for a, brave and brighter  
new tomorrow, is the future  
We must make it, safe and happy, for the children  
Or... or... they will be lost  
Or... or... they will be lost

[Pos]

Aiyyo I jump back, put the aim on my shot  
It's mandatory, handle glory over with the rock  
I'm not a rough guy but a tough guy to beat over drums  
No son to this, I'm a rhyme bastard  
Some mastered the art of cash, but not the part that lasts  
and disappear after doin two albums  
We're not your normal team and we still do ours to fit  
hope inside this, don't define it's  
quits for those who oppose the new  
Playin they've outgrown rap like a size 5 shoe  
Oh they all [?] now, alternative touch  
were surprised, no demise for us  
We on the rise to bust big, how you fig' we couldn't  
Never run out of verbs for you to sip, I told you we wouldn't  
I never popped Crist' or popped fists, girl named Chrissie  
was the first, which made it even worse not to miss me

[sampled vocals]

Or... or... they will be lost (the future)  
Or... or... they will be lost (the future)

[Dave]

So do you understand it now? Well try standin over  
seven box sets, reppin sixteen years  
This rap career ain't work, it's the life in-between  
bedtime 'til the next said time and date  
Know the name and salute them dudes  
Put the nutrient in rap when they cook them foods  
Gotta be like eighteen million heads served  
Shit, imagine if there wasn't no us huh?  
So I'd like to take the time to shout out the JB's  
Next on my list is A Tribe Called Quest  
Latifah my Queen, Monie Love, Dres and Mr. Lawnge  
Chi-Ali, on your head God bless  
Never ring chasin, the permanent tat  
in this rap shit, y'all are just temporary lick-ons

Fadin in the days to come  
While the name De La and the legacy built lives on

*[sampled vocals]*

We are singing (sing it out now)  
you this message (sendin you a message y'all)  
Through our music (through the music)  
reaching for a, brave and brighter new tomorrow  
(another day y'all) is the future (it's the future)  
(it's the future) We must make it (we gotta make it)  
safe and happy, for the children (for the children)

You little brats

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Verbal Clap"

"You out there? Louder!  
Well clap your hands to what he's doing  
On tempo Jack"

### [Posdonus]

NYC gave you the ball, so how you gonna hate us?  
We creators of them East coast stars  
If you ask me I'll tell you there's no comp  
But I'm still humble, even though I will crumble halls  
Some call 'em songs, I call 'em words from me  
that take long to cook  
So some feel free in sayin that we don't hunger for beats  
Not that we not hungry, just picky in what we eat  
Keep food off the mind and keep weight off the body  
All you gotta do is keep my name out your mouth  
And stop frownin like you hostile  
You know that it's a booger rubbin up against your nostril  
Nigga how you figure you can play this rap game without the backbone?  
It's Maseo, Dave, Wonder Why, givin what you lack holmes

### [Dave]

Aiyyo prepare yo'self for the Neutron, bitch!  
This is eighty-six, let that neo-rap go  
We present these flares to put fire to your ears  
to lay smoke like rusty exhaust pipes  
We run mics, let Sean run the marathon  
Yo raise that money son, we raisin these kids  
Get claps when curtains close, stage left  
Up your stamina baby, bring some breath  
SAT book smart, part ese  
Loc'in like Tone, street niggaz get grown  
Acquire more couth before you get poofed  
Or get some shells sent over to your mic booth  
Excuse, my delivery, but when peace don't work  
see this piece gon' work, cock aim and SHOOT!  
It's my constitutional right to bear arms  
Arms and bare hands on mics, make fans unite  
Woodstock and white folks involved  
Black man get on yo' job!

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing  
On tempo Jack"

### [Chorus x2: De La Soul]

Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes  
(put, all, the things aside)  
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes

(put, all, the things aside)

*[Posdonus]*

The heavyweight L.I. brother with no date, of expiration  
On this fate on the mic, them birthday keep comin  
I'm hated on by niggaz I love most  
So what threat could you possibly pose when I'm on your coast?  
So raise your guns or your glasses  
Either way there'll be a toast in the air  
Markin the return of bare minimums you need to learn  
Get your verbs right when you down to clap

*[Dave]*

See that gun powder calibre rap'll tip hats like gentlemen do  
Smash tenements and skyscrapers  
Bow-tie papers stacked high  
Pay the resident tax or get your street swept  
Front row, backstage or the cheap seats  
I (Dodge) ricochets like (Ram) trucks, you slow poke to pull it  
And I sup-pose you wanna top the Billboard chart  
Man I toast these rhymes and then pop like Pop-Tarts

*[Chorus]*

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing"

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Much More"

(feat. Yummy)

"And what we have is much more than they can see"  
[scratched:] "ladies and gentlemen" - "here we go again"

[DJ Premier]

No doubt, y'all care anymore, about this hip-hop man?  
I mean, how far will you punk motherfuckers go  
for 15 seconds of fame? Microwave popcorn-ass niggaz  
Yeah, we give you much more, longevity baby  
Aiyyo Dave

[Dave]

Yo! It's been instilled in me since infinite y'all  
Usin these minutes like I value the call  
Put your money in the bank, and hold rank  
over friends who ain't got leadership skills  
I got the sheep in my eyes so I can't sleep  
We like the, land and laid, the brand old way  
Grand operate the scandal way, L.I. sheist  
I play the X-Box instead of fuckin with dice  
I hate losin to those who walk away with my dough  
cause I dozed, Tracy broke me  
And now she wanna see the resident provokin me  
to pop wheelies on my bicycyle, watch her eyes twinkle  
One house, two houses, third house  
House rules so house take bank, watch Dave bank  
Banner had 'em on the hawk since Atlanta extravaganza  
Gamma ray rap I make the Hulk snap  
Jump back like James Brown, hey now  
When the liquor over we smokin the hay now  
Delegatin numero dos, I holla out the sound of los  
And keep the Island close to me

[Chorus: Yummy]

Much more is what we got in store  
Just believe me  
"And what we have is much more than they can see"  
Much more than they can see  
is how it'll always be, believe me (gotta believe)  
"And what we have is much more than they can see"

[Posdonus]

I got verb skills, babies and bills, brothers who smoke krills  
and still tryin to get himself together from it  
Knowin he can't quite run it like me  
I'm on the cutting edge of what's alleged to be, hot  
And when you rock, it's just impersonations of me

The rightest MC, MP with the V in the middle  
I belittle your plan, courtesy, of NY dirty C my man  
My base of fans are made up of many; with kids allergic  
to belts lettin they mind melt from drinkin the Henny  
And them straight and narrow types who be waitin to hear  
them drums say the revolution is near - are you listening?  
Are your eardrums open for christening?  
We God Body MC's with these tools  
While some others play God, they just God damn fools with it  
I don't cuff mics, I rough mics up rough and rugged  
Get the girls to love it  
Still and all five-oh came to my mic check  
Tellin me I left lacerations around my mic's neck  
Domestically disputed and you just might get  
the undisputed underdog servin y'all threat

*[Chorus: 4X w/ ad libs]*

"And what we have is much more than they can see"  
"And what we have is much more than they can see.."

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Shopping Bags (She Got From You)"

(We not goin to JC Penney's, we not goin to Macy's either)

*[Chorus: Daniel Wallace]*

Shopping bags they weigh down her arm  
Popping tags and collars her charm  
All them things she got, she got from you  
All them things she got, she got from you  
Manolo and Prada's her style  
Louis, Burberry by the pile  
All them things she got, she got from you  
All them things she got, she got from you

*[Posdonus]*

Yo she know you come to do it, so what'cha want  
Candelight might flick at'cha  
Put your credit card to it, she know what to flaunt  
Her handle tight like a master  
She used to taunt on the runway, yeah she's down to tree  
The avenue like her catwalk  
Struck a bit to the gunplay, that housing street  
looks to die for, ask that chalk man for yo' hand  
Spend it, you live to show  
All the cash that you can burn  
What you need is to end it, cause you give the dough  
But get no ass back in return (HA, HA HA)  
Stay laughin, straight at you dog  
Best believe, you wastin time  
Don't deny what's happenin, just clear the fog  
And achieve you a peace line, yo it goes like

*[Chorus: 1/2]*

*[Daniel Wallace]*

She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it  
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

*[Dave]*

Her frame goes beyond thick, she got you stunned  
Livin it up off the pop hits  
Like a dame on a Bond flick, she's not the one  
To give it up 'til you cop shit  
Just because she's stacked right, she got your soul  
Her every wish you now obey  
You should be on that actright, but she got control  
She say jump you scream, "OKAY! I'M RELOADED!"  
Nigga you shootin blanks  
Tryin to front like you got game

Her crib is sugar coated, like she lootin banks  
But it's your wallet she done claimed  
When the limit of your plastic, reaches the end  
You start payin for your time  
She'll be in it for the last bit, of money to spend  
(HA, HA HA) And you'll be left with dimes  
While she fillin up

*[Chorus]*

*[Daniel Wallace]*  
She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it  
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

*[ad libs and chickenheads to fade]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Grind Date"

If the meek shall inherit the earth  
and not the weak  
let me inherit the street, fuck it  
you know what I mean?  
I mean I love life man, you know what I mean  
life is beautiful, it's just the shit in it that's fucked up  
it's rough but it's fair  
people gotta go out there and bust they, bust they ass for a job  
I mean, my dad's got five kids, man and I mean yo  
he hates drivin' a bus but he loves five kids  
you feel me?

I'm a rhyme artist  
out here tryin' to grind my hardest  
up early so to milk the cow  
keep my john deere out here plowin' the fields  
to keep my john hancock's worth up in the now  
went from hangin' on blocks to hangin' on charts  
positions is parta my mission to hangin' on top  
gotta get your polly cracker or with them crackers  
and them scheisty ass niggaz if you like it or not  
I've been rewired to work more efficiently in the dirt  
I'm hands on with it all up in my cuticles  
some try to get off the farm but fell into harm  
of gettin in the game of those street pharmaceuticals  
but, I was raised in those blue collar themes  
havin' white collar dreams cause I see what it means  
and though the meek shall inherit the earth but don't forget  
the poor are the ones who inherit the debt  
you can bet I got better things to do than that  
I was a dick who got jerked by Tom and his boys  
came on my land, seized my cattle, and catalog  
as if it wouldn't leave me less than coy  
but I'm far from bitter even farther from quittin'  
got a grind date to make, no time for sittin'  
and playin' xbox, stand up and exercise my rights  
as of by seen of through masta's eye  
it's the grind date  
know what I'm sayin? I'm sick of askin' that  
I mean, the street philosophy is that  
I'm gonna milk the cow and cook the meat  
at least I'm gonna have some kind of food and drink  
because sometimes you can't come back  
like momma said that if you need 5 cents don't ask for 3  
ask for 10, that's for sure  
Yo fuck a rhyme artist, I ain't here for that  
I was born with the boom bap, respect the name

my hands on experience was hands on my first contract  
taught me quick how to respect the game  
introduced to the block, got used to the block  
but your neighbors be the ones who throw shit on your lawn  
it's like every single time we pop, they got annoyed  
but we got ahead, and we got along  
and puttin' work on the calendars, worse on them calendars  
worth of hump days that broke the camel's back  
the grind'll make today look gray  
and paint a tainted picture of tomorrow's in enamel black  
meet the rhyme, street grind, son whatever the beast  
I'm a take it at the horns till the pinky toe torn  
and show you why we here this long  
cause when it comes to puttin' in work  
once again it's on  
I'm just like everybody else man  
an average nigga with above average potential  
you know what I mean? I'm not sayin' that I'm a gentleman  
I'm sayin that I know how to act like a gentleman  
in order to get the things that I need  
and if I gotta pull out my nickle bag, I'm gonna do that  
This ain't no accident, we stayin' here  
You damn right I am proud of myself man  
and I'm proud of my team man  
I don't want you to get the wrong, yo baby on the real?  
I don't have sex with people I do business with neither  
and that's the real  
but I do do business with people that I have sex with  
so if there ain't no conflict, let's get this grind on  
cause I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, that's word

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Church"

(feat. Spike Lee)

[Spoken Intro: Spike Lee]

Peace - this is Spike Lee

A.k.a. Shelton Jackson Lee

A.k.a. loving husband and father  
of Tonya and Satchel and Jackson

I'm here with De La Soul

A.k.a. De La, a.k.a. The Plugs

We're about to get in this song, "Church"

A.k.a. "It's Reality"!

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo, wake up! Wipe the sleep from ya eyecracks

It's time to focus y'all, fix ya I-MAX

In other words, listen to the brother's words

Ingest these anecdotes with HOPE

and ya ass, may learn how to COPE

It's not always good just to get by

Who's coverin' ya stakes when ya bet high?

You're cha-sin', cars, clothes and rocks

Identify with the goods you got

Make sure it's V-S-One, not

and perfect, leavin' you one clear

I really don't care to see ya tattoos there

I'd rather see you graduate the school year

Black folk, go put a book in ya face

But first give the hook a taste

Bring the preacher in!

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!

We comin' healin'! {It's real!}

It's real! {It's real!} It's real!

It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal! Heal, y'all!

We comin' healin'! {It's real!}

It's real! {It's real!} It's real!

It's realer than real, realer than real

[Verse 2]

It's a sick world that we live in, let some tell it

Some put it in books, some yell it

You need to make your own choice, be your own voice

Set ya soap-box up, let your talk fight

Pull ya socks up, get ya walk right

Or the chalk might outline ya one day

You oughta try steppin' outside you one day  
You circle round yourself like you the answer  
To the question of your inner son  
But keep ya falsehoods to a minimum (minimum [echoes])

We all need a little church  
A life update, keyword - update  
If they don't serve change, don't bite the bait  
Instead'a givin' you a share, servin' you a dish  
I lead you to the water, show you how to fish  
Ain't nothin' wrong makin' that bread wid'it  
But don't let the bread get to ya head, geddit?  
Admit it, when you can't stand alone  
I wanna stand up, give all the pretend up  
And get a full blast of my demands of  
the rhyme runner said the man's come  
There's something in our words that reveal (reveal [echoes])  
Sho 'nough real!

[Hook]

Heal y'all! We come to heal!  
So let it heal you! {It's real!} It's real!  
(It's real!) It's real!  
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We gonna heal it!  
So let it heal! {It's real!} It's real!  
{It's real!} So real!  
It's realer than real, for real, for real

[Verse 3]

The early bird gets the worm in this rotten apple  
But explore deep and you will the find the seed  
Plant more ether, get your mind free  
We roll passionate, put your lights last in it  
You're holdin fear too close, unfasten it!  
And like old age invades youth  
In invade falseness with truth  
Replace rebelling with rebirth  
Face new dwelling, that's your turf  
Lean back and put your feet up on the sofa  
Relax! (Relax! [echoes]) learn how to punch back  
And do your work to the max  
The payoff's much sweeter than the payback  
Even the haysack needle wouldn't play that  
So let's pray at, church (church [echoes])

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!  
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}  
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!  
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We comin' healin'  
So let it heal! {It's real!}  
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!  
It's realer than real, realer than real

*[Backing Singers]*  
*[Repeat until beat fades]*  
Realityyyyyyy!  
Realityyyyyy-eeeeeeeeeee-reeeeaaall!

*[harmonizing and clapping to fade]*

*[Spoken outro]*  
You know what I mean? Rap outsold crack  
You know, so rap....or hip-hop culture  
however you wanna dice it, you know what I'm sayin'  
it's the most powerful drug there is, man  
it changed corporate America, it changed the way you feel about me  
it change the way I, I do my thing now  
Busta was the one who came out, on the award show and said that  
hip-hop provides jobs for people who don't even love the shit  
I mean, come one man, I mean what else is there to say?!

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "It's Like That"

(feat. Carl Thomas)

[Dave]

It's like, New York without a New York yanks  
Better yet, New York without the New York franks  
It's like hot summers without no A.C  
Or never hitting numbers when you go to A.C  
It's like six years of your life, go ask Rob  
I'm like "Yo how is it?" he like "It's like hard"  
Trying for that queen but you nothing but a man  
You wanna keep it clean but you can't  
Why it gotta be, like, that  
And what the life, see life is like a J shot  
Shooters son, they got  
One point one second, you half court  
I'm feeling the adrenaline like you half court  
Like pink slips and dipping these ink tips to paper  
Imagine if we fuck around and lose Hip-hop  
Imagine if it didn't exist  
Imagine nothing shining your wrist  
See, imagining to you is a risk  
But think about it, like no chrome rims  
And tims would be construction boots (ill)  
We probably wouldn't even substitute (ill)  
For words we use defining our likes  
I'm coal mining these mics  
To keep that gold nugget like Dave Megget  
Giant like a motherfucker, like Dave said it  
But ya ain't listening, ya paper gon' stack  
Why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dat  
Dat, dadadat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat

[Chorus: Carl Thomas]

Just running, running, fast as I can  
I'm trying to be a person but I gotta be the man  
If I, can't stand the life that I'm in  
I gotta keep running 'cause I'm still gon' win  
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)  
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)

[Posdonus]

It's like, Slick Rick without the eye patch  
More like, saying slick shit you won't catch  
It's like bed time without your PJ's  
Or no fed timing in out the PJ's  
It's like, one minute you got it, then you broke

Like what I do with it? I copped a few with it  
Looking like a problem, but you won't get it solved  
    You working but you won't get the job  
    It's like, who would of thought (thought)  
        It you would of bought (bought)  
        Into my religion you'd be more like God  
But you were steady swimming so you more like cod  
See these fools is fish scale, converting to ish male  
    See I see it like, A alike, B alike  
    I was taught, if you play alike, be alike  
    How they don't see it for one to go pop  
        And this is how you treat Hip-hop?  
Imagine if you didn't have that phantom chrome sitting on a curb nigga  
    The word nigga wouldn't be a bit disturbing nigga  
        See them roots are like begging for the rain  
        You entering my kingdom just a begging for the reign  
            Putting shit stain to paper  
Ink pain feeling like fifty-five licks on a slave niggaz back  
    And not a one of y'all stopping to hate  
        But why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dat, dat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dat, dat  
Dadadat, dadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat, dat

*[Chorus x2]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "He Comes"

(feat. Ghostface)

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

*[Posdonus]*

Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown

Drown you like terrible weather

Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly Simon

Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rymin

To all - rise and shine - give God the glory

I already give a percent of mine to Bert & Cory

And still got bills and employees to pay

So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of my days

My ways of control is hard to swallow

Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow behind

Sorry to dis-appoint, but dis joint's mine

Dis-play your indie but say no -

- more or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo

- to the dirt - and edit the clip and lost Kano

My mens wear problems like Timbs

See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win

Scores to settle, crews to crush

You rush right in to see him do it with a smile

It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin my celebrity status

From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all

I was told to step righteous, so when it's done

everyone will say I stepped right

And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop

shinin his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

*[Dave]*

Aiyyo I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff straight up

Dazzle and razzlin broads like I'm little Juan Magic

Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop

Top drama every time these commas don't drop

Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth  
to shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball

Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six

I circumcise the track, you just a dick - overlapped and hooded

Skin repeated like Stutterin John

I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop

George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet  
in a place she believes, much better than your lies

She say she lookin better in my eyes, bullshit!

Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin to fuck

I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby  
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills paused me  
Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes  
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time  
When God is an non pos', you stand to download  
Demanded like slaves on trial - we want free  
Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC  
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs  
through my veins since cable with the wired remote  
Woodgrainin like you wired his float

*[Interlude: Ghostface]*

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul  
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years old  
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our flow  
A group of kids so original

*[Ghost]* You heard?

*[Interlude]*

*[Ghostface Killah]*

Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got 'em  
We kiss cannons for Scraelous crew, and his whack dancers  
Bitin is forbidden pah, pay that tax  
And don't you ever look at us funny - boy, we'll bring rap back  
And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group of men  
with dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in  
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn  
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds  
Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics  
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets  
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the PA  
and just lay whooptay whooptay?  
Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee  
Since tunin into T-La Rock'n AJ  
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ  
Girls you can go cruisin in my OJ

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Days Of Our Lives"

(feat. Common)

*[Common]*

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh

*[Chorus: De La (Common)]*

*[Dave]* Yo how the days of your life go Com? (I'm just tryin to be)

*[Pos]* That's it? (Stayin focused so my mind is free)

*[Dave]* Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

*[Dave]* If tomorrow come now (it might be too soon)

*[Pos]* Too soon?

*[Common]*

I want the boom in the back of the truck

Ain't nuttin the matter with a good dude havin a buck

With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays

We break it down in these three ways, yo

These days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly

To the East, lookin for pieces of a better me

Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me

Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celery

Hell and I do sometimes, still the sunshine ain't even all day

(Yeah) The life of a baller, ain't even all play

I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must

I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the bus

Even when I don't have enough, still in God I trust

Said baby you're a star

Said I'm on the car, seen the jiggliest of stars

become dust, and one love become lust for the papers

Had you gassed now that - gas became vapors

Tricked your cash on ice; shoulda had acres

Now your, empire fell like the Lakers

So you're talkin to your maker

It's the nature of the business, they givin niggaz inches

Takin miles and mules, it's the wildest rules

I'm tryin to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes

Makin music that the crowds can use

*[Chorus: Pos, Com (Dave)]*

*[Dave]* Yo how the days of your life go Dave? (With sunshine and shade)

*[Com]* That's it? (Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid)

*[DeLa]* Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

*[DeLa]* If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)

*[Pos]* Too soon?

*[Dave]*

I want twenty-four plus on these

Put the pinto engine and the bus on these  
I get that first class seat to escape the days  
We break it down in these three ways

Check the life I got that antidote, canteloupe scent, bent back  
in the sunroom froze, put your flick on pause (and pop a cork)  
There's no occasion nigga it's just because  
I'm celebratin for a hell of a day  
Get these barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black  
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back  
We them freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists  
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist  
Everyday script, I exercise cheek  
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak (ha)  
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map  
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris [?]  
Kiss back, watchin time - wrist back  
Every second count but just finish this lap  
You gamble on your life like casino slots  
and cash out and still walk with a knot

*[Chorus: Com, Dave (Pos)]*

*[Com]* Yo how the days of your life goes Merce? (Man I'm just holdin my head)  
*[Dave]* That's it? (Shit, I'm also tryin to hold this bread)  
*[DeLa]* Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons  
*[DeLa]* If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)  
*[Dave]* Too soon?

*[Posdonus]*

I furnished the rooms, and mortgage on these  
See them quittin ass rappers caused a shortage on these  
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise  
We break it down in these three ways

My moms died from secondhand smoke; so I wish yo' ass would die  
from them secondhand rhymes you wrote  
Or shall I call them second rhymes - written seconds 'fore you enter the booth  
Words thrown together with very little truth  
And a select few can do it (true) you ain't part of them scriptures  
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture  
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick  
Or dishin in the mouth of your dame around my dick  
Ladies and gentlemen, introducin Workmatic  
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is "MY LIFE"  
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours  
and, good months and bad years and with my peers  
we struggle to juggle the shit  
Family life and the music game don't easily fit  
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour three rap whores  
and scores of scandal, even more than we can handle  
Sometimes, the rhymes I say  
Is the fly the currency to save the day  
Can't turn it away, cause we out

to find presennce way beyond our measure, so baby don't pout

*[Common]*

Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out  
Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out  
Don't pout..

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Come On Down"

(feat. Flava Flav)

*[Flava Flav]*

Look man! You're botherin me G

I got shit to do right now, aight?

This is for De La Soul, y'knahmsayin?

Word up I got shit to do you test tube baby! *[laughing]*

Check one two, check one two

De La Soul, is now back on the map

Long Island, is now back on the map

Good rap music, is now back on the map

Yo check one two, this is the voice of yours truly the Flava Flav

And I just want y'all to know, we ain't goin nowhere

Old school is here to stay BOY!

*[Posdonus (Flava Flav)]*

On the outskirts, of what works

Live those who go for broke, and merk to get merked

Live by the sword and die by the semi

Not part of my ways, but stays right in my

N.Y. mentality for me to be the best

The current, the ones who weren't

pressed, to confess lies over hot joints

to sell to all who wanna hear some

(Young'uns these days got fireproof eardrums!)

They don't give a SHIT who's hot

Just long as you're not, pussy, and be the would-be King

But once crowned, the same wanna pull you down

(And what makes the world go 'round!!)

And I be the world renowned Wonder Why

Wonderin why you can't stand me

Is it because I'm the main Jackson

and y'all just Titos and Randys? (Yes, it is!)

Bless the kid who hold his own head and expect to last

At the same time, I want respect and cash

And a few paragraphs in them books

Tellin you how us Native Tongues made hits with no hooks

Rapped in every prefixes, gave birth to rap remixes back in '88

No disrespect to Diddy just settin it straight

Instead of zig-zaggin, got a degree in braggin

My daughter says I'm a teen, cause like a teen

my pants always saggin and I walk with a bop

The *[?]* part of my time, I walked from my pop

No longer on timey and was never on Loud

But cooked rhymes that make the Chefs of Wu proud

I'm top cloud to rain on your show

And still "anything goes when it comes to hoes" because

*[Flava Flav]*

Music (c'mon) New York (c'mon) Detroit (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Miami (c'mon) L.A. (c'mon) Vegas (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Boston (c'mon) Tucson (c'mon) Long Island (c'mon) c'mon down!  
V.A. (c'mon) Portland (c'mon) Chi-Town (c'mon) c'mon down!

*[Dave (Flava Flav)]*

Make you shake like, sunshine, naked shoe was once mine  
Had bottom inner drawers and used to hit it from the mids  
Fix your playground player or some kids'll  
come stomp in your sandbox, swollen hands cocked back  
No knives, no drama, no guns  
No disrespectin your seed or Ma Dukes  
I puke rhyme and you laugh, take a sniff  
of these fricaseed raps on Caribbean riffs  
See last night's change was today's dough money  
No time for your freestyles so roll money  
No more whack albums with two joints  
No more ballplayin rappers who shoot ya two points  
(No more G cause I'm sick of your hip-hop!)  
Your flows bore like seashores with no bitches  
Switchhittin niggaz will receive no pitches  
No diamonds on the field, just keep the game real  
simple, see the God flows healthy  
Wealth in the mind is like money in the bank  
Exchange cash like thoughts in conversation  
Thank you for your purchases, we dough out  
and roll out the Kool-Aid, [?] see us pimp strut  
Ain't really pimpin, I'm tryin to catch the bus  
The Krush Groove ain't got shit on Cold Crush!  
We dolly dolly babies cause we shootin cats  
'Back to the Future' rap with Doc Brown shotgunning it  
And pantyhose your whole style and start runnin it  
You dudes fiddle while we stay on the cello  
The mush-in-your-room son, we stay portobello  
Can't settle for the same picket white fence  
I got dreams of barbed wire in front of factories pa  
Still push the truck with the factories pa  
I'm bound to wreck the whip and turn insurance out, make 'em shout

*[Flava Flav]*

D.C. (c'mon) Oakland (c'mon) U.K. (c'mon) c'mon down!  
New Orleans (c'mon) Little Rock (c'mon) B-More (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Memphis (c'mon) Utah (c'mon) Jersey (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Atlanta (c'mon) Brooklyn (c'mon) Philly (c'mon) c'mon down!

*[Flava Flav]*

Yeah that's right! Flava Flav, with De La Soul  
Act bold, and we knock you straight up in the hole  
Y'knahmsayin? Six feet deep, that's the way that we keep, rollin  
Y'knahmsayin? Operation tech sensation in the nation  
Ready to take it to Penn Station, y'knahmsayin?

Yeah, ah ha ha ha *[laughing]*  
Long Iz one is, that's where we is man *[laughing]*  
De La Soul, you done it again!  
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*  
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*  
Flava Flava, De La Soul, you done it again!

# De La Soul Lyrics

"No"

(feat. Butta Verses, Yummy)

[Yummy]

I never can say goodbye  
No no n-no I, never can say goodbye  
I, I don't know the rest

[Posdonus]

We those pros, we never procrastinate (ah)  
Them guardians they shouldn't let you get past the gate  
Watch out dawg, the watchdog's showin his teeth  
(Guess you bit too much shit) they bitin your beat  
While I speak from experience, hunger and hurt  
And a little bit of hate from niggaz doin me dirt  
I just wash it all out with Tide and show love  
to those who ride with me while I'm puttin in work

[Butta Verses]

Full-timin it, 8:30 to 6, the graveyard shift  
The three months before the benefits hit  
But my position went temp' to perm'  
I sat and listened like an intern watchin who applied get fired  
Now I'm sittin in the break room, they gotta make room (make room)  
My paper stacks, put staples through 'em  
So I can keep my money together  
Some die-hard fans just don't want it like, "Put Pos back on it"

[Posdonus]

I'm back on it, that's why you never disappointed  
We give you what we live through for real (for real)  
Don't own a crown but I'm royalty  
And tryin to see the royalty checks about a half a mil'  
Whether off or on the chart, my cuts grips your heart  
(You know we got you open) like your gut splits apart  
I never pass the buck, my shoulder holds the weights  
So don't beef when we don't pass collection plates

[Butta Verses]

I don't give money, I don't support the needy  
Schooled in America, taught to be greedy  
And everything ought to be, easy  
But I never could say goodbye to my friends who get high  
I wonder why, I'm rockin with that guy, it's serious  
Still make him cry when the satire's hilarious  
Cold for your areas, flows come in various shapes and sizes  
so hot that you despise it

[Chorus: Dove (Yummy)]

Never last up to bat (no no no no)  
These skills we don't lack (no no no no)  
We never fall and pray (no no n-no no)  
Make all the ladies say (ooh ooh baby)  
You can't knock the hustle - not at all (no no no no)  
Can't be budged by your muscle (no no no no)  
Never ridin on E (no no n-no no)  
It's De La and Butta V (drive you crazy)

*[Posdonus]*

Yo, if you are what you eat; some of you  
cats heads between your girl's legs a lot cause y'all act too sweet  
(Go brush your teeth!) Then after that  
Put in a little more practice on your rhymin attack  
What you write's not the least bit hot  
Maybe cause your wrist is so cold from all that ice you cop  
Hate to hate a playa but you know what?  
I still smother ya like cheese and rockin leaves freshly cut

*[Butta Verses]*

And we the steak and potatoes and De La's the greatest  
And ladies be on the floor thankin the Lord that He made us  
I'm tellin you, I swoop her like a pelican do  
You sayin - look at that pelican fly; you spittin gelatin rhymes  
They shaky as shit, ugly in the mold you fit  
We the square peg on the round hole, sound's soulful  
Your imitation flavor is tofu  
It's true we make our bed all day, and we are..

*[Posdonus]*

.. the world of rap! Take you back  
in the days of all four hundred ways that people lack  
It's that (what) authentic, big-nosed mic music  
Four to five survive all night to it  
I'm tryin to keep up with my Jones' and Thomas'  
'til I'm broke like them New Year's Eve promises  
And that's alright, I just penned another sixteen  
to fill my bank account with the mixed greens

*[Butta Verses]*

Moms want 5's and 10's  
The girls I got is 9's and 10's, VH1 "Behind The Pens"  
You anticipate greatness from elder statesmen  
I ch-ch-ch-AHH, like Biz Mark' or Jason  
I bust one shot just to start the racing  
The tortoise and the hare, which one there is chasin?  
Slow and steady, we already Andretti  
Get ticket take parades, waves and confetti and..

*[Chorus w/ minor variations]*

*[Pos]* Come on y'all

*[Yummy: x4]*

If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin  
If the streets keep rockin, the Soul will keep rockin  
If the streets stop rockin, the Soul will keep rockin  
If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Rock Co.Kane Flow"

(feat. MF Doom)

*[Posdonus]*

Up in them five-star tellies sayin two mic rhymes  
be them average MC's of the times  
Unlike them, we craft gems  
So systematically inclined to pen lines  
without sayin the producer's name, all over the track  
Yeah I said it! What you need to do is get back  
to reading credits, we them medics  
alphabetically stuck on that English shit  
now, quick now, before we pour that  
sureshot pure Rock Co.Kane Flow

*[MF Doom]*

From the top of the key, the 3 Villain  
Been on in the game as long as you can wheelie your Schwinn  
Turn the corner spinnin, bust that ass and get up  
Dust off the mask, whoever laugh give him a head up  
He got jumped, it pumped his adrenaline  
He said it made him tougher than a bump of raw medicine  
To write all night long, the hourglass is still slow  
Flow from Hellborn to free power like Lilco  
And still owe bills, pay dues forever  
Slay you(s) when it comes to who's more cleverer  
Used to wore a leather goose "V" with the fur collar  
Hand charged a fee for loose leaf, words for dollar  
Ya heard? Holla -- broad or dude we need food  
Eat your team for sure, the streets sure seem rude  
For fam like the Partridges, pardon him for the mix-up  
Battle for your Atari cartridges or put your kicks up  
It's a stick up

*[Dave]*

Now put your blix up, these Riddick Bowe cuts  
is swell like penile flicks, give 'em 20  
The danger in his eyes'll let you know he's a brawler  
Bring your tallest champs like that much taller  
Ten pounds heavier, one step ahead of it  
Vocab, stamina, style's all irrelevant  
Camps and cliques, units, squad crews and clans  
Even your tongues'll fuck around and leave your mouth

*[MF Doom]*

Doom brung that bum, there goes that news van again  
Act like you knew like Toucan Sam an' 'em  
He eat rappers like part of a complete breakfast  
Your rhymes ain't worth the weight of they cheap necklace

String 'em up, bring 'em up under whack junk snack  
And get that out your hand, punk, jump and get your dunk smacked  
foul, we all know the rules bro  
You slow, you blow the soup on your fools, his Impulse like Yugo

*[Posdonus]*

You go lights, camera, action with no makeup  
We De La to the death, or at least until we break up  
Here's a couple of nice guys who finished first  
So nice try, but the prize is ours dispersed  
They say the good die young, so I added some  
bad-ass to my flavor to prolong my life over the drum  
Everyone cools off from bein hot  
It's about if you can handle bein cold or not!  
And we was told to hop on no one's dick by Prince Paul  
We stayed original ever since y'all  
First to do a lot of things in the game, but the last to say it  
No need to place it on a scale to weigh it  
And don't do it for the plays or to raise the bar  
Yet it's raised anyway, it's so amazing, are  
the three L.I. brothers from a other way of thinkin  
Hey your lady's winkin, I think you need to control that whore  
or I(II) have to hold that

*[Dave]*

The elements are airborne, I smell the success  
(Yo let's cookie cut the shit and get the gingerbread, man)  
Sacrifice mics and push drugs to these rappers  
Puff ponies 'til I turn blue in the lips  
Sippin broads like 7-Up (ahh) so refreshing  
I finger pop these verses like first dates to birthdates  
September 2-1, 1-9, 6-8  
Too old, to rhyme? Too bad, too late

# and the **ANONYMOUS NOBODY** by DE LA SOUL

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

NOBODY  
CAN CONTROL  
THEM!



# De La Soul Lyrics

"Genesis (Intro)"

(feat. Jill Scott)

Huh! I couldn't be nobody but myself, you know that  
But then they all started talking  
They were talking about love being gone  
In my house  
They said that there ain't much left to love  
Well, there's always something to love if you're familiar enough to recognize it  
I mean have you cried for anything lately?  
And I don't mean for your friends or your bills or yourself  
I mean, for this!  
When do you think it's time to love something the most, child?  
When it's successful? And have made everything easy for us, huh?  
That ain't the time at all It's when its reached its lowest and you don't believe in it anymore  
And the world done kicked it and its tail enough that its lost itself!  
Yes, that's when. When nobody cares. That's right. Nobody

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Royalty Capes"

It's the flies  
They are so annoying  
(Shut up you fool, she's here)  
Ladies and gents  
Crystal carrying pixie peasants and warriors  
Elders, ancestors, sons and daughters  
Lion hearted kings and everything in between  
Take a seat, be witness

You consider 'em king, about to icing on cakes  
Chariots cruise at tortoise speeds  
Lay your bifocals on royalty  
Longer than Sears catalogue  
Stern like matadors and [?] LPs  
Mirror the crimson tide  
The color of the Rubics  
Them duplex fuse got your nose up  
But coozy up to this warmth though  
That long term froze is up  
The jone is up  
I get swallowed by the barracuda  
Androids read raps off iPhones  
I choke the blood out of felt tips  
Heavy weights up to the front if the belt fits  
The wealth is like ivory toothpicks  
One out of each tusk  
And must gets bust for each and every hiccup  
Salute life when dawn breaks  
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel's on these royalty capes  
I repeat, salute life when dawn breaks  
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel's on these royalty capes  
Royalty

Behold this divine alignment scrolled secretly in cloud formations. Waterfall rythmes from crowns containing galaxies. Gems from past dimensions. A bond so strong it has unbreakable status. Spits hieroglyphic scripture like a god from Atlantis

Us three be the omega like fish oil  
This royal right be own no rentals  
Owners of the cape express  
He went from the mind you ate off the plate of fundamentals  
Knocked on every door of the country's red rugs  
We'll lay on floors  
We walk and etched in like testament  
And find the atomic number 79  
On Vernon's periodic table we dine upon  
Sittin' on thrones gettin' blown to bits

By our royal dime, fillet of fine dinin'  
News from the east sire  
Them east coast kings are still findin' ways to stay on  
On for play on like a damn disease  
Spread the word of Ramseys and fry up a pan of these  
Salute down when day breaks  
And give me my checks with the same first name as the cape  
I repeat salute down when day breaks  
And give me my checks with the same first name as the capes  
We are royalty

We are an army of stars unleashed  
The sky takes notes when we speak  
Our capes move with the wind  
Because of the wings beneath  
This is royalty  
The sky takes notes when we speak  
Our capes move with the wind  
Because of the wings beneath  
This is royalty

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Pain"

(feat. Snoop Dogg)

Pain will make it better  
Tell me how you feel  
Look over your shoulder  
Time will make it real  
Give me no excuses  
I know how ya feel  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better

Let me see how many palms go up high  
If you've ever felt the world  
Had you licked  
And what you waving side to side to symbolize  
Didn't help on the sand you wander quick  
Big mama said "the Devil's up to no good"  
But we can heal it on a Sunday with a good book  
Or we can kill it on a Monday for a good look  
Make it part of the campaign, to withstand pain  
Me, myself, place it all on my shoulders  
And give it my all, like heavy lifting  
No gain without tears and sweat  
They claim blue skies with white clouds, steady drifting  
When pain come to get ya, it hit ya like flu  
Better times will pick ya, do what you gotta do  
To earn focus in the stormy weather  
Come out the tunnel to the light saying

Pain will make it better  
Tell me how you feel  
Look over your shoulder  
Time will make it real  
Give me no excuses  
I know how ya feel  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better  
(I heard the people say)  
Pain will make it better  
(I heard my people say)  
Pain will make it better

*[Snoop Dogg:]*

No wetter, four-letter, mo' better  
Slow pain, no gain, go getta  
Change like the weather  
Solid as a rock, small piece of leather

But well put together  
Flames are endeavors  
Time to find out that pain makes it better  
Pain makes it better  
Shades of epiphany, can't let it get to me  
Move so differently, do it so swiftly  
Ease into my style, lay mine down  
King be crowned, look at me now  
Teaching my classes by the masses  
Used to gang bang, used to love the clashes  
Now cash is the only motivation, but not for me G  
I'm into public relations  
That's food for you, De La Soul, word to the letter...

Pain will make it better  
Tell me how you feel  
Look over your shoulder  
Time will make it real  
Give me no excuses  
I know how ya feel  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better

The bigger the headache, bigger the pill  
The harder you fall, stronger the will  
We came from the back of the bus  
Talking wast to mobile, now we're on a house on a hill  
Stronger, while filling ya gas tank  
The bank was feeling your loan  
The OT coudn't cover the bills  
When life came with a couple of spills  
But we're gonna use that pain fo' fuel so...

Give me no excuses  
I know how ya feel  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better  
(I heard the people say)  
Pain will make it better  
(You and my people saying)  
Pain will make it better  
(I heard the people say)  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better  
Pain will make it better

Your music means everything

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Property Of Spitkicker.com"

(feat. Roc Marciano)

Control  
Control alt  
Shift command  
Commanding crowds  
Crowd option  
Vehicle option  
Instrument intern  
Quantity 17 played back  
Property of Spitkicker.com

*[Posdnuos:]*

Yo, a slow burn we are  
Last long three man act to wake up your thermostat  
Blood through the property line  
Creative minds crossover and back  
Scribble with my knife to earn that slice of life  
Cut back, aim, shot the name wherever the price is right  
The pain earned is the pain learned and it's talking like burn  
Connect (to the same as it ever was)  
Respect the lane cause it never flood, it's well irrigated  
Looking for my vanity, it's there, the mirror hate it  
State it, stop being an MC and give your verses more weight  
For being just empty, thoughts are oxidised when I spit em out  
And my lungs prefer tastes encrypted words laced to get them out home  
We're removal service to get kings out the throne  
(More hands on) With hands upon the neck  
Of a voice magnifier over decks  
The sound is found at the young's in the batch  
Lovely how I let my mind flow  
You can catch me in the early morning  
Find me out with no yawning  
Have it been asleep I'm on Q  
8 in the corner pocket from the booth all 24 hours like it was our debut  
Life edited my etiquette  
Dreams beyond your eons  
You can't wait this out  
Start blitz, starring it's that crew who never call the splits convey lines made from outer spine  
So the nerve of us to be so damned crushed  
Grit like JDL and we sip from the grail  
With a current course connect, so we not unsung  
Just vets, this mission's undone

*[Roc Marciano:]*

We getting loot in this, removed from this  
We're true in this  
Baby you already know who it is

We've been doing this  
We've been doing this  
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish  
Catch flights, hit the stewardess  
We've been doing this  
We've been doing this

It's a honour and a pleasure  
Rappers is not try and see me like a diamond tester  
I'm all alone, I'm like a silent investor  
Well dressed, my suit and vest is never polyester  
Keep a shottie on the dresser  
My queen look like a young pepper  
Up in her plump compress her  
My tongue is forever under the weather, however  
My heart was still lighter than a feather  
Culturally, snort em like cocoa leaf  
Them niggas suck more milk - no tea  
I'm on the low though in my Polo tee  
The show cost money but the promo's free  
My pen collection is interesting  
No steal, still niggas will feel threatened  
My genetics is comedic  
Driven in lanes I was looking angelic  
Psychedelic, if you was like it I can sell it  
But I don't fuck with that sweet shit, I'm diabetic  
This is rapping at it's peak  
The bird steady yapping at the beat  
Come for parakeet  
You're not unique, you're no Kool Keith  
Shit is more parody  
You get with the hall of rhymes distributor  
The verse might rend you an Ed Sullivan

We getting loot in this, removed from this  
We're true in this  
Baby you already know who it is  
We've been doing this  
We've been doing this  
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish  
Catch flights, hit the stewardess  
We've been doing this  
We've been doing this

[Dave:]

Yo put that bread on all fours The Catcher in the Rye  
New York City lights look dirty in July  
4th, no fireworks will dangle in the sky  
Like right there, feeling the night air  
Promoting the fair fight  
Square dance, men at the face off  
Crooked eye letters from Madoff, apologise  
Long journeys walking cold hard facts

Once you turn up there, there's no turning back  
My cocaine flow's the flows that I crack  
The hemline, versus all my land  
What did your man?  
They hard working through on the scale  
I'm Joe Pressure on the disk, so messy on the disk  
Puerto Rican mamis call me floppy  
Leap a tall feeling in a single bound  
Way over your heard like my ex-girl talking bout mind sex  
(Well you're A dickhead)  
Two texts away from aww shit  
Cause I'm an old fart  
Go campaign raise the age  
Stay fresh like a pound of sage  
That could rake the pound amount of figures  
Watch the way they crown is staged  
Sipped Crown but I was down in age  
See the sailor took a sip so the whole ship drowned in grey  
Classmates couldn't find a page  
Had the answers written in palm over since power was played

*[Roc Marciano:]*  
We getting loot in this, removed from this  
We're true in this  
Baby you already know who it is  
We've been doing this  
We've been doing this  
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish  
Catch flights, hit the stewardess  
We've been doing this  
We've been doing this

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Memory Of...(US)"

(feat. Estelle & Pete Rock)

[*Hook - Estelle:*]

And it's so easy to fall back to the memory of  
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place  
But you're not easy to love  
I love the memory of...  
I remember your face, I remember your way

[*Verse 1 - Estelle:*]

I remember you now  
Part of my existence  
I remember your face  
You came in and got me  
All in a day  
Yeah, all in a day  
I remember your lips  
Do you remember the taste?  
Remember family names  
Your child, my child, our child  
Whitney and Dwayne  
Different to my world now  
Remember the way  
You gripped my hips so tight now?  
Slow up the pace  
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

[*Hook - Estelle:*]

Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of  
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place  
But you're not easy to love  
I love the memory of...  
I remember your face, I remember your way

[*Verse 2 - Posdnuos:*]

How could I forget?

A ballad was born upon a demo of a fly love song  
Didn't take long before the archer with the wings heard it  
Shot us in the heart with a contract, he knew we were a hit  
The right amount of soul with a parallel amount of grit  
But the archer couldn't see the target of departure  
Gave in your pink slip and called it quits  
It's understood you would  
Label me a mate who wronged you  
Cause I kept wanting to feature  
With them other females on they songs too  
Your words spoken in mono for monogamy  
Telling me I had to go cause I chose

Stereo for stereotypical male biology  
And now I'm left setting traps  
For you to fall in for me again  
Who hates you to tell me  
"Slow up the pace, maybe erase, don't..."

*[Bridge - Estelle:]*  
Slow up the pace  
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

*[Hook - Estelle:]*  
Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of  
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place  
But you're not easy to love  
I love the memory of...

*[Verse 3 - Dave:]*  
Our last trip to Vegas had me feeling like we had a chance  
But chance just showed up at the wedding  
I guess I didn't read the heading  
"Forgive and won't erase the bitter past"  
But I ain't up for kissing ass  
I bought you everything your pretty feet could fit in  
Put you behind the finest steering wheels  
Fearing you would drive a nigga crazy  
Told you grow up, but shit, you was my baby  
Bits and pieces never made nothing decent  
When I accommodated you, you played me like a stranger

*[Bridge - Estelle:]*  
I remember you now (Accountability is major)  
A part of what I did then  
Remember your face  
Just don't let me trip over memory lane  
Cause time can't be replaced  
And I don't want to stay

*[Hook - Estelle:]*  
Cause, oh, it's so easy to fall back to the memory of  
And it's so dah-dah-dee-dah  
Dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah  
It's so easy to fall  
In dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah  
Remember your way  
Remember your way

*[Posdnuos:]*  
It's De La featuring Estelle  
With the Soul Brother Pete Rock



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "CBGBS"

*[Posdnuos:]*

Beach boy bonanza, sunrise, get up  
Surfin' on a curb from inception of a set-up  
Planet in black granite, halos above it  
The autopsy can't top me, beloved  
Dissect survival, passed on a whisper  
Placed on the mother who shunned, now it's the  
Boys who shot joy inside the violent  
(Hell from New York) with a mars inside it

*[Dave:]*

This is for the bottom of the deck (yo, who got squad?)  
They call us the the little goat cheese (let's get the engine, baby)  
I rev it like Run, the squint in the sun  
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder than a bomb  
A pH balance, son, I walk the phenom  
Like typo, might go, dope in the stash

*[Posdnuous:]*

Crooked counterfeits (we keep it straight cash)  
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)  
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)  
Crooked counterfeits (straight cash)  
(Cash, cash)

You're a peanut with a cashew

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Lord Intended"

(feat. Justin Hawkins)

- Here come the mic dude, so just walk  
Hey guys I got your mics  
- About time  
- What up man?  
Who's mic one?  
- That's me  
And mic two?  
- Thanks  
- Let's go  
Let me get this door for you  
Good luck guys

One two, one two  
(Hey) Yo Mase, you ready?  
Mase is ready!  
Yo y'all ready  
Yeah they ready  
We bout to burn this shit down

Yo, there's a fire in the kitchen, it's like nine cooks  
The Kool-Aid got spiked with porcupines, look  
Rode into Rigo, this ain't a fast track  
Your tickets ain't straight, TSA your ass back  
NASDAQ, IBM, the big honcho on the block  
Bitch, I be him  
The rock mega death, we gonna kill the Kane  
Fuck everyone, bitch, bring everything  
Swing like a mandolin, this ain't a sex toy  
This ain't spanish fly, this hot shit  
Push the dagger in the devil's eye  
Slick Rick, yo, get the big dick, yo  
Blow the dust covers, pick the age on it  
A nose full, sniff a Rose Bowl full  
New game, new players, new year  
The hardest rock shit you gon' hear

You can save your soul  
If we are no more  
Suffer the consequences  
We are the way the Lord intended

Her ass, she got it from her momma  
Tits from the doctor  
Fingers fiddelin' the puss  
She looks like an Octa  
Fresh off the pole, hanging from her hook

I'm in her Grassy Knoll to hit  
Just to say that I cocked her (click, click)  
My hardware is progressive  
My sex crime language is leaning on obsessive  
The Lord looking down, judging, the room needs smudging  
But I'm over your stars screaming the moon ain't budging  
Ain't from Hollis, don't need to tell you who is  
But who it here raise hell, they be like "you kid"  
I'm ambidextrous, liken to Dexter  
Lyrical blood splatter over the texture  
We live by that code, not to regret living  
Electric guitar sparks and ignites gun powder  
A sabbath ain't black enough to call my bluff, bitch  
The killswitch just turns it louder

You can save your soul  
If we are no more  
Suffer the consequences  
We are the way the Lord intended

Fuck everyone  
Burn everything  
Leaving an impression not just a dented legacy  
Fuck everyone  
Burn everything you see  
*[Not just clinging to the planet powerless to avoid  
That cataclysmic impact of a massive asteroid  
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)  
Fuck everyone, burn everything]*  
Never to surrender to the cosmic schadenfreude of only  
Meeting your creator on the day you are destroyed  
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)  
Just as the Lord intended  
(Just as the Lord intended)  
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)  
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)  
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)  
Burn everything  
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)  
Burn everything  
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Snoopies"

(feat. David Byrne)

*[David Byrne:]*

In a hundred years from now  
We will not recognize this place  
The dollar store is filled with love  
The parking lot is full of grace  
Now, judges put their snoopies on  
With glorious and true restraint  
A child is gonna rule them all  
Said the prophets of the human race

Hey now, can you picture yourself  
Hey now, in the physical sense  
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing  
Hey now, like a mother and father

*[Dave:]*

Pan Am trips, circa 76, the Ritz  
Papa hit the belt, to pick up at the JFK  
I judge nothing, I let her know, AFK  
I'm off the front porch and the front screen  
Two shocks on my back, the wise look mean  
They told me slow down, baby, but I'm a lummox  
The 8-ball said, Dave, you in the wrong lot  
Move like sloth, cut cloth with new scissors  
You thinking too big, I call Nell Carter  
Somebody give me a break, cut ya toe up  
You put both hands up, I put four up  
Can't teach a fast dog how to stand still  
Mano e mano it's the hand to hand still  
Somebody give me a break, the clutch went out  
Tags slap hands, I'm about to man out  
Can't teach a [?] how to stand to still  
See y'all tomorrow for the man to man

*[David Byrne:]*

Now that was all so long ago  
See the babies, they are running wild  
If you get too close, they run away  
So tonight we better stay inside  
So whenever things don't go my way  
I simply put my snoopies on  
I'll share them with you, I don't mind  
Let me be your microphone

Hey now, can you picture yourself  
Hey now, in the physical sense

Hey now, a subcutaneous thing  
Hey now, like a mama and papa

Will I ever get tired of this  
Will I ever get turned around  
Will I ever get old of you  
Give me a break now, the clutch went out  
Will I ever go back again  
Will I ever get used to me  
Will I ever be smart enough  
How do I know if I'm totally clean?

*[Posdnuos:]*

It's the elastic youth, coming to size up your plastic troop  
Keep a pot of caution, boil it in the hot  
I wonder why, so why not  
Move like a used car and you get used up wherever you are  
So they say me and my crew get it new all day  
Couple of shots of calamity  
But don't mess with the gram to be sniffed  
Too messy for the ego, when you come crashing  
There ain't no airbag to dash in and catch ya  
She goes down and I look down  
She looks up, I don't know what to say  
Yo, do that shit, yo, do that shit  
But she already done done it anyway  
But yo, do understand under the man  
Lies another line set of value, open a shape  
So when I'm speeding too fast, it don't match the brake  
(Car braking hard)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Greyhounds"

(feat. Usher)

[*De La Soul:*]

Fresh from a bible belt town  
That's what she's givin' up  
Not really livin', just flesh comin' off a greyhound  
Right at a blink of an eye he provides her with charm  
Hides that he is a shark  
Suggests a few apartments, never hints to the home  
That's what he wanna do  
She just wanna new zip code for an old dream  
Lost in an appetite now the big apple might  
Find her habit of a queen  
Feel the negro that's filled with an equal match road  
Destination unknown  
She's Little Bow Peep  
And her and her whole sheep gonna have their wool unsewn  
Now the wolf give a push  
Now watch her jump in with two feet  
Blue heat don't know how to swim through the limbs  
Everyone huggin' her, tuggin' her  
Ride on the merry-go-round of four drinks and two white lines  
Go fast with the fast life so she needs more  
One fun fix, now a daily chore  
Provide the score, written and produced so perverse  
He's a pro well versed  
Told her that the purse that she want  
With the shoes that she love and the rent that she need paid  
Can be earned with speed in a day  
Escort on the high class side  
Champagne glass rides  
White snow waterfalls, oh how time flies  
When you're flyin', crash and burn  
She learned that her soul was dyin'  
That's worth savin'  
She's cravin' that bible belt town  
So she crawls back on the Greyhound

[*Usher:*]

Next stop, NYC  
Take your seats please  
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face  
I know how to get there  
And I give you my word that I get you there safe  
I don't need to check your baggage  
I don't need to know your name  
All I need to know is  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

*[De La Soul:]*

Fresh new Gucci belt, bound  
Fast to the city scape  
Dash to deliver fate  
Stashed in this duffel bag, proud  
It's no scaredy cat  
Life was always spared in thy name  
That the gamblers fold  
No chips if the scramble got cold  
But them warm cushions and them soft bus seats  
Push that second thought along  
Beneath the roof of a Super 8, he sleeps till it's night time  
Then connects in the streets like a pipe line  
In dark shades he supplies dark brigades  
Of lost souls with his chemical morsels  
He's no lab tech  
He was born into a legacy stretched from Aztecs and beyond  
Assets he was drawn to  
Had him spreadin' the wool over his mother's eye  
He's the black sheep  
His pops career driven, he's the backseat  
The man on the wheel that cruises on sunrise  
That the man brought eyes to his pay per view  
Kind of paper make a fool shoot his statement through  
And take the label too  
Till he's can't [?]  
Till a pancake pocket change the landscape  
Take a short visit home in the town  
It's time to re-up, it's back on the Greyhound

*[Usher:]*

Next stop, NYC  
Take your seats please  
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face  
I know how to get there  
And I give you my word that I get you there safe  
I don't need to check your baggage  
I don't need to know your name  
All I need to know is  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed  
  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed  
Forever be changed, forever be changed  
So watch where you're goin'  
And this food you're chosin'  
I don't need to check your baggage  
I don't need to know your name  
All I need to know is  
By the time you arrive you'll forever be changed  
Forever be changed, be changed  
You'll forever be changed



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Sexy Bitch"

Once upon a time for the minute by the shape of the hour  
The unify finds divide in the power you  
He talk us in and work us way in and devour you whole  
We all know the power do  
Damsel in distress, she's not  
She lay a muzzle in a jigsaw puzzle  
Meaning she's a straight shooter  
Shooting straight in your vein  
Leave your heart all tatted up  
Own the blame  
She lives by the name of a sexy bitch  
The scratch to my itch, touch capability  
Angelic lips, devilish hips  
Manage to make a sandwich of a power utility  
You feeling me?

Ey yo yo, what's up lady? what up?  
Come here for me, come here  
Oh, you ain't gonna stop for me? Word! Bitch!  
- Should have never did that, atleast not to this one  
Man that bitch wasn't even trying to holla at me  
- It don't work that way, baby  
I mean, I look good man. Man that ass fat  
- You just can't look so dusty  
What?  
- In my days you gotta be versatile, you know  
Versatile, huh? So what do you suggest I do next time, old man?  
- Don't even look, don't waste your time, baby

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Trainwreck"

Don't walk out there with your hand open  
Good things come to those who wait  
She don't even care about who she is  
She don't care about nothing and nobody  
Because no class, no representation  
Might take on the days woman  
You've got so many different flavors  
You've got so many different types  
We the package deal  
Can't go wrong with that  
Knowing how to cook a good twenty-two pound ham  
Whoooty-who  
Nothing like a tall six-foot-five woman  
For a short man like me  
To fill up a good waterbed  
I'm only sixty-seven  
I still got lot more time to find the right one  
And you do need to find the right one

She move forward like proceed  
Keep heads up like nosebleed  
A piece from the East, from the norm  
But she off of the chain  
So she cover all globally  
Never be touched, so I'm holding  
Bullets found a target  
The gun know me  
The past life bags from my memory  
A fan of a large and i'm a member see  
I give it to her like that fool  
Sucker for love  
Yeah I'm that dude  
When she's on the wood  
She give good oral  
When I'm not with her  
I get withdrawal  
Lord  
I'm half a man without a one to call  
She claimed a mathin' man  
She's a wonder-doll  
She keep me floored  
Pack an iron-snake on thirt(y) rims  
She like the snake in her bird-tim  
I'm addicted by design, a fiend  
If she ever try to cut me from her team

Don't turn your back

When she's on that track  
Watch out for that train-wreck  
Cause when she come  
You better watch your back  
Watch out she's a train-wreck

*[James Brown Sample]*

She had me at Star-bucks  
Sippin' frappuccino  
I wanna grind on that coffee-bean  
A couple cups of that joe is a pep-back  
She'll be swinging on chandeliers  
Baby got that skin  
I can handle years  
And I won't mind if she fucks asleep  
Her mouth game is like Rap-A-Lot  
Her Facebook say that she aim at this rap a lot  
Online surfing for them beach boys  
To bring the sand under her feet boys  
She my rock bottom like last offers  
Wouldn't write me off like the last offer  
Even though she a bomb scare  
I'm standing right here  
I'm right here

Don't turn your back  
When she's on that track  
Watch out for that train-wreck  
Cause when she come  
You better watch your back  
Watch out she's a train-wreck

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Drawn"

(feat. Little Dragon)

[*Yukimi Nagano:*]

Shadow you're drawn, why don't you go?  
In the corner babe watching the snow  
Moving afar, rolling away  
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?  
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

Oh, I never know what come around  
I never looked ahead  
I'm wreckin' rules and it's pulling us down  
The words I wished I'd said  
Shadow you're drawn and you got your ways  
Shadow you're painted red, red

Moving afar, rolling away  
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?  
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

It's drawn, it's drawn  
It's drawn, it's drawn  
It's drawn, it's drawn  
It's drawn, it's drawn

[*Posdnuos:*]

One, two

Yo, I'm with the paper plate, hold  
Too many dreams, a paperweight took a toll  
Food on the floor, not on the wasted or knew  
Or what's being pasted and know that it's not a copy  
I own a prize instead of gas price  
Lyrically wonder why I travel past the nicest  
Born in a generation that don't generate patience  
I travel too fast for you to clock me (time)  
Not always a good thing  
You can lose the love of your life to a lifetime of love on tour  
I didn't mean to be a whore but my hormones  
Had me like a fiend screamin' "What you got for me?"  
Two words (I'm mortal)  
But the fans slid 'em both together and remove the apostrophe  
Hip hop's lords maybe but my ways needs laundering  
Time's a-ticking, stop squandering!



# De La Soul Lyrics

"Whoodeeni"

(feat. 2 Chainz)

Your music means everything to you

Bullet bring the gun, why pull it?

Shoot words to see who's full of it

We from the same place, land of the game face

Plug signs on the jackets

Give props, yo, like a Prop Joe package

It's illegal

How those kids can come from out of the slums and live so regal

Lose it all on a prayer to the ego

Before the loss we earn for the cause

Toast to the life though my liver won't endorse

Currently in time and my enzymes

Are in sync to digest the brink of armageddon

The bedding's over the mattress we lay with the actress

For social media to swallow us

Watch them rap peers who don't reply back

Cause they think we gon' snatch up their Twitter followers

That's some female type foolery

And your females like glue to it

She know it, the scent of a poet

Police buy restraint to cover all the angles

A nope of operations

See one got all you in your crew all confident with courage

We'll be there jumping your square record

You be like "check it, they stretched the shit into rectangles, damn!"

Dance, freak, get out your seat

Show me that you is a real whoodeeni

Get loose y'all, get up now

Everybody, everybody get down

Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[2 Chainz:]

Born institutionalized

My homie from N.O., find his crib with the roof on the side

FEMA asking for an address, but ain't no mailbox

Nothing left to do out here but to sell rocks

Now they got cellphones inside of the cell blocks

And my cousin on parole cause he sold Glocks

My cousin is so stuck

Told you we have more soul than James Brown

Wearing a gold watch that obviously don't work

Used to go home and rob niggas for homework

See if the chrome work

Might call your girl to see if my phone work

I'm a hood star and the trophy is a gold vert  
Mouth full of gold teeth  
Niggas might end up obsolete if I'm four deep  
Real nigga for real bed full of new sheets  
Bedroom floor filled up with the loose leafs  
This is a war zone, me and a two-piece  
Put another head on and make it a new piece  
She be like "ooh wee", I be like "ooh wee"  
I love myself so much I'm a groupie  
Everybody know my verses is pookie  
Had 'em all strung out like it's a drug house  
When I'm in the booth I'm MJ with his tongue out  
When I'm in the booth I'm Kanye with a gun out  
Run in your mom house  
Then I'mma lean sideways and burn out  
All natural, I hope you got the perm out  
I've been straightening that shit  
New niggas came and tried to hate on that shit  
I'mma use it now, I ain't waiting on shit

Dance, freak, get out your seat  
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni  
Get loose y'all, get up now  
Everybody, everybody get down  
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[Dave:]

Big drawers, where the big drawers at?  
I got a case of the little head controlling the big head thinking  
Played Honest Abe in the back of a Lincoln  
Chopped down a cherry, American Pie varied  
Next day she was on my Snapchat sexting  
Had her bunny hopping a quick ten seconds  
Dear Lord, forgive a nigga, I've been down with doubt  
Had the frog legs, now I'mma knock this piggie out  
Now Dave like to cuddle, but Dave don't play that  
Like Dave had the ring, listen, Dave ain't say that  
Courtships to door steps to gettin' ass, and if it's one of my broads  
Keep your feet off the grass, size eleven the gas  
Mash that potato till we lay in the grass  
She mellow like it's a picnic  
If she the mermaid, give her the fish stick  
First class flight, shoot her out to the district  
Wait, cancel the stallion, hold your horses  
Kickstart your life and cut your losses  
Look how we did 'em, ma, your boy still got it  
I quit drinking, I quit the narcotics  
Life's a bitch, but she seeing a therapist  
This hip-hop done dilly to cameras, huh  
We got stoops and [?] to sit on  
Bitcoins Vivian Maese to bid on  
But we cautious  
Never undermine the hate and turn the spell on your evil forces

But this ain't the cha-cha two-step  
Been a rider ever since the Schwinn gooseneck  
The buck stops here, there ain't no who's next

Dance, freak, get out your seat  
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni  
Get loose y'all, get up now  
Everybody, everybody get down  
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Nosed Up"

And in from the door steps a dumbass struts the fool's gold  
Know-it-all, and you wear it well  
Funk-less in full length  
Too square to stand for anything  
Somebody get that man a chair

*[Posdnuos:]*

No matter where you opt to sit, the opposite-attract law don't fit

Repel even the docile

Always showing your nostrils, got em hostile

The way you're so uppity, till someone barks on ya

You get puppy feet

Quite a laugh, cause you don't know half, but act like you own a puzzle

And everyone allegedly under you, begging just to guzzle from your fountain of fresh  
(Hashtag)

Fuck outta here, they rather stay clear

Roll up the papers and pass

While you turn your nose from the smell

Like Stanley on Fridays

Saying we should stay off the grass

As if the lines you sniff is more healthy

Delusions of prestige is not where the health be

B, you need to get it together

But nah, here comes you, part Frank Drebin, part Mr. Magoo

Stay stepping into trouble

Oh so [?] when you're repping for your bubble

But bubbles can get popped, exposed to reality

Watch the words that drop

There's not enough salary to cover the check

'Fore you're behind on cash

People can see you coming like 9/11 ash

Toxic till your last days

And with your shady maneuvers

No one will include you where they ass stays

Behold your royal highness of sinus

It's near 100 miles of running cause your nose needs plumbin'

Captain Nose-dive reporting for duty on the good ship Handkerchief, all aboard  
And that goes for you too, Nostril-damus

He who knows nose

And from the from the rooty to the tooty he defines snooty

Somebody asked me the other day is the brother a brother

Does Kleenex wipe?

Yeah I see that

[Dave:]

Like you got one eye on top of your third  
A star is born but whose claimin' that birthright  
At first sight you the well dressed Park Ave sachet  
Acclimated to the scent of your own tail (the bullshit)  
The same bull that rage when the buck stops  
You'll be walkin' on clouds but that's a smoke machine  
See your dineros can't buy bliss, you high fist then  
Turn into you flippin' the bird  
And every man under your wing  
You build your nest egg but you was spoiled rotten  
Forgotten you can get robbed of your fame  
Beak out like pelicans  
You relishin' the fact that you stand feet from stardom  
You bargain astonishin' antiques in this modern way of livin'  
So tight and not a half size forgivin', you takin' the piss  
You got a butler in duplex  
Them two Tecs and our God won't protect ya  
Can't stay in them white gloves for too long Mr. Handyman  
Canaries don't chirp in your candy land  
Give them motherfuckin' pigeons a hug

And then he strolls through the valley of dark  
Nincompoop, simpleton  
Stranger to his own father  
Seldom down to get down

And just never stays up  
Well, I'm yours son  
We talkin' up there like a satellite

Species: canis lupus, unfamiliar  
What's happening, dog?  
You smell more like pig to me

La-la-la-la-la  
Do-do-do-do  
Be careful with your nose bro  
La-la-la-la-la  
Do-do-do-do  
Be careful with your nose bro  
La-la-la-la-la  
Do-do-do-do  
Be careful with your nose bro  
La-la-la-la-la  
Do-do-do-do  
Be careful with your nose bro

# De La Soul Lyrics

"You Go Dave (A Goldblatt Presentation)"

*[Davey Chegwidden:]*

Your music means everything to you

Are you concerned about the status of your playlist and precious collection?

We feel you, and we're here to help

Have no fear, De La Soul is here

*[David Goldblatt:]*

Hi, I'm Dave

And for the last couple of months

I've been waiting for every new album release in every genre

But all I've been hearing is garbage

I'm just not satisfied

Can somebody help me?

*[Davey Chegwidden:]*

Well Actually Dave, there's nobody

The Anonymous Nobody

Providing comprehensive substance

For you and your loved ones

We offer peace you of mind

Knowing your investment

In our music lasts a lifetime

*[David Goldblatt:]*

After I got my copy of the Anonymous Nobody, I felt amazing

I mean, my ears are glowing!

*[Davey Chegwidden:]*

Sign up today, and receive your 16 handcrafted songs sure to inspire and move you

*[David Goldblatt:]*

Fuck! I can't stop dancing!

Watch me nae nae

*[Davey Chegwidden:]*

Call us at 222-2222

Where an agent awaits to help you

De La Soul and the Anonymous Nobody

We're here for you

*[David Goldblatt:]*

Ooh watch me, watch me

Ooh watch me, watch me

*[Davey Chegwidden:]*

You go Dave



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Here In After"

(feat. Damon Albarn)

Cause we're still here now  
Cause we're still here now  
Cause we're still here now  
Yeah we're still here now  
We're still

Basic or Asic  
I ain't tryna waste this  
Took a long time cryin', cryin' ain't a crime  
I got my mom, she passed away, my daddy ain't alive  
Before they murdered Fudge I prayed for more time  
Had y'all on my mind all week  
I missed the last  
They say a better tomorrow is to sacrifice the calf  
Keep that cow in the pasture, knife in the drawer  
It's been a long 40 days, it's gonna take 40 more  
Make it through losin' love, sorta like rock few  
I made the limits, I thought that I run the gas out  
When you took your last breath, I only passed out  
Laid in the better place but that left me ass out  
Hearin' that voice goin' dependent on memory  
[?] is fakin' now and I need that energy  
Fake to perfection flesh, I should be thankful  
From neck to ankle I'm physically [?]

Cause we're still here now  
Cause we're still here now  
Cause we're still here now  
Yeah we're still here now  
We're still

Dreams  
Out of eternal dreams comes delusion  
(Cause we're still here now)  
Ride into our [?] Rolls-Royce, brown  
You silver shadow yeah  
(We're still)  
Order now beers and wine and if the bar stool's empty  
(Cause we're still here now)  
And time is a dogma you can't escape  
You can't escape, you can't escape  
You think you know it, careful what you search for  
Stare it in the face  
(We're still)  
Seasick on Pacific swell  
I did it to myself

Stare it in the face  
Next day radiant blue

How you gonna recognize it?  
Think he cried more than me  
How you gonna let go?  
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face  
How, how, how, how will you ever know?  
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face  
How will you ever know?  
Think he cried more than me  
Starin' at his face  
Hey, ah, How will you ever know?  
Starin' at his face  
(Out here the only one)  
How will you ever know?  
How will you ever know?  
Starin' at his face

Instead I hear your voice  
I hear your voice  
With me  
With the way  
Gone for now but here to stay  
But here to stay  
I will always place your memory  
For now

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Exodus"

It's the years that we own and we earned them  
See the bridges we built now are burned down  
Even though a few friends just returned them  
    Shit and shit there we affirm them  
    Go the path and as always the righteous  
        We know darkness  
            So we wipe dust  
From our eyes, no surprise when the broom come  
    We do night like the honor, the moon, sun  
    People think we are linked to the solvent  
        Of the problem that's revolvin'  
        Around music today but it's not true  
    We just do it our way cause we're not you  
        But we know you  
    We embrace you like brothers, we stow you  
        With an outro that's also an intro  
    For the east, and the west, and the central

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We are the present, the past and still the future. Bound by friendship, fueled and inspired by what's at stake.  
Saviors, heroes? Nah. Just common contributors hopin' that what we created inspires you to selflessly challenge  
and contribute. Sincerely, anonymously, nobody